The Sunday Oregonian.

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[illegible] MITTED TO WHIP THE TEACHER

[illegible] SETTLERS MEETING

[illegible] uncouth, ungainly, full an tall
[illegible] but I tho't I know'd it all
[illegible] I chopped up wood an
[illegible] to pay him for my board
[illegible] another boy in school
[illegible]—about as big a fool—
[illegible] would be a right
[illegible] glory if we d up an lick the
[illegible] no better fun than jist to make him
[illegible] a whipper o a time
[illegible] he was nigh as big as I—
[illegible] could bounce him if we didn t half
[illegible] at him we fel s said on sight
[illegible] an not a speck
[illegible] wan't accustomed much to hangin
[illegible] or makin twenty
[illegible] fer a mop to mop the
[illegible] hollered that we d hist him
[illegible] the plot that we had
[illegible] couldn't down him they d lend a
[illegible] Phinney, he was tickled ez could
[illegible] like that could lick a chap
[illegible] over he d make the teacher
[illegible] ruler and he d mop it with his
[illegible] school-bell ringin we scrambled in
[illegible] on puppit, an' I fell
[illegible] I b'dly raked my shin,
[illegible] an it wet me to the
[illegible] teacher why he bounded from
[illegible] and he held me in the
[illegible] round an round an round he
[illegible] like a top,
[illegible] stars he sudden let me
[illegible] shook me till I tho t that I shou d
[illegible] with his ruler till my pants were
[illegible] Phinney he was jist too scar d to
[illegible] till I bellered like a calf
[illegible] boys, with white an fright-
[illegible] very boots an ran im with the r
[illegible] studied—not a feller spoke or
[illegible] to whisper or to say a single word
[illegible] teacher that gi'v' me such a scar
[illegible] a settin over thar —
[illegible] seventy, an sickly yit, I vow
[illegible] git those hands o his on me
[illegible] great lesson by that floggin in h s
[illegible] bully ar a coward an a fool
—*Eugene J Hall, in Away Out West*

TURF TOPICS.

[illegible] California state fair just closed at Sacramento saw some of the strangest upsettings [illegible] betting cauldron and consequent scald [illegible] "the talent" that were ever known. The [illegible] trot brought out Sister a winner, Bonnie Wood by Nutwood out [illegible] running mare Bonnie Belle [illegible] Langford, Adair, by Electioneer, Tilton Almont and Telegraph. The pools before [illegible] showed an average of $160 on Adair [illegible] Bonnie Wood and $75 for the field. [illegible] Almont won the first heat and the field [illegible] at $150, Adair $130 and Bonnie [illegible] Bonnie Wood won the second heat [illegible] became the favorite at $200 against [illegible] Adair and $25 for the field. She then [illegible] the third heat in 2 34½ and advanced to [illegible] $75 for the field. Tilton Almont [illegible] and Sister distanced. In the [illegible] Bonnie Wood fell dead in harness [illegible] the lead and Telegraph took the heat [illegible] Adair won the fifth and sixth heats [illegible] 2:36¾ Adair was now picked out as [illegible] as he and Telegraph were the [illegible] horses left in the race the betting on [illegible] was very heavy by those who had lost on [illegible] Wood. Telegraph won the seventh and [illegible] heats in 2:38½, 2 40½. Bonnie Wood [illegible] at $5000, and was owned by a son [illegible] William Meek who at one time [illegible] Milwaukie, on the Willamette river

[illegible] downfall was in a dash of nine [illegible] two-year-olds which is a rather [illegible] for such youngsters. The entries [illegible] Leader by Hock Hocking the picture [illegible] world; Shenandoah by Shannon, [illegible] the dam of Duke of Monday and two [illegible] Davis & Haggins' stables. The pool [illegible] $100 for Shenandoah $100 fo[illegible] and $50 for the two fillies of Ken[illegible]. The money went into the pool [illegible] unparalleled rate and a fearfully [illegible] was. One of the fillies—Sweet [illegible] by Virgil—won the race in 1 53¾ by a [illegible] Shenandoah, Bachelor being a good [illegible]. The if correctly reported, is the fast[illegible] on record at this distance both Bob [illegible] and Brayer having run it in 1 54, but [illegible] carried the heaviest weight. Most of [illegible] think that Shenandoah lost the [illegible] riding, as his jockey waited too [illegible] making his final effort

[illegible] Ayres' new purchase Laura, is a rather [illegible] looking chestnut filly, sired by [illegible] full brother of Mollie McCarty. He [illegible] of the old pioneer stevedore James [illegible], who has a beautiful farm in Alameda. [illegible] had a very stubbornly contested race [illegible] Augusta E, winner of the California [illegible], but she finally wore out her opponent [illegible] a leisure winner of the race. [illegible] will probably be brought up here and [illegible] during the winter, either at Perkins' farm, [illegible], or the new and beautiful home [illegible] is building on the Vancouver

[illegible] dump of the lot was in the 2 23 [illegible], in which Brigadier, Manon and [illegible] were entered. The first named [illegible] in 2:23 two years ago and was [illegible] last year to Abbotsford in still faster [illegible]. Manon was the first of Nutwood's get [illegible] the turf, and had shown herself [illegible] mare; she belonged to Governor [illegible], whose horses are always sent for the [illegible]. Vanderlynn had lapped out Albert W [illegible] last year, and it would not do to over[illegible] such horse. The first pools opened [illegible] at $260, the mare $175 and Van[illegible] $25. Manon was unsteady in the first [illegible] and Brigadier won in a jog from Vander[illegible], which sent him up in the pools at the [illegible] to $125 for the mare, and $25 for [illegible] stallion. And then Manon went [illegible] won the race, Brigadier selling even [illegible] she had won two heats. An old [illegible]: "It's lucky that most of the San [illegible] talent had bought return tickets or [illegible] how on earth they would ever get [illegible]." Manon was bred by Peter Coutts, of [illegible] farm adjoining Palo Alto and was [illegible] to Governor Stanford when he [illegible]

[illegible] Sacramento papers seem to think that [illegible] was pulled in the three-quarter [illegible] by Premium on the opening day [illegible] differently, because Ayres was on the [illegible] himself. Had he been absent we [illegible] be astonished at anything, but when [illegible] the horses must be beaten on their [illegible] at all. The truth is that Jim [illegible] starter and while he is a good [illegible] half mile, he is a good deal better [illegible] of a mile to a mile and a quar[illegible] won the mile dash with ridiculous [illegible], beating a capital field of horses [illegible] of the heaviest betting races of the sea[illegible] acceptance has yet been made of Mr [illegible]'s offer to run him a mile against T[illegible]'s time of 1.39¾ but we believe he can beat i whenever [illegible] right. Still a watch never catches cold nor misses a for t

The two-year-old trotting stake at Salem was won by Mr Charles Russell's b c Metropolitan own brother to Annie Laurie. The time was not fast but the colt won with something to spare. He is well bred and comes of a noted staying family his sire being Echo, the sire of Gibraltar, Echora, Belle Echo and many other good ones. He will probably be kept as a stallion about Walla Walla where he will have excellent opportunities with the Bellfounder mares. The contending colt in the race was Jay Beach's b f Oneika by Altamont. Much to our own surprise Dr Mack's beautiful filly Souvenir by Alwood out of Sue, Mack was distanced. We can hardly believe that this filly which trotted half a mile in 1 33 at sixteen months old could have been in any condition. She was gaited like an eight day clock the only time we ever saw her move and we looked for her to trot in the forties this year. However many a good colt gets spoiled in the early handling and this may be one of those cases

The Astoria filly Lady Ney which lost the three furlongs race on the first day by bad riding but atoned for it on the fourth day by winning the half mile race in the capital time of 48¾ seconds from Sagebrush Sam by a neck, while the shortest of heads separated the second horse from old Jim Merritt. The winning mare was bred by Dr Charles W Tower, of Marshfield, Coos county, and sold by him to her present owner Dr Jay Tuttle of Astoria. She is by Woodbury, who did two miles in 3 35¼ and a mile in 1 43¼. He is now owned somewhere in Marion county and is by Woodburn out of Miss Rose by Knight of St George her dam being the imported mare Melrose by Young Melbourne. Woodburn was by Lexington out of Heads-I Say by Glencoe her dam being the English mare Heads or Tails by Lottery. She looks very much like a Lexington in outline and would pass for an English mare in almost any company. In this race she carried 113 pounds in the person of Tom McCaugh whose riding was capital and caused long cheers to be given for "Shanks" mare. There can be no doubt whatever about the time of this race for nearly a dozen private watches caught it at 48¾, which is a capital race at the weights. And never did we see three horses finish as strong as those three. Jim Merritt came on at a terrible pace through the stretch, but pocketed himself and could not get through his horses

On the two mile day Mr Porter would not start Trade Dollar in the race for several reasons. If he did there would be no betting and therefore no excitement, and believing that the rest of the field would be strong enough to make Bank Roll extend himself he kept out of the contest. Again there was the doubt as to whether he would get the purse after he had beaten the race for although it was advertised that the money would be hung on the wire as it has been hung at Sacramento Reno and other state fairs on this coast yet no money was in sight. The entry clerk never has any hesitation in taking cash for entrance money and surely the cash should be forthcoming after the race is won. Either that or the state agricultural society should take a breathing spell for a year or two and afford the public a chance for a few first-class funerals

It cannot be denied that there have been in past years a great many men about the racing department of our Oregon state fairs whose presence could have been spared with profit alike to the agricultural fair and its visitors. These men were, as a rule men who stood well in the several counties where they resided and bore fair local reputation for honesty. But when they got down to the state fair they were ready for anything in the shape of a turf job and readily lent themselves to be used in races that were not [illegible] but conspiracies to defraud. At first the idea that they could be so used was scouted as idle talk but of late years the granger has begun to drop on it as he walked home and kicked the splinters off the railroad ties in his anger at being jobbed out of his money. John Noakes has talked the matter over with Bill Stokes and they have come to the conclusion that the races were fraudulent when they lost their money. Whether they were or not such belief gained ground and it is going to be hard work to disabuse their minds of it. There was nothing of the kind to be seen at this fair. The best horse won every time, in our belief but it is a trifle late to lock the stable door

To come back to the subject. The weather was fine and the attendance was good on the last two days though it had been wretched all through the fore part of the week. The track was fast, and everybody regretted that some veritable chunker like Fred Collier or old Joe Howell was not on the ground to be pitted against Trade Dollar. "Nuthin' won t start agin' that ole sorrel mar" said a neighbor of Mr Porter "and they re mighty right about it, for she can choke 'em all down." The entry box was opened and found to contain the names of Bank Roll, Newsboy and Lindsay Irvine. The first named colt is a lengthy looking four year old, something on Patsy Duffy's style, but in every way a horse of more substance. A son of the "Godolphin of the Wilderness" Dr Lindsay he carries the old horse's neat conformation back of the saddle but is not so neatly finished about the head and neck. He has won several races elsewhere, and was regarded as an improving horse. His pedigree is unexceptionable on the dam's side being out of Rosa Mansfield by Rivoli son of Revenue second dam Estelle by Star Davis third dam Victoire by Margrave, fourth dam Argentile by Bertrand the mare that beat Alice Carneal the dam of Lexington. There is no purer blood between the two oceans

In the pool selling Bank Roll would bring $65 against $20 for Newsboy and $3 for the Yakima colt. The choice of places was won by Newsboy with the favorite in the middle. Tom McCaugh who rode Irvine seemed to be very anxious to get off in front, though what good it could do him we could not possibly imagine. So the start was vexationsly delayed till at last Newsboy got off in front and cut out the work while McCaugh moved past him as soon as they straightened on the back stretch and went by the half mile in 1.00 Bank Roll fighting hard for the bit all the way and plunging along about sixty yards in the rear. They came around the turn and entered the home stretch in a sort of procession, the little brown horse leading to the string in 1.55. Here Leo Newell who had the mount on Newsboy moved up and took the lead, which he retained to the quarter pole, where the rider of Bank Roll gave him his head and passed both the others amid deafening cheers. The little sorrel would not give it up, however, but ran at him with unflinching bottom. Still the bay horse frolicked along in the lead with a bended neck and came home an easy winner of the heat in 3 46 the last mile being run in 1 51. The little brown stud barely saved his distance

Of course all speculation was at an end for it was plain to be seen that Bank Roll had to fall dead to lose the race. He blew out finely and could have run the second heat better than 3.40 had he been required. Newsboy, on the other hand appeared to regard the proposition seriously while Irvine was having a "sheep blow" and tottering in his ankles. They came up promptly for the second heat, but Newsboy had not done well in the intermission in spite of all Uncle Jemmy Bybee's hard work on him. The bell tapped to a good start and Bank Roll soon passed to the front with Newsboy dropping quietly into third place. The first half mile was done in 59 seconds and the mile in 1 55 Bank Roll being six lengths ahead of Irvine while Newsboy toiled along in the rear. Going around the bend the little sorrel put on the steam and passed Irvine so that his chances for second money were very favorable for a while. But on reaching the half mile the rider of Bank Roll pulled up his head and sent him along at such a clip that he soon had both his competitors cut of hou distance. Down the stretch he came well in hand in 3 44 the last mile having been run in 1 4[illegible] Both the others were distanced and Bank Roll won the entire purse

The Oregon contingent got away with the California cup at Sacramento two miles and a quarter Cocher winning cleverly in 4 01 from May D, Boots Wildidler and Lurdeacher. The mile dash for two year olds was won by Shenandoah by Shannon out of Demirep in 1 44. The three year old stake was won by Lucky B beating Marion and Stanislaus in 1 44½ The mile and repeat race was won by F J Baldwin's chestnut gelding Grismer by Grinstead beating Billy Ayres new purchase Laura. Time 1 46 in each heat. [illegible] believe this is the first race Grismer has ever won though he has started ten or a dozen times. He campaigned all last year in the east along with Gano and Lucky B and was never placed better than third in any race that we can remember and yet Baldwin priced him a $ [illegible]000 some months ago to a gentleman of this city. So he must have had some hopes of his [illegible] nding to Grismer reminds us of Andy McFadden's description of Birdcatcher who won his seventh race after losing six previous races. "When that horse ran last he kem in first" said McFadden to Col Bailie Peyton the day following his victory

"That's rather odd" said the dear old Bailie scarcely able to contain his laughter.

"It's three [illegible] entirely sor. When that horse ran last he kem in first and before he always kem in behind. Come in and take at him, Colonel."

Old Trade Dollar scored her first victory in two years at Salem on Tuesday beating a good field of horses at three-quarters of a mile. Among these was that rapid but unlucky horse Jim Merritt and the race was his favorite distance. The time was 1 [illegible]5½ very fast for Salem and the old mare must have been in improved form or she could not have beaten the brown son of Langford and Sweetwater. The rider of Merritt was fined $10 for striking the rider of Trade Dollar in the face with his whip. His excuse for the act was that the mare was on the outside of him and pressed him into the fence so closely that his horse could not run and so lost the race. The judges evidently were not of his opinion or they would not have given the race to the Alice Hawthorne of Oregon

The trot between Mount Vernon and Almamen on Tuesday, in which the [illegible]ttle son of the great Sultan of Fairlawn was the victor must indeed have been a fine contest up to the fourth heat. The time for stallions that had not previously beaten 2 40 was very good, (2 32 2 38 2 31½ 2 36½) and showed that both contestants possessed a good deal more quality than had been previously accorded them by popular opinion. Champion Knox was a wonderful horse and Mount Vernon has the better record of any of his sons General Crook following next with 2 38. There are some forty fillies sired by that unlucky phenomenon in the neighborhood of Canyon City and some of these days we shall see a Grant county colt repeating the miracle of Bay Frank by scoring 2 20 in the fourth heat of his first public race

What an unparalleled race that was at Hartford Conn on the 6th for the 2 21 class. In all the history of trotting in America there has been no parallel to Director's victory over a field of seven such contestants as Wilson, J B Thomas, Clemmie G, Phallas, Adele Gould, Fanny Witherspoon and Overman, the latter being a 2 19 horse himself and he was absolutely last in the race. And who ever heard of such a thing as eight horses starting in a race, trotting six obstinately fought heats of which the slowest was done in 2 20 and not a horse shut out? It completely throws into the shade the great stallion race at Rochester two years ago in which Francis Alexander drew down such solid fiber as Wedgewood, Monroe Chief, Santa Claus and Hannis. Wilson started as favorite in the pools and Director the actual winner of the race never was in the lead of the betting till after he had won two heats and then the pool buyers began to come to their senses. In so large a field the winning horse must necessarily trot a long mile to win a heat. Hence, while 2 17 was not beaten in the race it is probably the fastest race ever trotted by a stallion in the United States. These trots against time are frauds and the running races against the watch equally as bad

Jay Eye See's trot against time in 2 10¾ may never be beaten by a five year old in the next fifty years. When Wildflower in two years old, trotted in 2 21 we were inclined to the belief that if ever a five year old beat 2 15 the laurels would fall to the get of Electioneer. But Director is to-day as represented by Jay Eye See, Director and Phallas the great coming stallion of America. Had he been sent to Kentucky ten years earlier he might have already become the rival of Almont whom we regard as the greatest of living trotting sires. We are inclined to the belief that Director is destined to beat both b[illegible] Julien and Maud S if he meets them next season at least. When the great 2[illegible]0 trot at Hartford is reviewed calmly and dispassionately we believe that competent judges will pronounce it regardless of the time record the greatest race ever trotted in America. Dan Mace is unquestionably the foremost drivers of trotters in America. If any one man is entitled to that distinction and he pronounces it the fastest and most stubbornly contested race in which he ever participated. Wilson won the first heat in 2 17½. Fanny Witherspoon the second in 2 17 and Director the next three in 2 20 2 18 2 19¼. Such repeating beats the world and the probability is that in each heat the winner trotted sixty yards over a mile or 2 15 would have been beaten at least twice in the race. M

The Suicidal Mania Among Animals

The opinion has commonly prevailed that man alone among animals was capable of committing suicide. A Paris paper of recent date however gives particulars of the tragic end of a donkey which was witnessed recently by a dozen persons who are all convinced that the animal's death was premeditated and intentional. The unfortunate quadruped which was reduced to a condition of skin and bone from eating too little and working too much managed to escape from his stables and made for the Seine into which he entered. A man who happened to be giving a Newfoundland dog a bath close by perceiving that the donkey made no effort to swim and was at the point of drowning, dispatched the dog to his assistance.

Seizing the drowning animal's ear in his mouth the Newfoundland managed to bring him to land. But to no purpose. The donkey looked around with his large sad eye and quietly walked back into the water. The dog was again sent after him but this time the donkey kicked out so vigorously that his preserver could not approach. The donkey, once beyond his depth resigned himself to the action of the current made no movement to sustain himself and was speedily drowned

Egotistical Senators.

Letter in Philadelphia Record

We were talking of the egotism of great men and an ex-senator said. A lady of my acquaintance once wrote Roscoe Conkling a note when he was in the senate with me asking permission to bring her little girl to him. He replied in a courteous note naming the hour at which he would receive her. At the hour named the lady and the child stood before him. "Mary" said the mother to her child "this is the great Senator Conkling." "Yes little Mary" said Lord Roscoe with a Jovian smile, meant to be encouraging but remember" solemnly lifting his forefinger "that there is a greater than Senator Conkling." We laughed and then a regular army colonel said "I remember that on the morning of one of the darkest days of the war I met Charles Sumner on the avenue, and stopping him said "Senator is there any news this morning?" "None I believe" he gravely re[illegible] except that I am a little better this morning. I had forgotten that it was unwell

TRESPASSERS

With the railway jamboree being ended and the state fair gone to rest there is some hope of a quiet life for a few months to come. It [illegible] ed. The first brought many people here and all something to advertise the state abroad at least such was the fond hope and fervent prayer of our older residents who welcomed ... the advent of capital and skilled labor. The foreign visitors brought here were shown sufficient of the agricultural resources of our young state but did not get a good insight into her manufacturing resources. Portland has more native wealth and reserved force in this respect than any other city on the Pacific coast. She has within a radius twenty miles about her sufficient water power to run half a dozen towns as big as Lowell, Lawrence or Manchester. Whether our eastern guests were made properly aware of this fact is not [illegible] [illegible]. At least they [illegible]

And now that our visitors are gone we begin to hear rumors of war from New York. The Northern Pacific no sooner inaugurates general traffic over its main road and leased lines than there are whispers of depreciation of its stock. "The road will never pay as a business enterprise" says one. "All they built it for was the land grant" says another, "and when that is exhausted the road is exhausted." "Villard's management is extravagant and will break any company" says a third. And in this way they have kept on in order that they might depreciate all the securities under Mr Villard's management. Of course all such attacks injure Oregon although but little of these stocks are held here but in order to depreciate these roads the stock board pirates have to speak disparagingly of the country through which those roads run. Hence every thing that hurts these roads hurts Oregon. We have a most productive country with good soil and climate and we can come as near supporting a line of railroad as any other portion of the inhabitable globe that has no more population than Oregon. To make a railroad pay it must have abundance of local traffic, and in this respect the Northern Pacific is far in advance of the Southern Pacific, to which Messrs Stanford, Crocker and Huntington have been and still are constantly sacrificing the best interests of the Central Pacific

That it is going to exhaust the land grant of the Northern Pacific road to bring its traffic up to a paying basis I do not believe. The mines of Idaho and Montana will furnish abundant freight westward until those territories are admitted into the Union and a more permanent and thrifty population than the miners become the governing element of power. The broad expanse of sagebrush lands now covered with bands of beef cattle and sheep will be to a great extent cloven with the plow and converted into fields of golden grain. The unparalleled water powers along the route will be utilized in various channels of manufactures. Then there are the timber belts at [illegible] along the road from which can be cut lumber unsurpassed for quality. Now in a general way steamboats can carry freight cheaper than railroads but when it comes to lumber the railroad is the cheaper because the cars can be switched out and unloaded without detaining the rest of the train whereas lumber is the most tedious of all freight to get on and off a steamboat which has to lay by and lose time while being unloaded. As for the extravagance charged against Mr Villard I can only say that he has done more to reduce clerks wages than any other twenty men that ever saw Oregon and while it is bad for the clerks the stockholders in his roads certainly have no right to grumble. If he does not employ spies to dog men's work as Mr Vanderbilt does—*vide* the report of coroner's inquest in the Spuyten Duyvil disaster, it is that much more to his credit as a careful manager who does not believe in that sort of economy which involves the culpable risk of human life

But there is evidently a desperate break being made to knock down the prices of Northern Pacific stock in such a way as to create a panic and cause holders to sell enough to divert the control of the road from Mr Villard and his able lieutenants Messrs Oakes and Muir. Popular rumor connects the name of Jay Gould with this movement but why it should do so is not altogether clear. I would a good deal rather impute it to some of the New England stockholders of the Northern Pacific and such as Frederick Billings or Charles B Wright for instance. That Mr Billings was paid his price for his stock when the great compromise was effected between him and Mr Villard through the mediation of Capt J C Ainsworth may be strictly true, and yet there is but little doubt that he felt the pangs of baffled ambition when he visited this city and saw the honors paid to his younger and more successful rival. Had his sudden departure from this city on the morning following the illumination any bearing upon this stock raid

There's a hen on somewhere and don t let the fact escape your retentive memory. It is not Gould who is banging away at Villard's securities it is some one else. Now what Gould wants to depreciate any railroad stock for just at this time is not altogether clear. He is represented as having built an ocean steamship at a cost of nearly half a million dollars for the purpose of taking a voyage around the world, which will take him several months to perform as he visits all the great seaport cities of the old world. To do this he must be nearly half the time out of the reach of the telegraph and therefore he cannot buy or sell stocks to any advantage while on his voyage. It is far more natural that he should part with all his holdings and convert his stocks into money before leaving for Europe, and desiring so to do, is it at all likely he would try to create a panic in the market. Remember you cannot break the market on any stock without more or less jeopardizing all classes of securities

I cannot see, therefore the hand of Mr Gould in this transaction, and would sooner ascribe it to either C P Huntington or Frederick Billings. The former has two transcontinental roads, and naturally casts envious glances at this new claimant to the traffic of Oregon which has been so large a contributor in times past to the coffers of himself and associates. He sees a certain amount of positive loss of established revenue every month from this source and nothing coming in to replace it. If by creating a panic in New York he can cause a diversion of the stock into other hands and oust Villard, Oakes and Muir from the management of the road is it not his interest to do so? And do rich men like Mr Huntington or Crocker or Stanford act in cases of this sort from motives other than interest? Not to any alarming extent. A poor man may have scruples and he may not, but when a man gets more than a million of dollars he generally adopts the motto of Richelieu. The end justifies the means.

If Mr Billings and his friends are doing this in the hope of breaking the markets they can buy up a majority of the stock at prices that verge upon panic figures and thereby oust Mr Villard from the presidency of the road the people of Portland will know how to rate those gentlemen hereafter. Of course it is well known that none of them own a dollar worth of real estate in Portland, but they are pretty well loaded up with property in Tacoma. Once let them get control of the Northern Pacific as they had it four years ago and every dollar to be spent in improvements would be spent at Tacoma. The car shops at Albina would be dwarfed to a smaller size than those at The Dalles the big hotel would not be built at all and the Grand Central depot would exist only in the mind of the architect. In a word the loss of Henry Villard from the presidency of the [illegible] would be a blow to the prosperity of the land. He has done himself [illegible] I am friend of Mr Villard in more ways than one and at this late day his sincerity in our behalf is not to be called in question. But I am firm in the belief that the man who is doing his best to cast discredit upon the Northern Pacific is not Jay Gould for reasons already given above. He is the last man in America to desire a panic just at this particular time

Two pioneers of Tuolumne county died in San Francisco last week one of lingering disease and the other some say by his own hand. The first was the once rich and still famous General Jack Gashwiler, whose shrewdness as a mining operator will be remembered. He was a lively man in and about Jamestown early along in the fifties accumulated some property got married and subsequently [illegible] [illegible]. About the time of the discovery of the great Comstock lodge Jack was pretty badly bent if not absolutely broke. He packed some [illegible] on an old pack mule and started for the ... of Mount Davidson. He lived in Virginia City until 1866 when he removed to San Francisco and began speculating in stocks. Money poured in upon him like water and he was soon in the enjoyment of a princely income. About this time he cast his eye about him for a wife and his glance fell upon the beautiful widow of Jared Irwin late county clerk of Sacramento. They were married and afterward lived in grand style on Van Ness avenue. Since the crash of 1879, when it took $200 worth of stocks to buy a cup of coffee and a roll the general has lived in a more quiet way. Whatever may be said of the devious practices of men who live by stock speculation it must always be said to his credit that he was a devoted husband and father. From 1866 to 1878 his name was a power on the street and any mine that he pronounced a good one could be sold at almost any price. His judgment was excellent in matters of this sort and he was frequently employed as an expert. Seldom did any mine turn out badly on which he gave a favorable report. Well poor old General Jack had to go like all the rest of us but he certainly must have enjoyed life as he went along

The other man was George S Evans a native of Michigan at one time adjutant general of the state and afterwards state senator from San Joaquin. He was a man of considerable shrewdness and in past days made a considerable show in political matters. In 1866 he had a tide land scheme on hand in the interest of Sharon and Ralston and undertook to shove it through the senate under suspension of the rules. The lieutenant governor and four senators were absent and before you could say Don Juan Rubinsonio the senate got in a dead lock. Every [illegible] John White was secretary Bill Sellark was assistant and I was reading clerk. About every five minutes some senator would go out for a drink and get corraled under a call of the senate. Poor old Lewis Cunningham of Yuba was in the chair for six hours and got as mad as a hornet at the clerks for going out to get some beer and cheese. All three of us were arrested before we got down the first swallow. The sergeant at arms is allowed two dollars for each arrest made under a call of the house and Johnny Moran's bill for that night's work was $198. At 4 A M the boat got in from San Francisco and in came Senators Pratt, Tuttle, Wadsworth and Beard. Pratt voted for the bill and the other three against it and away went one of Ralston's most ambitious schemes. George Evans was a fine looking man and a genial companion. Had he enjoyed the cause of Tingy Sargent as warmly as he did that of Cornelius Cole he might have been very successful in politics even up to date. He leaves a lonely family with whom all just-minded men must feel the keenest sympathy GRIZZLY

Ecuador

London Times

With regard to the climate the rainy season extends from December to June the remaining months being dry but on the Amazon slope it rains all the year round. As to the influence of the climate on man there are vast healthy districts in the river valleys of the Amazon region while those on the Pacific shore are commonly full of disease. Special disorders are chiefly due to the lack of sanitary measures. In the west and southwestern parts the abuse of sweets as food results in a curious and frightful intestinal complaint. The country is now and will in all probability remain, almost wholly agricultural, the Pacific coast and river valleys of both east and west yielding generous crops of cacao cotton sugar cane rice, coffee, tobacco, and tropical fruits while the inter Andean plateau produces all the cereals and vegetables incident to a temperate and even cold climate, though they are of inferior quality. No hope of the republic ever being an exporter of cereals is held out and cattle do not thrive in the Amazon section chiefly from the immense number of bats which bleed or otherwise irritate them. Cinchona bark, which first came from the province of Loja, is being so rapidly cut and sent out of the country without new planting that the supply must soon cease and Colonel Church attributes this to the fact that the highest official sanction is given to this destructive measure for private emolument. In mineral wealth Ecuador is poor. The population is estimated at 1 000 000 (exclusive of savage tribes) and is distributed as follows: White, 100 000; mixed 300 000; pure Indian 600 000. The evil qualities of the mixed races are condemned as the source of the degradation of the country. Internal communications are much needed in Ecuador, and although Colonel Church is personally interested in the construction of future railroads he expresses his strong opinion that for the next ten or twenty years a thorough system of first class mule routes would undoubtedly be the best for Ecuador

Persian Lying

The ancient Persians brought up their sons to always speak the truth; the modern Persian educates his boy to draw the long bow. Europeans who live among them soon learn to discount any statement a native may make. An amusing illustration of Persian exaggeration is given by an English physician who resided for several years in that country. He says:

I was conversing on the subject of hunting with the king's son and a large circle of courtiers and priests filled the room.

The prince narrated his exploits in hunting the antelope the previous day and gravely stated that while pursuing a pair of "ahu" when riding a very restive horse that he had, his head stall broke.

What should you have done doctor?

I should have tried to stick on as long as the ground was good and expecting an accident, have awaited it.

Ah that was because you were not a prince he said. I leant forward and unclasping my belt placed in the horse's mouth as a bridle and thus directing him pursued my game and killed both antelope.

All the circle applauded (as of course they were bound to do). I was silent.

You don t mean to say you don't believe that? said the prince.

I smiled.

Speak out if you don t. I shan t be offended in the least.

Well your highness, I don't believe it.

Quite right; durugh bood (it was a lie) unblushingly replied his royal highness, and burst into a fit of laughter quite unabashed, the circle of courtiers, of course, were convulsed. The giving of the lie is no insult in Persia; among the natives a common expression is, "You are lying," and the general reply is merely to asseverate the statement by an oath, no indignation whatever being shown at the charge

The Population of Egypt.

By the recent census it appears that the total population of Egypt is 6 798 200 very equally divided as far as sex, the men numbering 3 393 348 and the women 3 304 852. The population of the most important towns is thus given: Cairo 368 108, Alexandria and suburbs 208 775, Port Said 16 560, Suez 10 913, Fantah 33 725, Damietta 34 016, Rosetta 16 671, Mansurah 26 784, Zagazig 19 046. Although strict accuracy is not guaranteed by the authorities it is believed that this census is a near approach to correctness than has previously been the case.

BLAINE'S WONDERFUL MEMORY

Of Mr Blaine's distinguished talents and gifts there is none greater than his wonderful memory. As an illustration of this I cannot do better than relate a story told an acquaintance of mine by ex Senator Thurman. In 1876, said Judge Thurman Blaine came to my town during his canvass of Ohio for the republican ticket for president and made a speech. Of course his audience was immense, and was composed of democrats as well as republicans. I went to hear him and after the speaking invited him to my house. While I was talking with him at the place where he had spoken, I saw in the crowd an old farmer of wealth and prominence a client of mine who is a staunch republican. He was regarded with great interest by the great republican leader of whom he had heard so much but never had seen. I beckoned to him to come up and said to Mr Blaine, "Here is a prominent man of our section and I want you to know him." By this time my man had come up and I said "Mr Blaine I want to present to you Squire Brown." Mr Blaine was very cordial in his magnetic way soon had my old friend perfectly delighted. Squire Brown was a noted breeder of fine stock especially horses and that day had driven in to town behind a very pretty pair of four-year olds. Blaine took a look at the horses and said "Squire have you ever trained that near colt? He would make good time if properly handled I think." With a few other words he went away with me, and saw no more of Brown. In 1880 Blaine came to Ohio in the canvass, and spoke again at my town. I was on hand. When he had closed his speech the people came up to speak to him. Suddenly looking up he saw Squire Brown at a little distance. The old man was wondering whether Blaine would remember him. Leaving the crowd about him Blaine walked straight to Brown and calling him by name shook hands with him most cordially, and after talking a few minutes said "Squire Brown did you ever train that near colt you were driving four years ago when I met you?" I have often thought of that colt and believe he would have made a good trotter if properly trained.

Now, said Judge Thurman, it had been four years since that circumstance had occurred. Blaine had had an immense number of things to think of in that time and yet he recalled the man and remembered without difficulty precisely what had happened so long ago. To my mind it was one of the most wonderful feats of memory I have ever known. No wonder Blaine has such power as a politician. Mr Clay is said to have a faculty of memory almost equal to this but I doubt if it was as wonderful as that related by Judge Thurman —*Washington Herald*

THE LOST CHORD

BY ANNE ADELAIDE PROCTOR

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace
And trembled away in silence
As if it were loath to cease

I have sought but I seek it vainly
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand amen

Fans and Fan Making

For more than [illegible]000 years fan making has been a principal industry of Japan. In this branch of manufacture about 300 000 persons are engaged out of a population of 1 500 000 in the three fan districts of Osaka, Kioto and Nagoya. Millions of fans are made every year of which there are many varieties, differing in strength. Other materials used for the fan sticks are bone, ivory and wood. The ivory is sometimes carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl gold and silver. The wood used for sticks is ebony, mahogany and chestnut and is generally lacquered. The tops of a Japanese fan are made of paper parchment, cotton and silk. The paper is the fibre obtained from boiling down the bark of the paper tree to the cultivation of which whole districts are devoted. Mulberry bark is also used for the same purpose though it is much more expensive. The Japanese so-called parchment comes from a rare tree, and is favored because of its strength. The prices vary largely with the "tops," silks costing twice as much as any other material. The Japanese palm leaf or, as it is sometimes called, the church fan, is still popular. It is sold as low as 1½d or 2d. Most of the dress fans come from France though the Viennese dress fan has of late found favor. The French fans of the cheaper grades have sticks usually of wood or bone, and the tops of cretonne, silk or satin. The French dress fans have their sticks made of shell mother-of pearl or ivory, the tops are of silk, ostrich feathers or lace, sometimes satin and kid. The shell stick fans have usually no painting on their tops. The lace fans usually have sticks of mother-of pearl. The ivory sticks are seldom combined with lace tops silk being preferred. In the decoration of the silk topped fans Albert of Paris has won an especial reputation. The mourning fan most popular is a combination of black silk with ebonized wood or dark shell. In the cheaper grades of Vienna fans two peculiarities are noted—namely, "feather" sticks and the inlaying of the figures in silk tops. This latter effect is produced by having two layers of silk, the lower one stamped with its figure just above which the upper layer will be cut out. As yet American fans are confined for the most part to the cheaper grades. The sticks in these fans are made of wood only the tops being muslin, cretonne silk or satin. One kind of American fan, however is very popular—the "extension, fan," with a stick of plush or leather. Of this fan, more are sold than of any one kind produced a large number being exported to England —*Pall Mall Gazette*

A Bright Signalman.

Chambers's Journal

The power of coolly collecting one's thoughts in the moment of danger, so as to be able quickly to decide what is the best thing to be done is a very rare faculty, but it was exercised in a most remarkable manner the other day by the railway signalman at Llandudno Junction. He received a message from the signalman at Conway to the effect that an engine was traveling along the line. As the Irish mail was nearly due he determined to shunt the engine, and with that view put his signals against it. To his surprise the engine came thundering on, and utterly disregarded his signals. The truth suddenly flashed upon him—the men on that engine must have fallen asleep. In a moment he wired to the next station "Engine coming, driver asleep, put fog signals on line." The detonators were laid on the rails just in time; the sleepers were awakened their engine quickly stopped and the terrible risk to the Irish mail obviated. How many terrible mistakes in the world's history might have been avoided if those in responsible positions had possessed the forethought and decision owned by this humble signalman

Mr Irving's Plans for Next Year.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr Henry Irving is now said to be busily preparing for his American tour. The Lyceum scenery and properties have been packed or nearly so and represent no less a cargo. On the return of Mr Irving and Miss Ellen Terry from America, in the June of next year the opening play at the Lyceum theatre will be Mr W G Wills's new version of Faust with Mr Irving as Mephistopheles and Miss Terry as Marguerite. This production will be followed by a revival of King Lear

LITERARY MATTERS.

Swinburne's present work is an essay upon the last portion of La Legende des Siecles.

Over 100 000 copies have been sold of a penny edition of "Oliver Twist" published in Liverpool.

Sir George Dasent, it is stated, has abandoned his intention of completing the life of the late Mr Delane of the London *Times*

Bret Harte's new California story "In the Carquinez Woods" will be published early in September in a Little Classic volume

Rev W W Newton the author of the "Priest and Man" will soon begin the writing of another novel dealing with phases of modern thought and life

"Historic Notes of Life and Letters in Massachusetts" is the promising title of an unpublished MS which has been found among Mr Emerson's papers

Dr Schliemann is at Wildungen Germany busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to his new work on the excavations on the site of the larger city of Troy

Charles Nordhoff has written a religious book bearing the title of "God and the Future Life. The Reasonableness of Christianity" which is soon to be published

Joseph Knight, who for many years conducted the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing over the signature of "Sylvanus Urban" has assumed the editorship of *Notes and Queries*

For some time Miss Louisa M Alcott has been at work upon a new story for boys and girls. It is a sequel to "Little Men," and is to be called "Jo's Boys and How They Turned Out"

Paul du Chaillu the celebrated traveler, who is now in London is said to be working hard on his new book "The Viking Age" concerning which great expectations are entertained by his friends

Eleven thousand dollars is the sum reported to have been spent upon the forthcoming catalogue of the art gallery of the New England exposition. The volume contains sixty-three illustrations, nineteen of which are etchings

Mrs E Lynn Linton, the English story writer, is a pleasant-faced lady of 60 years, with gray hair and spectacles. She spends her winters at Rome and is a general favorite in society because of her brilliant conversational powers

Edward King, whose last novel, "A Gentle Savage" was perhaps more cordially received in England than in his native land has just finished another novel entitled "Damiano," the scene in which is laid alternately in Florida and in Europe

In October the same house bring out Marion Harland's latest story "Judith A Chronicle of Old Virginia" drawn from the author's early memories, and having all the flavor of plantation life in the South while yet that sunny phase of existence remained, with its checkered shadows. Also Helen Campbell's "Housekeeper's Year Book for 1884" a natural consequence of the success of her handy little volume of the same name and nature for 1883

With his clever little story of love and politics "The Cloverdale Mystery, or The Machine and Its Wheels" has had so lively a run in cloth binding and has been so highly commended as a true picture, by politicians who know whereof it treats—President Arthur, Governor Cleveland, George William Curtis, General Slocum and such like republicans and democrats that a campaign edition of it, in stiff paper covers is to come out immediately

An illustrated edition of Gray's Elegy to be brought out this fall reproduces rejected verses—those which appeared in the original editions but were afterward omitted. The most exquisite of these was originally inserted before the "Epitaph" but was omitted because the poet thought it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The stanza is very graceful

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found
The redbreast loves to build and warble there
And little footsteps lightly print the ground

Queen Victoria's brother-in-law, the reigning Duke of Coburg-Gotha, is about to publish his Reminiscences which contain it is said, revelations of political secrets which will be very distasteful to the Prussian and English courts. The Duke is known for his literary and artistic attainments. Many distinguished German authors such as Gustav Freytag and Paul Lindau have enjoyed his immediate patronage, while his musical acquirements were exemplified by an opera, performed some years ago at Kroll's theater in Berlin

Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce for immediate issue, "A Sylvan City: Quaint and Picturesque Corners of Philadelphia, Old and New." This is an attractive book of about 500 pages profusely illustrated and bound in the style of "Our Continent Library"—the series of popular reprints from the pages of Judge Tourgee's weekly illustrated magazine, "The Continent." They will issue at the same time a new prettily bound edition of "Life Thoughts Gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by One of his Congregation" and a new volume of Mr Beecher's Sermons from Plymouth Pulpit 1882 3.

Fords Howard & Hurlburt have also in press a most interesting work, Dr John Lord's historical lectures in five volumes crown octavo. "Beacon Lights of History" he calls it, and in his graphic interesting way he gives a view of the world's history for 3500 years, by depicting the men that made the history—their works and times. The five volumes are respectively, "Antiquity," "The Middle Ages," and the last three divide "The Modern World" into "Renaissance and Reformation," "Warriors and Statesmen," and "Great Women." The first volume will appear in October and the others at intervals shortly after

The Metallization of Wood.

Les Mondes describes the following process invented by Mr Rubennsok, for metallizing wood. The wood is first immersed for three or four days according to its permeability, in a caustic alkaline lye (calcareous soda) at a temperature of from seventy-five or ninety degrees. From thence it passes immediately into a bath of hydrosulphite of calcium, to which is added, after twenty-four or twenty-six hours a concentrated solution of sulphur in caustic potash. The duration of this bath is about forty eight hours, and its temperature is about thirty-five to fifty degrees. Finally the wood is immersed for thirty or fifty hours in a hot solution (thirty-five to fifty degrees) of acetate of lead. The process, as may be seen, is a long one, but the results are surprising. The wood thus prepared after having undergone a proper drying, at a moderate temperature, acquires under a burnisher of hard wood a polished surface, and assumes a very brilliant metallic lustre. This lustre is still further increased if the surface of the wood be first rubbed with a piece of lead, tin or zinc and be afterwards polished with a glass or porcelain burnisher. The wood thus assumes the appearance of a true metallic mirror, and is very solid and resistant.

Kossuth and the Hungarian Jews.

London Advertiser

Kossuth has written a complimentary letter to the advocates who pleaded for the Jews in the late Hungarian trial. He tells them of the circumstance which occurred, some years previously in Hungary. One Sandos fell madly in love with a beautiful Jewish girl, Julia Weiss. She refused to listen to him or to conversion to Christianity. Presently a Christian girl named Julia Bereces was found murdered. Sandos charged the Jewess with the crime. She had murdered the girl to procure blood for the Passover. The Jewess swore that Julia Bereces was her dearest friend; that she knew nothing of the crime nor had even heard of the Talmud and its injunctions. Yet she was sentenced to death. The penalty was commuted to hard labor for life. After two years Sandos destroyed himself leaving his fortune to the Jewess and a confession that he had murdered the girl. Julia Weiss was of course released but she rejected the proffered heritage.

Minnie Conway will not fill her scrap book with San Francisco notices of her acting.

[illegible] visited the stock yards and packing [illegible] He will drive on the north side to-[illegible] with E. B. Washburne, ex minister [illegible]

Watering Places Closed.

[illegible] Coney Island and other watering places [illegible] closed with yesterday [illegible] and they were in

NATCHEZ, Miss, Sept 22.—[illegible] of Vidalia, La, was arrested to-day, charged with robbing a registered letter. Kong acknowledged his crime

Consumptives call on your druggist and get a *free* Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

[illegible] They were promptly put in irons and on Saturday safely put ashore at Victoria again

WASHINGTON TERRITORY

Railroad Man Murdered Near Kalama.

KALAMA, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—A railroad hand named Young, in the employ of Montgomery on the Kalama branch, was found murdered opposite this

[illegible] *Ledger*

OTTUMWA, Ia.—Dr J N Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents

Druggists and physicians recommend and prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all female complaints

Walter H Page the southern writer has started a weekly paper, the *Chronicle* at Raleigh North Carolina

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES,
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

[illegible] sufficient to exert any appreciable influence upon them.

The biennial session of the state legislature, which was held in the fall of 1882, was productive of many good results affecting the public interest. The board of trade submitted a clear, comprehensive and practical bill regulating pilotage in all its branches. The same effort has been made before and has been defeated but this time we were successful and the bill

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, [illegible] FREE OF CHARGE [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1883.

OLD LETTERS.

It seems but yesterday she died, but years
Have passed since then; the wondrous change of time
Makes great things little, little things sublime,
And sanctifies the dew of daily tears.
She died, as all must die; no trace appears
In history's page, nor save in my poor rhyme,
Of her, whose life was love, whose lovely prime
Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears.
It seems but yesterday; to-day I read
A few short letters in her own dear hand,
And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace
Seems radiant with her life! Oh! can the dead
Thus in their letters live! I tied the band,
And kissed her name as though I kissed her face.

THE LITTLE RUSSIAN SERVANT.

Henry Greville, Translated in Belgravia.

"Who's that?" said the countess, stopping in front of a young girl of 15 or 16, bent over an embroidery frame. The young girl rose, prostrated herself thrice before her mistress, then, getting up, remained standing, her hands hanging by her side, her head slightly bent forward under the investigating gaze of the countess, who, through her eye-glass, closely scrutinized her.

"It is the new girl, your highness," answered the head lady's maid, coming forward with the air of importance that thirty year's employment gives to no master what functuary. "She is the daughter of Foma, of the village of Ikonine. She is come in her turn to pay her father's obrok—he is in Moscow."

"These peasant girls can do nothing," said the countess, with a wearied air; "what do you expect to get out of this one?"

"She doesn't embroider badly, your highness; pray look for yourself. She can be put to the embroideries—not to the ground, but to the trimmings. This is for the toilet table of Madame la Comtesse."

The noble lady, who could hardly see, being short-sighted from her birth, examined the embroidery frame so closely that the tip of her nose grazed the cloth.

"That's not bad," she said. "Come here, little girl."

The little girl advanced, and the countess inspected her as minutely as she had done the embroidery.

"How pretty she is! What's your name?"

"Mavra."

The word came like a breath from the rosy lips.

"You must speak louder if you want us to hear you," said the head lady's maid angrily.

Mavra turned her large blue startled eyes toward her, let them drop, and said nothing.

"Sit down to your work," said the countess, amused at her new toy. With a quick, graceful movement, the young girl resumed her seat on the wooden chair, and the needle firmly held between her agile fingers went in and out of the stuff with that short, sharp noise that stimulates the action of the hand.

"That's right, you may go on," said the countess, her nerves irritated by the regularity of the movement.

Then turning her back upon the young girl, and trailing the heavy sumptuous folds of her dressing gown along the carefully washed pine wood floor, she disappeared through the door, which was respectfully closed after her by the head lady's maid. The countess, an accomplished mistress of a house, made a practice of paying a daily visit to this room, which was reserved for the women of her service. Mavra was left alone in the work room, a large, well lighted chamber, furnished simply with tables and chairs for the use of the innumerable women and girls invariably attached to the service of those noble ladies who knew so well how to maintain their rank in that blessed time of serfdom. At this hour the work room was empty. Some of the women were washing, others ironing, some cleaning and turning upside down everything in the private apartment the countess had just left. The young peasant girl with her needle uplifted, rested her ruddy hand upon the edge of the frame and looked around her.

What multitudes of embroidered gowns with their rich lace trimmings hung there on the wall, waiting some slight repairs! What endless petticoats with their ornamented flounces all freshly ironed on cords along the huge room! What countless lace caps, worn hardly an hour, pinned to a pin-cushion as large as a pillow, used only for this purpose; and there, in a basket on the corner of the table, what piles of cambric chemises, delicately piped and pleated, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ornamented with bright ribbons! And all this for one person without counting the silk stockings in that other basket and the rings by dozens worn by the countess on her thin fingers. In this world of living beings under God's heaven, what importance gives to one person that needed so many other persons to serve her, and how the nothingness of these was made more emphatic by the dominance of that! Mavra sat wonder-stricken. The head lady's maid coming into the room found her sitting in a state of stupefaction, stupefied above all at having made these reflections.

"Well, you are lucky," she said to her, with a boastful look. "Our countess took a fancy to you at the first glance. You are now on the list of embroiderers. You may thank God for it. It is not often the countess takes a fancy like that at first sight."

"Is she, then, unkind?" innocently inquired the girl.

"Unkind! Oh, no; capricious, like all mistresses, but the kindest lady in the world, and generous! Besides, this is a rich house; nothing is counted—nothing at all. This is better than your village," continued Dacka, proud of belonging to such noble masters, and desirous to impress on the mind of the simple peasant girl the importance and dignity of the functions she was promoted to.

"It is more beautiful," replied Mavra, bending intently intently over her work.

"It was lucky they taught you to embroider, else you would have been sent to the poultry yard to feed the cocks and hens and look after the calves. How did you learn?"

"My mother taught me; she was formerly in the service; she was a dvorovaia in the time of the late countess. She married a peasant."

"Ah," said Dacka, "I thought your manners were not quite those of a peasant girl; if your mother was in the service, that's another thing. Come, take a cup of coffee with me. Prepare the coffee pot, and make haste before the others come; I can't ask every one, you understand."

To Mavra there was but little difference between the labs of her father and the work room of the seignorial mansion. Here, as there, her life was spent in assiduous work from sunrise to sunset. There, her mother, an austere, sombre woman, like most village matrons to whom life had proved no light matter; here, the lady's maid, often grumbling, but at times kind and even condescending. The chief difference between the two modes of life consisted in the daily visits of the countess, who generally said nothing, but passed with a solemn air through this room full of silent, awestricken women. But one thing was lacking to Mavra, and this nothing could replace—the evening hour of rest which she used to spend by the fountain when sent to draw water for her mother, or on the threshold of their cabin watching the spring rain falling soft and warm, melting the snow so quickly that its thickness might be seen visibly diminishing; or, again, in the month of May standing at the edge of the forest, listening to the nightingales singing on the golden branches of the perfumed birch tree.

Winter passed fairly well, but when the first breath of warm air set the melted snow streaming down the roofs, which again the night's frost transformed into long stalactites of ice, Mavra felt a strange vague aching in the heart. The house was overheated, and the close, nauseous air made her sick. What would she not give to run as of old over the moors, to see if the moss were beginning to appear under the crystalized transparent carpet of snow!

"What's the matter with this little girl?" asked the countess one day as she stopped before the frame at which the young peasant girl was diligently working. "She was as fresh as a rose and now she has grown yellow. Do you feel pain anywhere Mavra?"

Mavra raised her blue eyes to the noble lady who, for the second time in her life, deigned to address her, and replied in her low voice:

"Nowhere, your highness."

"Then why are you so yellow?"

"I don't know, your highness."

The countess dropped her eye-glasses and looked kindly at the young girl.

"I know," she said after a moment's pause, "the child wants air. She came here from her village, and has passed the whole winter stooping over her frame. Henceforth, little girl, you must go out into the fresh air twice a day, and must learn the service of my bedroom; this will give you exercise."

Thereon the countess quitted the room followed by Mavra's grateful eyes, now filled with tears. From that day Mavra worshiped the countess; to approach her, to touch what she had worn, to serve her, to receive her orders and execute them with the utmost speed and dexterity, were the great joy of this humble girl. Her mistress, wrapped in all this gorgeous luxury the elements of which had been so long under her eyes in the workroom appeared to her as some august being nearer her creator than any other of her fellow-creatures. Not only did Mavra pray to God for her but at times she inwardly prayed to her as to a saint, thinking the pleadings of a being so superior must have equal weight with the powers of heaven as with those of earth.

Summer was already on the wane when the noble mansion, habitually so tranquil, was suddenly filled with noise and gayety. The young Count Serge had sent his carriages on before him, saddle-horses and hounds were stamping and neighing in their stall and barking in their kennels as though the one aim of life were to make the most noise possible in a given time.

"How handsome he is, our young count!" Dacka kept on saying the livelong day, to while away the tedious hours in the silent work-room. "It was I received him in my arms when he was born."

And she repeated again and again, with inexhaustible complacency the history of Serge's birth, and the legend of his boyhood up to the moment when this dear treasure of her heart had gone to join the corps of pages, his trunks laden with cakes, jams, and all that could possibly be eaten under heaven.

The working girls gave listless heed to these hundred-times-repeated narrations but Mavra was never tired hearing them; it was like receiving a sort of gospel into her heart. Her good and revered protectress made all things dear and venerated that touched her nearly; and this only only son loved, adored, to god for, became a supernatural being, a kind of Messiah to her.

One morning at the end of August, as Mavra, who had risen early, was crossing the court-yard to go waken up the laundress, who had overslept herself, she saw galloping along the inclosure, a troika of black horses, with their heads covered with bells. "It's the young master!" thought the little servant, and without giving herself time for reflection, she ran to the ponderous gate and threw it open. At the same moment the brilliant equipage arrived; the coachman pulled together his noble beasts, and without slackening their gallop they shot like an arrow past Mavra, and ten steps further on stood stock still at the foot of the steps. Dazed, her heart thrilled by she knew not what impression of fear and joy, she received full in the face the gaze of two large, black, amazed and amused eyes.

"How like his mother!" thought Mavra as she closed the huge gate that shut with a heavy bang.

She turned slowly toward the steps as Serge, jumping down from the carriage looked around at her again; he smiled when he met her blue eyes full of simple admiration, and, giving her a friendly nod, entered the house of his fathers. A minute after he was by the countess' bedside, pressed lovingly in her arms.

When they had chatted two whole hours, as the finished their tea, Serge recollecting himself, suddenly said to his mother:

"What is this new acquisition you have made, mother? A little fair-haired Raphael opened the gate for me this morning."

The countess thought for a moment.

"Ah! I know," said she, "it's Mavra—a virtue—my dear child. A strange little creature who adores me."

"She is quite right," replied the son respectfully. "What do you do with her?"

"She embroiders in the morning, and in the afternoon she attends on me. But, Serge, you must be prudent; my house is strictly kept. Don't you go amusing yourself making gallant speeches to my girls."

"Oh, mother! What do you take me for?" carelessly replied the young man. "I think of a woman when she is in a casket suited to her style of beauty. Now here you may have pearls, but the casket is totally wanting."

They burst out laughing together. Only those who thoroughly understood these two beings could have guessed beneath this light talk the strict propriety of the mother and the son's respect for the maternal home. But Russians of the grand monde are so constituted that when they have no vices they take all the imaginable trouble to affect it.

On leaving the dining-room the countess and her son directed their steps toward the garden. In front of the house, in the court-yard, they met Mavra stooping under the weight of a pile of linen which she was carrying from the laundry. The sheets held in under her crossed hands reached so high that she had to raise her chin and turn her head sideways in order to see before her.

"See, there she is," said the countess in French, stopping to look at her.

"It is hard to say whether she is a Raphael or a Greuze," said Serge. "This morning she had more the look of a Raphael with a Russian nose. It is a hybrid style of beauty, but it has a certain charm."

They continued their walk while Mavra entered the workroom with her pile of linen. When her hands were free she stood trembling and silent, as though she had been guilty of a crime.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" said one of the girls, pulling her by the apron.

"I don't know," replied Mavra. "I feel as if I had received a blow, and my hands keep on trembling."

"You carried too heavy a load for your strength. Sit down, and you will see it will pass off."

And in fact it did pass away in a few minutes, but from that moment Mavra was haunted by a pair of black eyes that little suspected it.

Her veneration for the countess was in no wise diminished by this. On the contrary, she loved her more, if possible. But in place of one idol she had two. By little innocent tactics that surprised herself, she succeeded in having the service of the young count's room assigned to her, and thenceforth her happiness was complete. The care of the wardrobe was in the hands of the *valet de chambre*, who scrupulously avoided doing anything else; and while Serge on his magnificent black horse was galloping along under the vaulted arches of the pine forests that interwove their long branches above his head, Mavra penetrated by a sweet emotion, with profound gratitude to God for making her life so easy and happy, was smoothing with her delicate hands the fine linen sheets of the camp bed on which her dear young master slept, and passing her hesitating fingers over the pillow. "He will place his head there when night comes, and closes his eyes in sleep." This thought made the young girl raise her hand and blush as though there had been a profanation.

Serge was the most breakneck rider in the world; not for bravado, since for the most part he was alone when he performed his wild exploits, but for instinct or contempt for danger. One fine morning, clearing a hedge six feet high—there were none lower—the count's horse stumbled and fell on its side. A touch of the spur made it spring up, but when Serge tried to spur the other side, that on which it had fallen, he suffered excruciating pain. Fortunately it was the last hedge, else he would have had some difficulty in getting home. He pushed on, however, and reached the entrance; but when he endeavored to rest his foot on the stirrup to alight, he found it absolutely impossible, and amid the lamentations of the servants who had gathered around, he had to let himself be taken down from his horse, and dragged, as he said, like a bundle to his bed.

When he was duly unbooted and examined, the supreme indifference with which he allowed himself to be handled and moved about, in spite of the paleness of his face did not lessen the fact that he had seriously fractured his tibia.

The bone-setter was sent for, in conformity with a precept of the Countess's, who preferred a bone-setter at hand to the first surgeon in the world 300 miles off. A horribly complicated dressing, bristling with splints and bandages, was applied to the leg, with very respectful but formal injunctions not to move, and to remain in bed for six weeks.

Six weeks! and the sporting season good, and flights of partridges started every minute by the count's dogs, hunting now for their own pleasure, the door of the kennel being seldom closed, the horses neighing from sheer weariness, and the grooms giving themselves lumbago brightening up the trappings that were now to be used.

The countess was a good reader, spite of her eye-glass; she read untiringly, the result of which was to send the patient to sleep—infallible result; simply an affair of time, often in ten minutes, sometimes an hour. Serge's breathing would became regular, the fever that colored his cheek bones would gradually disappear, and then the good mother, closing the book, would go about her duties as mistress of the house, leaving Mavra in charge of her son.

Gradually the needle of Mavra's embroidery work would slacken its motion and for long hours her eyes remain fixed on the face of the sleeping young count. Daylight would decline, and no candles be brought, lest the healing rest should be disturbed.

Seated in the window in the deepening shadow, the outlines of her figure relieved against the pale blue autumn sky in which her dear stars were fast gathering, Mavra would lose herself in a vague infinite ecstacy as she sat gazing at her sleeping young master, whom her heart only could now see. At the first sign of his awakening she was on her feet with her hand upon the bell. On the arrival of the lamp Mavra would withdraw to the workroom. At night in her dreams she would continue her spiritual, almost mystical contemplation of the beautiful fair head asleep on his pillow.

When Serge got well she was the prey of an implacable, unconscious, immortal love. Henceforth she belonged to her idol. Present or absent, he was her adored master; for him alone she breathed. She would have almost hated the convalescence that day by day was taking him from her, had not the young man's weakness obliged him frequently to seek her aid. Supporting himself with a stick in one hand, and resting the other on Mavra's shoulder, he would walk round his room. She was happy and proud the day when, to give the countess a surprise, she led him thus into the little salon, where the countess, thinking he was asleep, was reading a devotional book. The agitated joy of the mother and the nervous gaiety of the son brought tears to the eyes of the young peasant girl; but stoical, like all her race, she drove her tears back to her heart.

Serge walked home with a stick, then without a stick, limping a little, by-and-by his firm elastic tread was heard again on the waxed oak floor. The northern early winter was come, snow already blocking up from time to time the seignoral mansion, then melting under the breath of a warmer wind till the great winter blockade finally set in. One day a sledge lined with fur, drawn by spirited horses, clinking the bells that studded the harness, drew up before the door. Serge and his mother stepped into it, waving a friendly farewell to the household that crowded around with noisy benedictions. The countess was to pass the winter at St. Petersburg, where her son was to resume his service in the hussars of Grodno. When they were gone, when the heavy gate which Mavra had opened one beautiful August day was shut, and the snow fell slowly in large flakes, reflecting the colors of the prism, it shut out all the outer world from the inmates of the seignorial mansion.

Mavra returned to her embroidery frame, no longer under the orders of the good Dacka, but under the capricious, fitful superintendence of a housekeeper charged in the interval with the work-room department. Life was not so easy, but what mattered it to Mavra that there should be more harshness or less kindness? She did not live in the present. Her waking hours were passed in an innocent ecstasy that wore her away without suffering. She did not know this was love. Had she known it, no amount of prayers or tears would have been enough to expiate her unpardonable sin. She loved just as flowers blossom; her ideal was exalted, her dream pure, and she lived upon them. One less chaste would have died. And as regards the young count, he had no idea of all this.

The countess came back in spring, and the house resumed its grand, hospitable ways. Mavra was profoundly touched to find that her mistress, far from having forgotten, inquired kindly after her. She returned to her personal attendance upon the countess with more devoted fervor than ever. Later on, the young master was to come back. Dacka conveyed in a mysterious manner that he had something better to do than to bury himself in the country. In the evening she confided to the laundress, in interminable whispers, secrets that were no doubt interesting, but which Mavra made no attempt to overhear, being by nature and taste discreet and reserved.

On the eve of St. John when young girls plait crowns of flowers, which they throw into the river to see if they are to be married within the year, Mavra went, like the others, to consult fate after this graceful fashion. She never dreamed of marriage; it was a closed world to her, into which she had no desire to penetrate; but she would plait a crown and watch it through the eddies of the capricious stream. The girls had thrown in their garlands. Mavra's got entangled in flowers that a young lad of twenty had just flung in. He was a carpenter. The two crowns, whirled round in company, and vanished together from view at the bend of the river.

"Here we are engaged, Mavra," said the carpenter. "Let it be once for all."

"No," she replied calmly, without blushing.

"Why? Do you dislike me?"

"No, not more than other people. I don't wish to marry."

That was enough to make the carpenter persist in his wish. He tried every means—went the length of begging the countess to intercede for him. Mavra, sent for by her mistress, gave the same explanation.

"Well, if the child does not wish to marry, leave her alone," said philosophically the excellent lady, who would have scrupled to force a fly to drink a drop of milk.

And Mavra, by her own desire was devoted to celibacy.

In the month of September, Serge returned but only for eight days. He brought no dogs nor equipages with him this time. When he saw Mavra he gave her a friendly smile, and then thought no more about her. When he went away his mother accompanied him, and the house was again plunged into solitude long before the usual time. Six weeks later the news arrived that the young count was married.

This announcement was the signal for great rejoicing. According to ancient usage, barrels of sweet beer and hydromel were brewed; white bread and meat were distributed to the whole village. The poor had abundant alms, and the whole retinue of servants had new dresses. Mavra had a handsome blue woolen dress and a silk handkerchief. No one was forgotten; debts in arrears were remitted, and the young girl was suddenly told she might return for the winter to her family, till her father could make new arrangements for the payment in kind of what he owed.

This was no joyful news for the young peasant girl, but resignation is an inherent Russian virtue. She packed up her clothes in a basket, and one fine morning courageously set out on foot for her native village. She was received coolly by her mother. One mouth more to feed; besides which, peasants are sparing of their demonstrations of affection. After a few days, Mavra relapsed into her old habits, bent all day over her embroidery frame by the narrow window, in the evening standing leaning against the door, gazing as was her wont, at the stars. More than ever she loved them; behind these marvelous lights, that she likened to tears—for she was often sad now—she saw the black eyes and handsome indifferent face that had taken possession of her soul. As long as she was staying in the grand seignorial mansion, where the image of her idol met her at every step in familiar attitudes, where she had only so close her eyes to see Serge before her, Mavra was happy; she was of those for whom the innocent and daily presence of the beloved makes the whole happiness of life. Here, where nothing spoke of him, she felt for the first time the pain of separation. Uneasy, she asked herself what it was that was torturing her to this degree, and the truth nearly dawned upon her. But she stopped the thought, not daring to sound it further, saying to herself that there must be at the root of this suffering some sin she herself was ignorant of. Morning and evening she knelt long before the sacred images, imploring God to deliver her from her pain; and feeling herself soothed by this effusion of mystic tenderness, she kept her sadness to herself, still refusing to fathom it. But she was visibly wasting away; the smoky atmosphere of her home had how the same painful influence upon her that the want of fresh air had formerly when she first left her village. She passed the winter suffering uncomplaining, unrelaxing in her work. Gradually she gave up looking at the stars. Not only did they more than ever look like tears, but no sooner did she turn her eyes toward the night sky than they filled with tears, so that she hardly knew whether it was the fires of heaven or her own tears that sparkled beneath her eyelids.

Spring came, though more tardily than usual; then summer with its field labors. The countess seemed to have forgotten Mavra, who thought with ever more and more resigned sadness of this much-loved mistress.

Her indulgence concerning the service dues of her family appeared to the young girl not a favor but a punishment. At hay making as at harvest young lads seek out the girls. Had Mavra wished it she might have found ten husbands. She was no longer quite young according to the notion of the peasants, who marry their daughters at sixteen and their boys at twenty. She was getting on to twenty, and her mother at times reproached her, treating her as a useless mouth, although Mavra's embroidery was readily bought by the traders from the large towns, who came to the village twice a year.

In the beginning of September, Serge said to his young wife, who was about to make him a father:

"If you follow my advice, you will yourself nurse our child."

"I should like to do so, but then I must have a trained, devoted servant, one endowed with all the virtues," answered the young wife, "and mamma says this is more difficult to find than a suitable nurse."

"It is quite true," said the countess, present at this family council, which had taken place on the average thrice a week for the last four or five months; "but, Serge, now that I think of it, we have Mavra, the sweetest, quietest, most devoted of nurse-tenders!"

"Mavra! the very thing. How is it we never thought of her before? Not trained, seeing she is unmarried, but so active and intelligent!"

The manager was written to, ordering him to send on Mavra by the convoy, which every year about this period brought to St. Petersburg fruits, preserves, salt, provisions, linen, and, in short, all the products of the earth. The young girl once more packed her clothes up in her little basket and took her seat on one of the long file of heavy wagons that slowly rolled along the roads for eight or nine days, she sleeping at night under the linen swinging drawn over the chests of preserves, while the horses were in the stables and the wagoners by their sides. Sometimes on awakening she saw the stars, but they no longer brought tears to her eyes.

When the convoy of provisions arrived, and Mavra still dizzy, had made the necessary change in her dress, she was led into the room of the young countess where the whole family was assembled, augmented within the last two days by a superb new-born baby, which none of the servants knew how to manage.

"Here you are, Mavra. Good morning!" said the triumphant father, taking up his son in his awkward arms, at the risk of making him roar still louder. "You have a light hand and a gentle voice. I give you my son to take care of."

"I humbly thank you," said the young girl, pale with joy; "I shall do my best."

She carried the infant into an adjoining room, where she soon learned the special care to be given to a child of noble race, which was as different from its cradle from that of little peasants, his brothers in God's sight, as he would be the rest of his life. Toward evening the young mother, surprised at no longer hearing the music her first born had already had time to accustom her to, sent Serge to find out the reason of this unusual silence. The young master entered the large dark room where Mavra was slowly pacing up and down, the child's cheek pressed against hers, warming it with her warm breath and the love of a heart henceforth happy. She was singing a peasant lullaby in a low voice, inventing words to the tune. Dear child of my master, sleep on your servant's heart that loves you, treasure more precious than all things, my joy, my share of happiness in this world—my little star—"

Serge turned on tiptoe to his wife.

"I think our minds may be quite at ease" said he.

Mavra is now old. She declares that she has always been perfectly happy.

THE USES OF MONEY.

A Sensible Dissertation Upon the Uses and Abuses of Wealth—"The Root of all Evil."

"Happy Hours" for September.

The love of money is not a simple disposition to acquire wealth. That arises from man's power to project his thoughts into the future and to provide for disability and old age. It is rather commendable than blameworthy. There are, no doubt, many dangers in wealth, but nothing can reasonably be said against its acquisition by proper means or its possession, if rightly used.

Money is pronounced "the root of all evil," or perhaps, more strictly rendered, the root of all kinds of evil. This is a sordid thirst of gain as a possession merely and not as a power to be used for the good of men. It increases with the increase of wealth, crying, "More, more," like the horse-leech and the grave. This disposition becomes first a kind of intemperance and then, like intemperance, a disease and finally a species of insanity. Its first manifestation is a desire to hold money; its second to use it for no other purpose than to increase it; its last is to regard it only as capital to be invested for the sake of its interest and to regard the interest only as intended to be turned again into capital.

This disposition grows insensibly upon a person. When he discovers that some of his charitable neighbors are classifying him with the lovers of money, he deludes himself with saying, "They are ignorant of my plans. When I have amassed a large fortune, I mean to endow cottages, erect orphan asylums, support hospitals, and do good to the deserving poor." Under such a delusion men live and finally pass away, of their many promises not one fulfilled.

This disposition not only grows insensibly, but eats up all the vitality of the soul. It cools its warm currents and kills its nobler sensibilities. It renders it suspicious of the value of success of any measure or undertaking that has not for its end the coining of money. It casts around it an encrustation of earth that keeps it aloof from all the benign and softening influences of society. It clips its wings and and keeps it tied down to the dust of earth. It leaves nothing for it to enjoy with its wealth when it has acquired it. It has consumed everything else.

The love of money plunges a man into moral evils of the most destructive kind. It exposes him to temptation. It tends to make him untruthful.

The love of money exposes a man also to dishonesty. If he is a merchant, he is tempted to give short weights and measures, to adulterate his goods, or to make false entries, when he gives credit, justifying it on the ground of small profits in consequence of competition. If he is a banker or broker, he is tempted to take advantage of the crippled condition of the borrower or to press too hard the man whom he knows to be in his power. If he is a real estate owner, he is tempted to extort the last shilling from the poor tenant, and to oppress even the widow and the orphan. If he is the manager of other men's estates, he is tempted to run up a long list of expenses that are purely imaginary, for the sake of filling his coffers.

The man who exposes himself to temptation is almost sure to fall into a snare. Before he knows it he finds his foot fast caught. It is an easy step from exposure to temptation into a snare. An opportunity of realizing a large sum of money opens before him. There is the temptation. Having no money of his own to secure the coveted prize he uses the means of others lying idle in his hands, or in the vaults to which he has access, without their knowledge or consent, in the hope of replacing it after securing a handsome sum for himself. Here is the snare. He soon finds that his speculations were faulty, and that ruin stares him in the face. Though not as sure of success the second time, yet necessity has laid upon him to throw for the saving prize. He resorts to more desperate measures—as false entries, perjury and the like. But he only gets more and more entangled, until he finds himself beating his once generous breast against the sides of an iron cage.

When fairly caught in the snare, and striving to extricate himself, he is liable to fall "into many foolish and hurtful lusts." Whilst he has possession of money he often indulges in extravagance—in a costly dwelling, expensive furniture, sumptuous feasts, elegant equipages, munificent presents and princely displays. He easily glides from these foolish to hurtful lusts. As his condition grows dangerous and desperate, he resorts to the intoxicating cup to strengthen his nerves and brace him for the struggle. He is led by an awful secret he durst not divulge to his wife, to the company of the dissipated and reckless, and with them he sinks down and down till he has reached the very lowest depth. All this beclouds the intellect, creates suspicions as to his habits, and precipitates his terrible ruin.

Make money your servant, not your master. Never put yourself in his power. He is a good and faithful servant, but a severe and uncompromising master. Keep him ever as a help to carry on the higher interest of the soul, and give to your fellowmen that which they can rightly claim. In the market, in the workshop, in the counting-house, on the exchange, everywhere, and at all times, be just, and with those over whom your money has given you power, be merciful.

A man residing near Brucetown, Frederick county, Va., recently captured a fine deer, under the following circumstances: Whilst standing near his barn he saw a huge animal come panting towards him, and as he had never seen a deer before, he called his dog, who immediately went in pursuit, and, driving him around the buildings, finally captured him as he was jumping a fence, when the man, seizing him by the leg finally secured the animal after a hard struggle. It appears the deer had been started the previous day on Capon mountain, thirty-five miles from Brucetown.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Basket of Chips Hewn from Other Blockheads.

THE PRODUCT OF THE SCHOOLS.

The Humor of the Period Collated from Contemporaries all Over this Country—Laughing Continued.

A BOY'S ADVICE.

The young man who is sparking Lizzie is left alone in the parlor for a few minutes with the pet of the family. Pet regards him steadfastly for a long minute, and then asks:

"Are you going to school this winter?"

"School! No, sonny, my school days are over."

"Well, I wouldn't go if I were you."

"Wouldn't you! Any why?"

"'Cause I heard ma say you'd never be hung for your smartness, and if you go to know much it may kill you.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

"I can swim the whirlpool at Niagara," said a stranger in a confidential whisper to a hardware man on Wood avenue.

"Can you?"

"I feel that I can. I should like some advice from you. Would you try it if you were me?"

"No, sir; no, sir; I wouldn't think of such a thing. A man who hasn't been in a bath tub for a year, nor hadn't on a clean shirt for a month, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show with a whirlpool. You had better go and take a drink of water and gradually work up to it."

A GERMAN VENNOR.

A Teuton was recently talking about forecasts in the smoking room of a Cunard steamer.

"Look here," said he, "I tell you vat it is, you petter don't dake no stock in dem veader bredictions. Dose beople don't know noding. Dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish zo," replied the German contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it is, dat shtorm vould have come yust the same if it had not been bredicted."

ONONDAGA NATURAL HISTORY.

"Mamma," said a Lorson street four year-old maiden, "do the geese lay gooseberries?"

"Oh, no, my child, they grow on trees.

Well, what are goose eggs, anyhow?"

"They are the things, my dear, which the baseball players make when they don't make anything."—*Syracuse Herald.*

THE MAN FOR HIS MONEY.

The Abbe Prevost, the famous author of "Manon Lescaut," was not rich, and like the author of his time, resolved to be on the outlook for a rich patron. He accordingly addressed himself to the prince of Conti, of whom he asked an appointment as chaplain.

"As my chaplain!" exclaimed the prince in astonishment. "But, good heaven, sir, never hear mass!"

"That is precisely why I ask for the appointment," said the Abbe; "I never say it!"

The prince did not give him the chaplaincy, but he gave him an allowance of 1200 livres.

ASTRONOMY AND AGRICULTURE.

"So yer's been studyin' figgers, is yer?" said a negro to his son who had just come from school.

"Yes, sir."

"Knowes near 'bout all de figgers in de book, I reckin?"

"I don't know, sir; I know a good many of them."

"What else is yer been studyin'?"

"I've been studying astronomy."

"What's dat, chile?"

"It tells about the stars and moon and sun."

"What is yer foun' out 'bout de sun?"

"That it is ninety-five millions of miles high."

The old man cast his eyes up, squinted and replied: "Dat book's a liar, for de sun ain't more don two hours high. Take dat hoe and see how low yer ken make dese weeds."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE OLD ONE A BONANZA.

"What a horrible shabby hat you are wearing," said a gentleman on Austin avenue to an acquaintance. "I declare I'm ashamed of you. Come into this hat store and I'll get you a new one."

"Oh, no, you don't. You can't play no such tricks with me."

"Tricks! What do you mean? I don't want to play no tricks on you."

"Yes, you do, but I won't have it that way," objected the man with a bad hat.

"Where is there any chance for a trick."

"Why you see my wife declares she won't go out with me as long as I wear this hat, and I don't propose to render myself perfectly defenseless by getting a new one. This hat saves me $6 a day sometimes, and I wouldn't part with it for money."—*Texas Siftings.*

NOT A GREEN GROCER.

At a grocery in Jersey City, the other day, a woman who wished for butter, and was shown a lot of "gilt-edged," asked if it was genuine.

"Certainly, madam."

"Looks to me like artificial."

"Oh, it can't be. I never handled oleomargarine."

"But this butter certainly looks queer," she persisted.

"And I am certain it's first-class, madam."

She departed without purchasing any and the grocer turned to his clerk and said:

"Henry, if a servant girl should come in within an hour and inquire for artificial butter, you must take it out of that other tub. I believe from the looks of that woman's eye that she will put up a job on me and try and injure my character for honesty."—*Wall Street News.*

STOCKS DOWN.

"Waiter," he began, "you may bring me a spring chicken, a piece of lamb, a choice cut of——".

He was interrupted by the appearance of a friend, who chatted with him for three or four minutes and then left.

"Waiter, how far had I got?" asked the gentleman.

"You were going to order a choice cut."

"Ah, yes. I was then under the impression that the west was enjoying fine weather and the wheat was being harvested in nice shape. My friend says it has been raining every day for a fortnight, the harvest is delayed and wheat is badly damaged. Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll make a new order, based upon a falling off of 18 per cent. in the crop. Bring me a dish of pork and beans and a glass of milk."

FIGHTING SATAN WITH FIRE.

The other day, when old Major Soloman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you going to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems; the Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment and exclaimed:

"Great goodness, Jeems what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied

"You're not a-goin' to wear them sacks are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal sacks as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off."

"All right, off goes the Father Hubbard." And, turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. Ef it hadn't been for the daddy Hubbard I'd been in a mighty bad fix."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

RETRIBUTION.

"And can nothing cause you to change your decision, Mildred?"

"Nothing. My will is like iron. But yesterday I was a timid trusting girl, whose every heart beat was for you. to-day I am a woman, and the trusting heart of yesterday has turned to ice. Go!" and she stately pointed to the garden gate.

"Oh, Mildred, my lost darling," cried Heneage, starting to his feet with a dull moan, "do you realize what this will drive me to?"

But Mildred only muttered "Go," and sternly pointed to the garden gate.

Then up rose Heneage. In place of the supplicating look of entreaty there was on his face the stony glare of despair. Clinching his hands he gave her one look and rushed wildly through the yard.

But see! Only a few steps and there is a start, a shriek of mortal agony; the strong arms are lifted a moment wildly in the air, and the body of Heneage Sturtevant with a thud falls back lifeless upon the sward.

The clothes line had caught him just half an inch under the chin.—*Evansville Argus.*

A ROARING GOOD JOKE.

A broad-shouldered man was walking along Chatham street on Friday. He looked as if in great pain.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I'm in terrible agony! Got a boil as big as a watermelon on my calf. Can hardly walk. So long!" and the proprietor of Job's comforter moved off. As he did so another gentleman came along and shook hands with his friend.

"I've got the biggest joke of the season on ——. There he goes up the street. He was telling me how he was frightened by a dog this morning. Let's have some fun!"

The new arrival was "in for it."

"You walk up behind him, grab him by the leg and bark like a dog. His nerves are all unstrung, and we'll have a big joke on him to see him jump."

"I'll do it," said the other, "and you walk on the other side and see me scare him to death."

The two parted to carry out the programme. The latest arrival proceeded after their mutual friend. Just as he got close up behind him he grabbed him by the boil and playfully barked: "Bow, wow, wow," just as naturally as a dog show.

The broad-shouldered man went up in the air, while his face looked as if he had suddenly swallowed a tree full of persimmons. When he came down he recited the alphabet backwards and then pointed his toe thirteen distinct times at his playful friend, slammed him up against a telegraph pole, mashed his hat over his eyes and then walked away looking as if he'd like to put the leg with the watermelon boil on his shoulder and carry it home.

After the "dog" had pulled himself out of his hat he hunted up and down Chatham street for the man who had put the job up on him, but he couldn't find him, for he was looking over the cornice of a neighboring house and bursting with grins.—*N. Y. World.*

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"May I see the Ballville *Register*?"

The gentleman from Iowa addressed one of the *Herald* staff, who happened to be in the exchange room.

"Certainly, sir; take a seat; the exchange editor will be in soon."

"I am the editor of the *Register*. I regard the *Herald* as the best paper in my exchange list."

"Yes? Well, we all deem the *Register* the best paper in Iowa. Indeed, we all stand at the door when Albert brings the mail and grab for the Ballville *Register*. It is full of ideas, and we get subjects for editorials and special articles by the yard from it. We couldn't get along without the *Register*."

Journalistic courtesy of this kind is due from one editor to another: Presently the exchange editor came in.

"May I see the Ballville *Register*?"

"Certainly. You'll find it in the waste basket." Violent gesticulations from the courtesy editor. "That *Register* is the very poorest paper that sneaks into this office," continued the exchange man, amid a shower of desperate gesticulations and vain "ahems." "I never saw a copy of the *Register* with an idea in it as big as an O with the rim knocked off. I always pitch the blarsted thing into the waste basket as soon as I see the wrapper. I don't know what they keep sending it here for." The editor of the courtesy department vainly threw his shoulders out of joint and then left the room. When he came back the Iowa editor was gone.

"Say, that was the editor of the *Register*."

The exchange man jumped into the waste basket and pulled the lid down.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE QUEEN'S STOCKINGS.

Some months ago Queen Margherita asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave her 20 lire to buy the material. The queen forgot the circumstance till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of well knit stockings and the maker's best wishes.

Not to be outdone, Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of lire pieces and the other of bonbons. They were accompanied by a little note: "Tell me, my dear, which you liked best."

A reply reached the palace next day:

"Dearest Queen—Both the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money and my brother took the other."—*London Truth.*

PROFITABLE LIBERALITY.

A lot of Boston tourists were recently traveling in a sleeping car, also a Nevada traveler. In the morning when the porter went around to collect his assessments on boot-blacking there was a great commotion among the Boston tourists. Some paid him a five-cent nickel, and those who had no nickel were compelled to yield up short bits. All the while the Nevada man, dressed in ordinary clothes, sat reading his newspaper. When the porter reached him he looked up inquiringly:

"Did you black my boots, sir?"

"Yes, sah."

"You did a splendid job; never had my boots blacked so well before on this line. Here's three dollars."

When the porter pocketed the money the Boston people looked up astonished, and presently it was rumored about that John Mackey was aboard or Enoch Strother was out on a campaign trip. In a few moments the Nevada man and the porter met (by chance) in the smoking room.

"When does my sleeping ticket run out?"

"Your time was up, sah, at Ogden, but if you wants to ride to Reno, boss, it's all right, sah."

The traveler gave the darkey a drink out of a black bottle, and the porter winked continuously for nine seconds as he drank the traveler's health.

"Six dollars saved. Economy is the road to wealth.—*Carson, Nev., Appeal.*

CONSCIENCE'S WHISPER.

It was an Ohio man, who, when a terrible storm began one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out:

"Jones, this is the ending up of earth!"

"I am afraid so," was the reply.

"And what shall we do?"

"Make our peace with heaven."

The wind blew still stronger, the house began to shake and the excited man exclaimed:

"Jones you lost five bushels of wheat last fall?"

"Yes."

"And you have your suspicions?"

"I have. The man who took my wheat had better own up."

"Can you forgive him?"

"I can."

"Well—"

Here the wind suddenly stopped, and, after a look through the window, the conscience-stricken man turned and finished, "Yes, if ever I meet him, I'll advise him to call around."

Respectable Bugs.

A man who was looking through a second hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him, finally examined one and asked:

"Are you sure there are no bugs in this?"

"Bugs! Vhy dot pebstead was oudt of my own family! Ve got it vhen my brudder Moses vas here, und now he has gone avay, I sell it for half price."

"Say, I believe it has bugs in it."

"Oimpossible, my friends. My vife vas so neat dot if she knew of such tings in der house she go grazy."

"And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer as he pointed to unimpeachable evidence.

"Vell! vhell!"

The customer was going out with a heart-broken look on his face, when the other detained him and said:

"Dot's all right after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family. Moses vas head clerk in Rochester, und you know I vas here twenty-seven years in peesness.—*Wall Street News.*

CHILI COLORA
en as Spice by
own Wisdom of O
FOR GOOSE AND GAND

h doubloon is the newest
entlemen.

to be decided that Hamlet
woman of them all,"

stern Union bulletin
points are now "O. K."
ramped."

rters of the Chinese
supplement their salaries by
f tea chests.

man says he is out of
w what he is talking about
the breath is out of him.

ow a person who is a little
go walk in the sun.
Philadelphia Chronicle.

the will of the late Adelaide
d for record in Chicago last
owned real estate in that city.

use the pastor stopped in his
er a scorching rebuke to the
on why the basso should
n old bass burner."

nge heads its leading article
g title "Don't You Believe It
ng to. We didn't have time to
ll, but we know the paper.

g to a western paper, a Chinese
discarded the traditional
brought out in her place the
pposed to be living with his

There are six telephone factories
States, all doing a prosperous
one alone orders have been
truments in six weeks' time.

e tramps have been sent to the
rowing kisses at the young
seminary. The privileges
itizen seem to be getting

dred million tons of water
ls every hour. This seems
waste, but until a water-motor
e cataract there is no possib
it.

er in Maine conquers balky
hem out of the shafts and
und and round in a circle.
method of producing dizziness
ch is a prohibition state.

's bold burglar, who loves
are, is still pursuing his
with undiminished vigor.
e to catch the thief, the
evidently believe him a ghost.

ishman in Paris has given
to the sumptuous American
ng in the avenue de l'Alma
candal, remarks the London
nglish church is not worthy
he French capital.

rn Egypt a young man is not
ee his wife's face before marriage
d western editor is mean
hoever has invested in prize
e the feelings of the average
s he gazes on his trunk

ork editor recently sold some
gs and bric-a-brac, the
t $100,000. An editor's art
so rapidly that he is obliged to
sale now and then—especially
end a month or two at Newport
ch.

nited States are?" Oh, no
his Fourth of July. Remember
States is a Nation with a big
ver since the Lincoln admin
this in mind and always say
tes is," "for whatsoever is more
of evil.

ole is invading the south
ugh Georgia. One has just
express, and nobody can
le the fiery untamed machine
n is that the streets and
The real trouble probably is
t enough "sand" in the young
ver News casually remarks
done some of the gaudy
tia companies a world of
have seen Gen. Crook at the
rday, clad in a linen ulster,
hecked trousers, and a slouch
s don't swagger around much
ases."

his ago O'Rafferty said to
me bye, that you have to do
e morning?" "I know well
at I have to do first thing in
replied Teddy, laughing. "What
een?" "The first thing I have
orning is to get the kindling
night before."

napolis editor started to go
ite a poem, stepped in a
omebody had left on the stairs
headlong down, and was
that he had to stay in bed
then had forgotten all about
rovidence does occasionally
care over the welfare of mankind.

ailway line a passenger stopped
sked: "Why don't the trains
They run fast enough to suit
like the rate of speed, get
the rejoinder. "I would,"
er, "but that my friends won't
il the train comes in, and I
waiting about the station

ossesses a curiosity in the
ritan, 22 years of age, who
one year old by smallpox
destroyed the pupils of both
n totally blind. To-day he
he know him as messenger boy
go to almost any house in the
istance, even of a walking
ed as one of the best

narrow escape from being
a to-day," said Duesenbury
ly wiping the cold sweat from
hy, how was that, dear?"
Vell, you see," he said, "I
re store down town this morning
st drawing my check for a
scape, when I happened to
bject was an Egyptian village."

PLAYING SCHOOL.

Two little folks on the carpet at play,
Tired of their small games, one day,
Said one to the other: "Let's play skool;
I'll be teacher, and don't you fool.
I'll be an awful, like a sure 'nough scholar;
Spell all your lesson, I bet you a dollar."
[illegible] for a word to spell;
[illegible] and her kitten fall;
[illegible] they pose with grace.
[illegible] lesson washing her baby's face.
The teacher grandly gives out;
"Spell cat," the teacher; "you're about."
"Quick, now; mind what you're about."
The "scholar" failing, with ignominy
[illegible] and dubbed a ninny.
The word repeated, again she fails,
Then the scene on the rug again avails,
When the teacher relents, conscience-smitten—
And the teacher [illegible] "spell kitten!"
"If you can't spell cat, spell kitten!"

—Lida Pickett Caskin.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Some of the Sayings and Doings of Our [illegible].

THE RISING GENERATION.

[illegible] of the Tiny Creatures who are Destined to Make the Laws and Speak the [illegible]

There are children working in the mills in New Jersey who don't know what state they live in.

Some level-headed boys in Atlanta, Ga., have combined themselves together and taken a solemn oath not to ice-cream any girl who bangs her hair.

School discipline: Forty-six per cent. of all the school children in Austria have black eyes. This speaks well for the discipline of the play ground.

John Morris, a boy brought from New York city by Sisters of Charity, and bound out to a farmer near Ottawa, burned a straw-stack from pure wantonness.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of bed, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

Two Chinese children, aged 10 and 11, have been admitted into the Eureka, Nevada, public schools. They speak English and dress as other children do, but retain their queues.

"What a wonderful age of invention this is," said Mrs. Paterson. "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's everyday pants."

A Florida teacher in a colored Sunday school asked her class why a man was forbidden to have two wives at the same time. A little scrub quickly replied: "Case, a man can't serve two masters."

Teacher—"Define the word excavate." Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

One of the bright lads in a school not far away was asked by the teacher, "Why are animals larger in a tropical than in a frigid zone?" The quick reply was, "Because heat expands and cold contracts."

When Gen. Butler's son Paul entered Harvard he gave the boy a blank check book, saying: "Everything I have is as much yours as mine; draw at your own discretion." The boy did not abuse the confidence.

"How many races are there?" was asked by a Kentucky schoolma'am. Up sprang a shock-headed youngster, with a yard wide smile on his face, and exclaimed: "Three—the spring meeting, midsummer speeding and fall fairs."

Scene—village school—Lady visitor to a very dirty child: "Jane, why don't you come with a clean face to school?" Jane (after some hesitation): "Please, ma'am, mither canna spare saft water, and she wunna hae me use hard, for it cracks ma skin."

"Never would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones of Huntsville, Alabama, "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias Nighthawk—all bin took up for stealin'."

A 7 year old son of Mr. Luntz, of Cleveland, Ohio, died recently of paralysis of the heart, the physician claiming that the disease was due to the coloring matter contained in popcorn, a large quantity of which he had eaten within the previous three months.

Little Mabel is not satisfied with partial explanations. A friend was telling her of some little twins who were called Dot and Dimple by their parents and others, and said, "Dimple is called so because she has dimples." "And has the other got dots?" was the naive inquiry.

Father to his little son, who had just handed him the teacher's report of progress and conduct for the past month—"This report is very unsatisfactory; I am not at all pleased with it." Little son—"I told the teacher that I thought you wouldn't be, but he wouldn't change it."

The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor." The boy assumed of course that Wood was "dry."

"What is the matter with my darling boy, doctor?" agonizingly asked a fond mother, gazing upon the youngster as he lay doubled up like the letter W. The physician felt of his pulse, looked at his tongue and then sententiously observed: "Watermelon." He had seen the rinds in the woodshed when he came in.

In a Back Bay, Boston, horse car the other day, as the conductor approached a young passenger, the little fellow was seen to turn first pale and then red, and when the official held out his hand for the fare the young sufferer gasped out: "Will you please charge this to my father, Mr. L——; I've swallowed my money."

"Mamma!" cried a little four-year-old girl after coming from a walking with her next older sister, "Mamie shoved against me an' pushed me down right before some gentlemen and hurt me, too." "Well, it doesn't hurt you now, does it? Then why do you cry?" "'Cause I didn't cry any when she pushed me down."

A Maine paper tells how little Josephine, who, though naughty, was very nice and clever, being accused of telling a fib, she first denied the charge, and afterward said by way of extenuating: "Well, suppose I did lie; everybody lies but God and George Washington." Josephine was asked if she had said her prayers. She replied: "No; I have to take Kennedy's medicine, and that is enough, without saying prayers."

We are told that there is a gentleman living across the river in Brownsville who is the father of twenty-eight children. He has been only once married, and he, as well as the mother of the children, is still in the prime of life, and vigorous and healthy. Of these children, twenty-three are dead, all of them having lived to be several years of age, one of them nearly grown. Among them were four pairs of twins, born within six years' time.—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.*

A young man of Danbury ate a piece of cake in a dark room, and a black ant fastened on to his palate, and it was with great difficulty removed. The small boy with a predilection for cake should remember this when he goes into the dark cupboard for surreptitious refection. Not only an ant, but his mother and a few other relations may fasten to him, and can only be removed after much weariness of the small boy's flesh.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Boston boy heard a farmer say that he had a jackass so strong that it could kick a barn over. "That's a pretty strong jackass, isn't it?" said the boy. "Yes," returned the farmer, "and that is why I call it John Lawrence Sullivan." The lad stuck a pin in that idea and kept it there. At Sunday school the following Sabbath afternoon, when the teacher asked each member of the class to repeat a bible proverb, this thoughtful boy was first to respond with: "Go to the ant, thou slugger; consider its ways and be wise."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Every one who has traveled over the Eastern railway remembers the dark and gruesome tunnel through which the trains pass after leaving Salem. The other day a little girl, who was traveling to Maine with her mother, passed through it and was greatly awed and alarmed at the blackness into which she was suddenly plunged. "Oh, dear! where are we going?" she whispered as she closely clasped the maternal hand. "We are going through the tunnel," replied the mother; "there is no danger." As suddenly as they had dived into the gloom they emerged into the sunlight, when the child asked, "Mamma, what is a tunnel?" "It is a hole in the ground," said the mother. The child looked out of the car window with great surprise and interest depicted on her face and said, "Then this is the bottom of the world?"—*Boston Journal.*

SPORTSMEN'S ALLIES.

Birds and Beasts that are Utilized in Killing Game.

HUNTING LEOPARDS OF INDIA.

Hawking, as Practiced in England's Earlier Days—The Fishing Cormorants on the Rivers of China.

At the present day the dog stands as the exponent of the highest perfection attained in the education of animals for economic purposes. The retriever, pointer and setter are all so finely bred that in many cases their training or education is a mere form, and the desired knowledge seems to come by intuition. The annual exhibition of dogs give a stimulus to better endeavor, and yearly the different varieties are improving, and perhaps centering on fewer animals. In former times the reverse was the rule; animals were not so well trained, and anything that could walk or crawl was called into service for the chase or baiting of animals of various kinds for public amusement.

A common sight in China to-day is the fisherman with his board of cormorants, ready to go over at the owner's word. This practice was followed in England in former times, and the master of cormorants was a prominent officer of the royal household. The birds are taken from the nest when young and are easily trained, and so tame are their movements under water that rarely a fish escapes them. When taken out in a boat they are generally kept hooded by a wire mask, having also a leather collar about the neck to prevent their utilizing the catch for their own benefit. In China this bird is one of the daily sights to be seen on the canal or inland streams, especially in the neighborhood of Ningpo. Here on the lake the boats congregate, each propelled by a single Chinaman, with three or four cormorants roosting either on the gunwale or a platform made for the purpose. So perfectly are they trained that they obey the slightest word of the master; and when he gives the order over they go, and with remarkable speed begin a search under water, seizing the fish rising to the surface and bringing the victim to the owner exactly like a dog. If a large fish is captured, these intelligent birds go to each other's assistance, and with a combined effort bring it to their master, after which they are repaid by the entrails—to them, insatiate gluttons, the choicest parts. Other noted localities for cormorant-fishing are the waters between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghai: also on the Min river, near Foo-chow-foo. So important are these fisheries that many persons are engaged in raising cormorants and training them for the fishermen. One of the largest of these bird schools is situated, or was a few years ago, and probably is there yet, about forty miles from Shanghai, between it and Chapoo. Concerning the method of training them, the owner gave the following in reply to the questions asked by Mr. Medhurst, interpreter at the British consulate at Shanghai:

"The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels and pulse jelly. At 5 P. M. every day each bird will eat six tael (eight ounces) of eels or fish and a catty of pulse jelly. They lay eggs after three years and in the fourth or fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid, and they will hatch in less than twenty-five days. When hatched they take the young, put them upon cotton spread upon water, and feed them with eels' blood for five days. After that they can be fed upon eels' flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When fishing, a straw tie must be put around their necks to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eight or ninth month of the year they will daily descend into the water at 10 o'clock in the morning and catch fish until 5 in the afternoon, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go on in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes around again. The male is easily known from the female, being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head—the head of the male being large and that of the female small."

Birds trained to bring down game were first used in China and Japan. In the former country it was practiced 2000 B. C., and, according to the records of Wen Wang, it was a sport much esteemed in his locality, 689 B. C. Six hundred years before Christ it was also practiced in India, Arabia, and Persia, and on the ruins of Khorsabad a bas-relief has been found showing that it was then known 1700 B. C. About the middle of the fourth century, and probably earlier, birds were first trained by sportsmen in western Europe. As hawks had a natural bent in this direction, they were used, and out of this grew the fashionable sport of falconry, followed for many centuries later. In the ninth century to be a good trainer of falcons was an essential for a young man of good birth. Alfred the Great was a famous trainer, and wrote a treatise on the subject. In France, during the eighth and ninth centuries, the grand falconer was a gentleman, with an annual salary of 4000 florins and an attendance of fifty assistant falconers and fifty gentlemen. Besides this, he was allowed to keep three hundred hawks for his own amusement, and best of all, in a pecuniary sense, he licensed every vendor of hawks, receiving a tax upon every bird sold in the kingdom. Early in the seventeenth century a gos hawk and a tassel hawk brought 100 francs, a large sum for the time. In the reign of James I, Sir Thomas Monson paid $5000 for a cast of hawks, and as a cast means a pair, the birds brought $2500 apiece. Various kinds of birds were used, and they were arranged by the old falconers according to rank—thus the king used the ger falcon, the emperor the eagle or vulture, a prince the falcon, a duke the falcon of the rock, an earl the peregrine falcon, a baron the bastard, a knight the sacret, an esquire the lanneret, ladies the marlyon, young men the hobby, yeomen the gos hawk, poor men the tercel, priests the sparrow hawks, servants the kestrel, etc. In England to-day, hawking is carried on to some extent, and various birds are used to capture heron and smaller game. In Africa the falcon is used to capture the gazelle, the birds being trained to seize the animal by the throat, the wounds and the beating of the bird's wings so confusing the poor beasts that they soon fall a victim to the hunter.

In Africa and southern Asia the cheetah or hunting leopard is important to the sportsman. The animals resemble the common leopard in their markings, but are more slender, having long ears and certain external canine characteristics that are very noticeable, so that it was long thought a connecting link between the dog and cat. In Persia it is called the youze, and they are carried to the field in low cars whereon they are chained. Each leopard is hooded. When the hunters come in view of antelopes the leopard is unchained, his hood is removed and the game is pointed out to him, being directed in the pursuit by his sight. Then he steals along cautiously and crouchingly, taking advantage of every means of masking his attack, till he has approached the herd unseen within killing distance, when he suddenly launches himself upon his quarry with five or six vigorous and rapid bounds, strangles it instantaneously and drinks its blood. The huntsman now approaches the leopard, caresses him, wins him from his prey by placing the blood, which he collects in a ladle, under the nose of the animal, or by throwing to him pieces of meat; and while he is thus kept quiet, hoods him, leads him back to his car and there chains him. If the leopard fails in consequence of the herd taken timely alarm, he attempts no pursuit, but returns to his car with a dejected and mortified air.

The hyena and ounce have also been used in hunting, while the wild dog of Africa is often in demand. In Asia, tiger hunting would be practiced less were it not for the elephants, who seem to enjoy the dangerous sport as well as their riders, who are safely housed on their backs. These intelligent animals are also used in capturing wild animals of their own kind, and are important factors in the training and subduing process that comes later. The horse was formerly used in England to stalk animals. They were trapped so that the rider was concealed, and so, feeding along, the animal gradually brought the sportsman nearer the game. In the inventories of the wardrobe of Henry VIII is the allowance of certain quantities of stuff for the purpose of making stalking coats and stalking hose for the use of his majesty.

In Florida, the writer had an acquaintance—an ancient fisherman, not too sprightly withal, who possessed two tame pelicans that he had brought up from the nest. As catching bait was somewhat of a laborious task, the old man frequently attached a leather strap about the bird's necks, and they invariably came back with pouch distended with fish that they were unable to swallow and would not give up, and that were wrested from them by their owner, who, be it said to his credit, always gave the birds a fair share of the snappers and barracondas caught with the bait of their collecting.

In former years, to a considerable extent the otter was used to fish, the animals being tamed when cubs, and trained at first with leather fishes, so that they would fetch like a dog. Though not used exactly in hunting live game, a large lizard found in the Nile country has been put to a curious use. The animal is extremely powerful, using its claws to great advantage, and being aware of this, a large one was secured by a band of robbers who had no ladder wherewith to reach the lattice of a second story window. The great lizard was placed against the rough wall, head toward the desired point, and instantly it began crawling up, eventually hauling one of the robbers safely up, who was clinging to his tail. A very good story if not true, and perhaps possible, as these large lizards of the Nile country have been known to drown large animals in crossing.

In England—and too often in this country—the ferret is frequently used in hunting the rabbit, while the expert rat-catchers of this country value them as important adjuncts to their mysterious business. In the Carribean sea some of the fishermen use a fish—the remora—in the capture of turtles. The fish is the well known attendant upon the shark having a disc-like sucker upon its head with which it clings to large fishes. The extent to which this labor-saving arrangement is used is shown in the fact that the upper side of the fish, that in others is generally dark, is light and the under side dark. So powerful is the sucker that fifteen or twenty pounds can be lifted by taking the fish by the tail, and by careful playing in the water a large turtle can be caught. The fishermen take the remora out in a tub of water in their boats, and have a leather strap attached to a long line that is fitted about the fishes' tail. At the approach of a turtle the fish is tossed over, and remembering its old friend, or instinctively, attaches itself, and so the reptile, often towing the boat, is gradually brought alongside and subdued and the remora placed in the tub to await a second appearance. The remoras attain the length of a foot and a half, and attend sharks and turtles, and have also been seen about a large pergie. Numbers of small animals are used indirectly as units to game, showing that the economic value of animals in this respect is of no little importance even at the present day.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has been elected president of the geographical congress and exhibition to be held in Douai during the end of September and the beginning of October. Holland, Denmark and Sweden will be officially represented.

Sulphurous acid generated in cellars by the combustion of sulphur will destroy the germs which injure the flavor of cream and milk kept in cellars or outhouses. In damp cellars the butter product is seriously decreased besides being injured in quality.

Mr. Joly thinks he has discovered a peculiar combination of the existence of boron, and, refraining for the present from committing himself, promises at some future day to present a communication showing the various compounds into which these substances enter.

Sparrows are eaten in England and Germany. Neither the Irish nor the Scotch will molest the pert little birds, and both in Ireland and Scotland they know no fear, because they never knew any danger there. To harm a sparrow in either country would be considered an outrage.

Smoking, says a late southern correspondent, is very general at the south. Mill-packing hands often carry matches which are liable to drop and be swept into the cotton. An old picker can tell of picking matches off his "feed," especially when working waste and sampled cotton.

The ninth annual Cryptogamic Society conference will be held at Dumfries from the 1th to the 13th of September. It is expected that the members and fellows of this quiet, but hard working body will receive a warm welcome while they read their papers and exchange their opinions.

Comptes Rendus occupies almost all of its last number, just at hand, by the preliminary reports from the French expedition sent by the French commission for the observation of the late eclipse phenomenon, and one or two reports of the expeditions which have acted in co-operation with this commission.

Dr. J. D. Everett has again distinguished himself in a well-trodden field. He has produced a text book of physics, clearly written, quite intelligent to most people, logical withal, and containing nothing which the learner will require to forget when he has to attack the more elaborate hand book of Deschanel.

The Kieff Society of Naturalists, begun in 1869, has, since 1873, undertaken the yearly publication of a most valuable systematic catalogue of papers in mathematics, in natural science (pure and applied), and in medicine published throughout Russia in the many universities and in connection with the publications of a scientific nature which have grown up within the past ten years.

Dr. John Eriksson is to make an exhaustive report of the diseases of plants, the parasites which infest them and the remedies for the various diseases. This will be presented to his own government, and presumably the government of this country will not fail to receive, through some of its consular agents in Sweden, a copy of a report having a very intimate relation to our food supply.

As it was desirable to ascertain with some degree of accuracy the nature of the progressive disease affecting the Norwegian potatoes, Dr. A. Blytt applied to Prof. de Bary of Strasburg, who kindly undertook a pretty thorough investigation of the subject. He found the parasite which caused the trouble to belong to the Peziza sclerotiorum, and he has proved that these mischievous spores will work destruction in other plants.

Defective hearing is growing more prevalent in the United States. So says Dr. Sexton. It produces in children at first the appearance of stupidity and then the reality. They do not hear sounds distinctly, and, of course, they cannot imitate sounds accurately. Defects in the teeth are a cause of this lamentable calamity in the young, and this is a fresh reason for avoiding such applications of so-called dentists, and keeping to pure soap and water in cleaning the teeth.

Is it true that birds and insects disappear from localities about to be visited by a deadly epidemic? Testimony of Europeans seems to be in favor strongly of the hypothesis. One writer says: "I venture to suggest that the investigation and collection of trustworthy meteorological data during the prevalence of epidemics, and of collateral information bearing thereupon, have not yet received as much attention as it deserves from observers outside of the medical profession."

To cover metals with glaze or enamel the following receipt is given. A mixture of 20 parts of carbonate of soda, 11 of boracic acid, and 125 of broken flint glass, is melted and the mass poured out on a stone or plate of metal. When cold it is pulverized and mixed with a water glass solution of 50 degrees Baume. The solution is then in the form of a paste, placed on the metallic article and placed in a muffle until it melts. This enamel or paste is said by those who have tested it to adhere well to iron or steel.

Very simple natural phenomena often excite surprise and sometimes alarm. Some travelers walking along the shore of Loch Etive, Argyllshire, Scotland, noticed that they cast a double shadow. The explanation was simple when the facts were examined. A well defined shadow was produced by the direct rays of the sun, and a fainter one by the sun's reflected rays from the lake, which happened at the time to be quite still and mirror like. The strange appearance might, however, have caused a shock to sensitive nerves.

Sorghum from this country, from the state of Minnesota, has been imported with singular success into the Russian provinces of Kieff and Poltava. In these places it yielded as much as 14.2 to 16.7 per cent. of its weight of crystalline sugar. If this is true, the attention of our agriculturists cannot be too soon or too forcibly directed to a source of wealth which is every day growing in increased demand in this country for various purposes, and there is no reason why it should not, with our resources, become an article of immense exportation.

Aeronautics has of late received a stimulus through the unveiling of the statue to the brothers Montgolfier at Annonay on the occasion of the centenary of commemorating the invention of balloons. Navigation of the air does not look so very improbable as electric lighting did a few years ago, and men of considerable mechanical ability and scientific eminence are even now earnestly devoting themselves to the task of making the air a practical means of communication. As one scholar and mathematician remarked: "If it can be done, it will be done soon."

ANIMATED NATURE.

A Column Devoted to the Oddities of Our Dumb Animals.

FREAKS OF FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

"Twas at the Animals' Fair, and the Birds and Beasts were There," in Proper Persons—Their Mute Intelligence.

Allen Arthur killed forty fine salmon in his recent trip in Canada. The largest weighed forty-five pounds.

Emerson says: "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." He ought to have seen a good, healthy bull-dog we know of.

Harry Packard of Hartford, Conn., an employe of Barnum at Cincinnati, was crushed by an elephant and died at the hospital.

District Attorney F. L. Coombs of Napa had an ankle violently wrenched the other day by a cantankerous milch cow he was leading.

Cattle brought to London by the steamer Ontario from Montreal were slaughtered, as it was suspected they were infected with the Texan fever.

Professor Fish informs us that the melanerpes erythrocephalus, which prowls about robbing birds' nests, is nothing but a red-headed woodpecker.

The scientist of the Boston *Transcript* diagnoses a Wall street sandwich as follows: "Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a little lamb in the middle."

A lady of Saratoga with a $400 dog, has put on him a pair of dog ear-rings that cost $2000, and his collar, studded with emeralds and pearls, is worth $3000.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has made Henry Irving a present of a pug dog. Don't know how it strikes him, but we should feel pretty mean if a woman sized us up as the sort of a man who would enjoy acting as nurse to a pug.—*Boston Post.*

Zabrewski, the master of the hounds at Newport, has received an admonition from the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that fox hunting is a violation of the law and a shock to the moral sense of the people of that state.

An Arkansas preacher paused in his sermon, reached a revolver from his desk, shot through the window and killed a squirrel that was sporting on a fence near by, sent a boy to secure the game, and calmly proceeded with his discourse. That's the substance of the story.

If the housekeeper only knew it, the little centipede that runs for its life is one of her best friends. It eats the larvæ of moths, finding them where she would never see them, the eggs of roaches and other troublesome insects. It does not sting nor bite, and she who kills it does herself an injury.

A meat market at Northborough, Mass., was infested with rats of prodigious size, and one morning when the proprietor had caught a boss rat, he pulled its teeth with pinchers and let the toothless rodent go. The result is that, although the number of rats about the premises was very large, since the dental operation not a rat has been seen or heard about the market or in the adjoining store.

A man from the country sold a horse in Stockton to Ellinger, the expressman, which was found to have the glanders. The nostrils of the horse had been plugged by pieces of sponge and deceived the purchaser as to the animal's health. The man from the country was made to disgorge and the horse was hurried out of Stockton.—*Stockton Herald.*

A Colorado swindle is to buy a lot of "remnants" of Texas herds mostly barren cows and bony steers, have them "booked," compute the increase by ordinary rules and after a while sell the lot on the range of course without counting. It is said that in this way herds of 2000 have been sold and paid for as 10,000.

The guard of an English railway carriage recently refused to allow a naturalist to carry a live hedge-hog with him. The traveler, indignant, pulled a turtle from his wallet, and said: "Take this, too;" but the guard replied, good naturedly: "No no, sir. It's dogs you can't carry, and dogs is dogs, cats is dogs and 'edge 'ogs is dogs, but turtles is insects."

A swimming teacher was giving an exhibition of his skill recently on lake Ponchartrain, Louisiana, when he saw moving on top of the water, within two feet of him what he supposed to be the jaws of an alligator. He grasped the under jaw with both hands and by a sudden wrench broke it. A terrible struggle for mastery followed, and the swimmer was twice carried far under water. When he brought the monster to the wharf it proved to be a sawfish three feet two inches long and half a foot in circumference. In the jaw were forty-two teeth.

The Elmira, N. Y., *Advertiser* says several responsible parties are ready to vouch for the truth of the following: A boy plowing on a farm in Bradford county saw an enormous black snake lying stretched along the ground near the fence. Frightened by the sight, he dropped the reins and ran for the house. Reinforced by several members of the family, he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the python tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was dispatched, when it was found that the horse was dead, his life having been choked out by the snake.

Captain John Finsh of the Lawrenceburg gas works, has a pet toad that he has trained to catch flies, and the little creature will come to him when he whistles and submit to being placed on a table where some attraction has been placed for flies. This done, it will amuse an audience by the expert and swift manner it will dispose of these winged pests, jumping at times several feet high and protruding its tongue almost an inch in efforts to reach its prey. The sight is a curious one and seems to greatly delight the toad. The flies were not given time to show how they enjoyed the performance.

A couple of young ranchmen were hunting stock near Battle Creek, Montana, when they espied a large cinnamon bear perched in the crotch of a tree. They had no gun with them, but on the conclusion that the only good bear is a dead bear, they determined to carry bruin into camp by some means. One of them launched his lasso, and the next moment had the satisfaction of seeing the noose drop silently around his victim's neck. A touch of the spurs, and off shot his horse, and down rolled the bear. A double circle of the nearest tree, and the beast was at his mercy, but of course he had no mercy.

A parrot has been the means of presenting a young lady who lives near Boston in a very peculiar light. This young lady sits on the lower front piazza with her work or book a large part of the time, but was out of town for a week, during which time a parrot had been hung in the upper piazza, a fact of which she was ignorant, as she is a little hard of hearing. Resuming her old seat on her return, she became very much annoyed at the attention of the passers-by, especially the young gentlemen, and is now astonished to learn that the parrot, hidden from view, has been addressing everybody in the street with the free and easy invitation, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me quick!" given in perfect imitation of the human voice.

The Philadelphia *Press* reports United States Fish Commissioner Milton P. Pierce as expressing the conviction that it is of no use to attempt to stock the rivers in this vicinity with salmon. Mr. Pierce says: "The Delaware and all the large streams north of it emptying into the Atlantic were natural salmon streams at the time the country was settled, but the clearing off of the forests and tilling of the land has rendered the waters warm and muddy, whereas when frequented by the salmon they were clear and cold. For the same reason the numerous trout streams which existed all through this latitude and north, fifty or more years ago, no longer contain this finest variety of the salmon family. In the face of these facts, state fish commissions and even our very intelligent national commission, encourage the restocking of these streams with these costly varieties of fish, and at an immense aggregate cost of money. This misdirected labor and expenditure is almost a total loss."

One of Mr. J. Garrison's daughters, who lives out at Hermitage, earned for herself a reputation for pluck one day this week. One evening as she was on her way down the pasture after the cows riding horseback and accompanied by a little dog, she came suddenly upon a good-sized buck at which the little dog began to bark and bite. The buck was so astonished at the size of his assailant that he disdained to run, and quietly began to retaliate, waiting for a good opportunity to get a thrust at the dog. The buck's attention was so taken up with the dog that he did not notice Miss Garrison, who, in the meantime, had slipped off the halter rope from her horse, and quickly making a noose threw it over the deer's horns, fastened the other end of the rope to the horn of the saddle, wheeled and galloped off, towing her prize to the very door of her father's home, where it was secured. This was quite a feat, and a feather in Miss Garrison's cap for courage. There are many men who would think twice before they would lash and tie themselves to a fighting buck.—*Cloverdale Reveille.*

REPAIRING A TIME-PIECE.

Trying to Find Out Why a Watch Stopped—How the Experts Showed What They Knew.

"Here is your watch," said the jeweler, as he tore off a small white tag from the ring of a well-worn silver watch and handed the time-piece to a reporter one day last week. "If it breaks inside of a year you can bring it back and I will fix it for nothing. I don't think it will trouble you, though, for it was very thoroughly repaired by one of our best workmen."

"I hope not," replied the reporter as he paid the jeweler $1 and left the store with the watch ticking loudly in his pocket. For nearly a week the watch was a model of regularity, recording the time even to the minute with the great yellow-faced clock in the city hall tower. One morning, however, when it was drawn from under his pillow, the reporter discovered to his dismay that the hands were pointing to the hour of 2 o'clock. It couldn't be afternoon so early in day. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the dial again. Surely there must be some mistake about it. He examined the hands. They were stationary. He placed it to his ear. It was as silent as a clam. The watch had stopped inside of the first week and in spite of the three-dollar charge and the year's guarantee. He shook it. A few faint ticks responded to the jar. The stubby second hand moved slowly about one-quarter around its short circuit and then stopped as before. He pounded it on the bed and made some uncomplimentary remarks about the watchmaker. This evoked another semi-revolution, which was again succeeded by the same silence.

After breakfast the unfortunate owner stepped into the nearest watchmaker's, a seven-by-nine shop in upper Broadway, and asked the proprietor what was the matter with the watch. The jeweler took the time-piece, pried open the inside cover with a small can-opener, and peered into the works. After a cursory examination he handed it back to the owner. "It needs cleaning," he said.

"Cleaning?" ejaculated the reporter, in astonishment; "why I paid $3 only last week for having it thoroughly cleaned."

"I can't help that," replied the jeweler, "you were very foolish to take such a watch to a second-class workman. The reason it don't run is because it's dirty. The pinions are covered with dust and the oil is all gum. Leave it here, and I will fix it for you in good shape. Call again on Saturday and it will be ready. It will only cost you $2.50, and you will then have a watch you can be proud of."

Thoroughly disgusted with the watch and the man who had warranted it, the reporter declined the offer, pocketed his time-piece and left the shop. A few doors below, on the same thoroughfare, a brazen watch with a pair of black hands pointing fixedly at 12:10 swings from a rusty iron bar. The reporter passed under this sign and entered another jewelry store. A fleshy person who was seated at a work-bench facing the window reached for the watch and proceeded to open it as one would open an oyster. Placing an eyeglass which resembled a very short telescope to his eye, he critically examined the movements. After taking observations from every position a watch can be held in, he ventured an opinion that the jewel which covers the escapement pinion was broken. "Yes," said he, after sundry punches in the vital regions of the works with a small instrument, such as dentists use, "the jewel is broken. Any man can see that with half an eye. I wonder the watch run at all. Have you dropped it anywhere? No? Well, that's strange. I can't be mistaken. The jewel is certainly broken. Leave it with me and I will put in a new one. It will cost you only $5, and call around some day next week. What name, please?" The name was not given and the watch was returned.

In the block below a tall street clock indicates the presence of another jewelry establishment, while large show-cases filled with costly trinkets and a brilliant assortment of diamonds and watches in the front windows attested its claim as a fashionable emporium. The reporter went in there. A languid young man, with a drooping mustache the color of barley straw, took the watch, and after working his way into the movement, placed a small lorgnette to his eye and glanced over the assortment of wheels and pinions and springs which were so numerously and diversely distorted. He remarked: "Your watch is very badly out of repair. The escapement does not seem to be doing its work. The hair-spring is too long. It has too much play. I will cut it off and shorten it." Here he reached for a sharp instrument to sever the spring, but the reporter interposed. "No," he exclaimed, as he rescued the time-piece; "don't cut the spring. I guess that is not what ails the thing, for I paid $3 for having it repaired and cleaned only last week, and it ran very nicely until this morning, when it stopped."

"Oh yes," interrupted the young man, "I see; you dropped it and the spring was spread out by the jar. I will undertake to repair it thoroughly for $4 so that you can rely on it; I will give you a guarantee, and if it breaks—"

The reporter did not remain to hear the rest of the sentence. The watch had all the guarantees it could stand. He had heard by this time so many different opinions upon the condition of the watch that he was determined to learn, if possible, what did ail it. A few blocks down the street another jeweler was found. After several shakes he applied the watch to his left ear and listened attentively. "I think," said he, with a shade of doubt in his voice, "that the main spring is broken." He then opened the inside case and scrutinized the works carefully. "Yes," he continued, "the main spring is evidently broken. You must have been very careless with the watch and let it fall. No? Well, you have wound it up too tight. That often is as bad as a fall. I will put you in a new one for $2." The offer was not accepted and the reporter walked out of the shop with his dilapidated chronometer in his pocket, to the great disgust of the jeweler. At the next store a small, nervous man was examining a double row of fly-specked watches, suspended from a small iron rack in the window, and basking in the sun which filtered through the window panes. He took the time-piece, reaching into the drawer, pulled out a tag and proceeded to tie it to the ring. "Name?" he asked. "No name," replied the owner, "please tell me what is the matter with the watch." With an air of [illegible] the nervous man exposed the works and [illegible] and the balance-wheel with what appeared to the owner to be almost willful malice. "One of the pinions is bent, the escapement is out of balance and it needs cleaning; $3; call next Saturday." The owner protested and the watch was returned.

Having had sufficient experience in road-side shops he now visited the Bowery. A large gilt sign over a wide doorway and several suspended clocks and watches, also in gilt, betokened a "jewelry palace," and into it the reporter walked. "What is the matter with this watch?" he asked. The proprietor, an elderly man, took the time-piece, shook it, listened, opened it, gazed into it and shook his head. "Hiram!" he called to a curly-headed young man, who was working at the rear end of the store, cleaning jewelry with a long brush and some white powder. The young man stepped to the counter. "Vat ish de matter mit dat vatch?" asked the proprietor. Hiram looked at the watch as one would regard a very sore thumb and shook his head without replying. "Moses!" called the old gentleman to a second young man, younger than Hiram, who came from behind the rear partition. "Moses," said he, "you dell de shentleman vat ish de madder mid his vatch." Moses looked at the poor, miserable time-piece with even more solemnity than his brother, and, after sundry lugubrious shakes of his head, responded: "De cap chewel is owet of blace. It vash growded back of de escapement. If you dry to make it run mitowet gitting it rebaired, you will ru n your vatch. I never saw a vatch as bad as dat. It vill only gost you $5."

"I can't leave it to-day," responded the reporter.

"I will gif you a fine job for $4, for $3, for $2, for a dollar and a half, and I vouldn't do it vor cent sheaper for my grantfadder!"

But in spite of the liberality of the offer the reporter pocketed his watch and pursued his search for information. Many other stores were visited and many more jewelers were interviewed. There were seventeen ace in all. Three attributed the stoppage to a broken main spring, five said it was caused by dirt, three thought that broken jewels made the trouble, two diagnosed it as a case of bent pinions, and the remainder were divided in their opinions, varying from a disordered escapement to a broken tooth in a cog-wheel. Finally, tired of watches and watchmakers, the reporter carried it to the jeweler who had originally repaired it. "There," said he, as he laid the time-piece on the velvet counter mat, "take this miserable, ailing watch. You may keep it or give it away, just as you please. It hasn't a whole wheel in it. The main spring is broken, the escapement is out of sorts, it wasn't half cleaned and it is entirely ruined. It will cost me a small fortune to have it repaired. I don't want it any more. It makes me tired to see it around. I'll buy a new dollar and a half watch that I can take some comfort in."

The jeweler took the time-piece and retired into the workshop. In a few minutes he returned with a broad smile on his face.

"Here it is in perfect order. There is nothing the matter with it. You forgot to wind it up last night."

Mrs. Stowe's little grandson, aged five, was reproved by his mother for swinging on a neighbor's gate, and told that Mr. Smith would not like it. "I don't care for Smith," said the urchin, "nor his ox, nor his ass, or anything that is his." "Willie," asked his mother, "do you know who wrote those words you use so?" "I don't know," was the reply, "Grandma Stowe, I s'pose."

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ed Block this evening.
the stock yards and packing
will drive on the north side to-
with E. B. Washburne, ex minis-

Timber Closed.
Island and other wat-
closed with yesterday.
and they were in

NATCHEZ, Miss., Sept. 22.—Postmaster [illegible] of Vidalia, La., was arrested to-day, charged with robbing a registered letter. Meng acknowledged his crime.

Consumptives call on your druggist and get a free Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery.

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

They were promptly put in irons, and on Saturday safely put ashore at Victoria again.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Railroad Man Murdered Near Kalama.

KALAMA, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—A railroad hand named Young, in the employ of Montgomery, on the Kalama branch, was found murdered opposite this

OTTUMWA, IA.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

Eminent physicians recommend and prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all female complaints.

Walter H. Page, the southern writer, has started a weekly paper, the Chronicle, at Raleigh, North Carolina.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

sufficient to exert any appreciable [illegible]
The biennial session of the state legislature, which was held in the fall of 1881, was productive of many good results affecting the public interest. The board of trade submitted a clear, comprehensive and practical bill regulating pilotage in all its branches. The same effort has been made before and had been defeated; but this time we were successful and the bill

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1883.

LIVE USEFULLY RATHER THAN DIE RICH.

A man with some reputation as an orator is reported to have said to a group of rich men seated on the veranda of a Saratoga hotel: "You fellows think yourselves highly essential. Have you observed that there are only two rich men of antiquity whose names survive? Crœsus, who served to turn a poet's figure, and Dives, who was fortunately associated with a pauper. Before the languor following this remark had subsided, Storrs added: 'How many as well known fellows as you were sitting in Athens once, observing that the obscure cuss, Phidias, was a long time doing that ornamental work up stairs?'" He may not have used, as pointed, language as his, but if he did, he spoke within the boundary of truth if not of politeness. For to be only rich is one of the poorest recommendations a man can have for present or future fame. It merely implies that he values money more than anything else; more than the rights of his fellowmen, and more than self respect. It has been said that no great fortune can be traced to its source without finding more or less of fraud and oppression of the poor in its history. There are many exceptions to this remark, but it is doubtless true of most of the gigantic fortunes that have been made in railroad and mining speculations within the last few years. The New York *Herald* recently said: "We do not recall the stock of a single railroad listed at the exchange during the last ten years—to go back no further—which represents money paid into the treasury of the company. To begin at our very door, it is well known that the $6,500,000 of Manhattan Elevated railroad stock represents no value whatever, and the issue by the Western Union Telegraph company of $15,000,000, for which not a dollar was paid to the company, is fresh in the public mind. We can not learn that any money was originally paid for any of the millions on millions of stock issued on account of the so-called Southwestern system of roads thrown on this market by a leading "operator," with the exception of the Missouri Pacific. From the testimony of Mr. Gould, given on the witness stand in St. Louis recently, its capital stock outstanding when he bought the road was about $750,000. He paid about $3,000,000 for the controlling interest. He at once reorganized the road, and created thirty millions of stock, which was duly listed at the stock exchange, and he testified lately that over twenty-nine millions of it had been issued. The stock did not cost him over three millions, however, for he testified that he had received with the stock a lot of bonds and securities of other roads. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas road was an outgrowth of the Union Pacific Southern branch, to which congress gave a land grant. We cannot learn that any money was ever paid for that stock, or for that of the Iron Mountain or of the Texas Pacific. No money has been paid, so far as we can learn, on any of the branch lines of the Union Pacific, while on the $36,000,000 of shares on its main line issued prior to 1880, less than half a million was paid in. This list might be prolonged with Rochester & Pittsburg, Atlantic & Pacific, East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia, and no end of others."

These millions upon millions of stocks constitute the great bulk of the wealth of the "fellows" at Saratoga. The public, especially young men, are so apt to be dazzled, and even dazed by the importance these men now have in the world, that it is a healthy thing sometimes to see what their wealth consists of, how it was obtained and what it represents. Then the young man, if he is not already a rascal, will choose as Benjamin Franklin did, to have it said of him "he lived usefully" rather than "he died rich." As old Isaac Walton said it was not necessary for any one to be very rich. It is better to be honestly and contentedly poor than dishonestly rich.

IMMORTALITY AND DUTY.

F. W. H. Meyers, in his notable essay on George Eliot, gives the following reminiscences: "I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity on an evening of rainy May, and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men—the words God, immortality, duty—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp one by one the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God."

It is conceivable, as George Eliot says in an essay on worldliness and other-worldliness, that "in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow men—lies nearer the fountain of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence." "And surely," she says, "it ought to be a welcome fact, if the thought of *mortality* as well as if immortality be favorable to virtue." It is favorable with the most self-respecting minds, but to the mass of mankind the motives that are drawn from considerations of the world to come are essential to virtue. All experience has proven that if immortality is unbelievable, men will take the epicurean view of life and say let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Other-worldliness may be made only another name for worldliness, if one only thinks of personal safety and happiness, but no civilization has yet been developed that is capable of sustaining itself without the great ideas of God and immortality acting as motives upon the minds of men. There may be a "select choir," of which George Eliot is one, who are competent to live unselfish and noble lives without such motives, but the mass of mankind are not, and it is a great wrong to take away or to weaken the only motive by which they are kept from vulgar and self-destructive habits of life.

The "bears" in Wall street are still pulling at the Villard stocks. Each of them went down several points yesterday. There are many large holdings of these stocks in Portland, but they are in the hands of men who do not buy on margins, so there is no panic here. There can be no doubt that the movement is purely speculative, and that a reaction is only a matter of a little time.

Seven days is now the regular time between Portland and New York. After a little while this will be reduced to six.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE.

The position of women in French literature has recently been given prominence by the proposition to establish, as a sort of branch to the Academie Francaise, a literary academy for ladies. This institution, it is supposed by its projectors, would hold out the same reward to female writers that the establishment originated by Richelieu does to the other sex. The Salic law has heretofore been in force with regard to the official recognition of literature in France, just as with regard to its throne. But France has been rapidly growing out of the restraints of her monarchical swaddle-clothes, and one of the results of that growth is the recognition of the public character of literary women.

There is no doubt that so far as equity is concerned France should have an academy for women as much as an academy for men. A body which professes to represent the literature of a nation, but can find no place in Louis XIV.'s time for Mme. de Sevigne or in the first Napoleon's for Mme. de Stael, or in his nephew's for George Sand, is certainly in need of amendment or abolition. As the French mind is hardly educated up to the point of abolishing its antiquated institution the only alternative is the official recognition of the women of genius who have contributed so much to French literature.

The Academie Francaise is a prime article of faith with the French people, or it might be in order for them to inquire, what is the use of the institution at all? How has it ever developed or aided French literature? Other countries have made as much literary progress without any such formally constituted establishments of big-wigs to superintend their growth. Indeed, its own history furnishes a strong argument against its utility. For not only has it ignored the great female writers of France, but its jealousies and caste prejudices have led to the same injustice toward some of its greatest male writers. When to the names of the three French women of genius already referred to are added those of Moliere, who was excluded from the Academie Francaise because he was an actor, and of Balzac, because he did not pay his debts, it may be questioned whether very important elements of French literature are not to be found outside of the fostering institution.

Anglo-Saxon literature is wholly free from official influences; but the position of women in it is clearly recognized. A generation which has numbered among its great writers of light literature such names as Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, George Eliot and Mrs. Burnett can not be expected to have much respect for the eighteenth century notion that women have no place in literature. The Academie Francaise is the only remaining embodiment of that notion, and even that relic of antiquity is beginning to be penetrated by the light of modern intelligence—in this one point at least.

THE STAFF OFFICER'S BLUNDER.

A good deal of unjustifiable fun is being poked at that staff officer of Governor Butler's, who, when detailed to give Chief Justice Coleridge a view of the spot in Boston harbor where the tea was dumped overboard in revolutionary days, or rather in a certain revolutionary night, escorted him to the T wharf instead of the tea wharf, so named from its shape, not from the historic incident. In the light recently thrown upon what we are in the habit of drinking by the name of tea if the staff officer had piloted the lord chief justice to any rubbish dump about the harbor he would have seen, if not the remains of the tea anciently thrown away, at least the chief ingredients of the modern article.

But aside from this, there is some reason to doubt if Chief Justice Coleridge deserves that we should wear out our few genuine relics upon him. If the press statements be correct, he seems to have come to this country for much the same reason that certain people go to the theater on Monday nights, because it doesn't cost anything. Like the Dutch party, and the customary distinguished foreigners who get in free, the chief justice was probably ready to admire everything. Leadhead enthusiasm should hang on a hair trigger. He did not know that this was not the wharf at which the tea ship lay; there was no reason why it should not have lain there as well as elsewhere, except that this wharf was not built until a couple of decades later, and he didn't know that; and since there's nothing good nor bad but thinking makes it so, what is the justice of abusing the poor staff officer?

What is a staff officer supposed to know about revolutionary tea-parties anyhow? If Chief Justice Coleridge had read our recent political history at all, he must know that gubernatorial staff officers in the glorious climate of Massachusetts are not chosen for their knowledge of American history no more than for their intimate acquaintance with tactics. If he had asked a staff officer to show him the precinct which had given the largest majority for Butler now, and the ignorant fellow had misled him, there would have been good cause for the Bay state to blush.

The Senate committee on education and labor will not, it is to be hoped, close its investigations without calling on Mr. Vanderbilt. Although he has retired from the active management of the Central road and its connecting lines, his views would be interesting, and perhaps valuable. He might explain the sudden and mysterious tumbles in his stock immediately after Wall street had been flooded with bull points on them by his representatives. If, however, he does not care to talk about the rise and fall in his securities, let him give us a dissertation on trotting stock and the racing track, on which he is so much at home. He might let us into the secret of how he continues to grow so rotund and rosy and at the same time keep a tight hold on his two hundred million dollar pocket-book, insensible to all the misery and distress among the poor people around him. Mr. Vanderbilt could throw a good deal of light on a great many subjects if he were thoroughly cross-examined. Let him take the stand.

"Forty years of work without a vacation," was one of the explanations offered by John Roach, the ship-builder, for his success in life, when he was a witness before the senate labor committee. This is a catching phrase. But will it stand testing? In the first place Mr. Roach, in his later business years, has undoubtedly had to travel about a good deal. For one thing he has made frequent visits to Washington. While his mind has no doubt been more or less on business all that time, he has also no doubt had plenty of change of scene and air. If he has not had vacations, he had what seem very much like them to many routine workers, chained to desk, factory or farm. In the second place no one can tell how much more successful Mr. Roach's career might have been had he indulged in a play spell every once in a while.

The pope has directed that the vast and important library of the Vatican, rich in ancient manuscripts, and hitherto closely guarded, shall be thrown open to the students of all sects and opinions from any quarter of the globe. The impulse thus given to research, it is thought, will be very great.

Beecher's Pacific East tour is called by the eastern papers a flat failure.

LOTTERY GAMBLING.

How the Dupes of "Four-Eleven-Forty-Four" Get on in New York.

Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal.

Gambling in the perverted and fraudulent form of policy playing has wholly ceased. But that is no proof of reform in the thousands who have habitually lost their money in the swindle. There was a time, no doubt, when "policy" in New York consisted in betting on what numbers would be drawn daily from a wheel at Covington, Ky., but in recent years there has been hardly any pretense of so much formality as that. Formerly the business was a monopoly, in the hands of a company that included officials who were able to afford protection from police interference and from trial by jury. These connections were so unconcealed that whenever an opposition concern presumed to open a policy shop, a police raid and possibly an indictment at once ensued, though next door there might be a "regular" game in carefully guarded operation. The principals in this powerful combination made big fortunes, and several of them are now living in luxurious retirement. But gradually the independent men got a foothold from which they could not be dislodged without disastrous publicity. One Fred. Lathy was foremost among the outsiders. He had been a mere "writer" of policy slips for the monopoly. That is, he hired a little den in the rear of a cigar store, and therein took the dimes and quarters of the game's dupes. The division of the receipts in those days was in thirds—one to the "writer," one to the company, and one for the prizes to be paid to the winners. Now Lathy was convinced that he might as well run his book independently, paying the winners and keeping the remaining two-thirds. It was not unusual for men to come to that determination, but their success was commonly followed by police coercion, so that they were soon glad to surrender. But Lathy had considerable money and audacity. He opened twenty offices on his own account, the best attestations for prosperous business. Then he made out a list of them, also one of the protected places. Taking these documents to police headquarters, he made a little speech about them.

"Here's a list of twenty policy games that I'm going to run," said he, "and here is a list of the Simmonds games. I want to be let alone, and if I am not I shall go before the grand jury with complete information for the indictment of every Simmonds man in the business."

He departed without waiting for an answer, but his boldness was rewarded by a year or two of immunity. The monopoly knew that he could, and probably would, make such a row if they fought him that everybody concerned would be ruined. Therefore Lathy had for a time the same protection that the main concern enjoyed, and without parting with a dollar to obtain it. His example was too brilliant, however, not to let light into other dealers' minds on the subject, and backers of offices became numerous. The policy business thereby fell into a diffuse condition, and it was no longer possible to give official protection to a part of it and destruction to the rest. Of course as soon as the police department decided to close all the shops no difficulty was found in doing it. There, you have had the reason why there is no policy playing this week in New York. If the policy shops should remain closed it is difficult to imagine how their devotees will contrive to gratify their passion for gaming. I am told that thus far there has been an enormous increase in barroom card playing for money, but that is too limited and obvious a process of taking chances. Heavier gamblers—those who convince themselves that their gambling is business—are getting enough of stock speculation and mining risks. The "tickers" are being removed from the offices of mercantile firms partly because Stock Exchange quotations are no longer of instant interest, and partly owing to the fact that the instrument have a damaging effect on the credit. For a creditor to know that his debtor is gambling in stocks is to incite a demand for prompt payments and a curtailment of credit. The general feeling against Wall street is quite bitter. As for mining, the inscriptions on up stairs doorways conveying the information that within was the headquarters of some nine thousand of mines away are rapidly disappearing; men no longer carry ore specimens in their pockets or talk about pay streaks and outputs; the losses have been figured up, and all calculation of profit wiped from the slates.

Whisky is likely to be the new means here for speculative ends. Operations in this line have heretofore been confined to persons in the trade, but now a whisky exchange has been opened, with memberships for those who propose to sell puts and calls and absorb margins. The enormous quantity of whisky in the country, and the uncertainties as to its taxation make it peculiarly attractive for guess work, and it is altogether probable that a great deal of amateur speculation will become involved in it during the ensuing winter.

The Wattersons, Father and Son.

Louisville Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

A journalistic trip to Louisville would not be complete without an invasion of the sacred precincts of the sanctum sanctorum of the *Courier-Journal* office, whose editor has national reputation, and whose support of certain page has gained the undying affection of the athletic old gentleman of the eighty seven fame. I found Mr. Watterson, being upon the eve of departure for an extended trip to Gramercy park, he did not have much time to talk. He kindly introduced me to his venerable paternal ancestor, however, who welcomed me with all the old-time chivalry of the Tennessee gentleman.

The Hon. Harvey M. Watterson is very proud of his son Henry, and related many anecdotes to show how precocious the boy was when the watermelon season came, long years ago, and how dexterous he was in climbing picket fences when the farmer turned loose the dogs of war. According to tradition, Henry carries many scars of the paternal strap on his well-constructed legs, and, altogether, was doubtless deserving of all he got.

"Can you tell the *Inter-Ocean* readers anything about politics?" I asked.

"Well, yes; Kentucky has just held an election and went democratic."

Of course, I expressed undisguised astonishment, and then struck him for something a little higher in the political arena.

"Kentucky will be solid for McDonald of Indiana. I never saw public expression so strong for a man in my life."

"As goes the *Courier-Journal* so goes Kentucky, is the way we feel up north," I suggested, "and it is generally supposed that the *Courier-Journal* is for Tilden."

The old gentleman peered over his specs and said deliberately:

"Young man, Mr. Tilden is old. He is also infirm, and is suffering with paralysis. He wants to live, and is trying to extend his mortal existence by remaining in quietude. He knows that he would die six months after entering the White House, for there would be an army of 100,000 office-seekers after positions. It has been a long time since the democrats have had a square meal, and we are frightful hungry," and Mr. Watterson's lips smacked as if he had just tasted a big teaspoonful of government pap.

"But don't you think Mr. Tilden would accept the nomination?"

"He would accept nothing of the kind. He wouldn't even go to Washington to have the oath administered."

"Don't you suppose he could ride in upon the wave of the opinion that he was cheated out of the presidency in 1876?"

"My boy," said the veteran journalist gravely, "eight years have passed away since the time when the country believed that Mr. Hayes had no right to presidential honors, and it would be impossible to rejuvenate such an issue—it is buried under the depths of the past, never to be brought to light."

Pen Picture of a German Dude.

Baltimore American's Heidelberg Letter.

Walking in the garden we saw a dude. Such a one, a regular German watering place dude! He was dressed in black, with trousers that fitted like wax, but hung in great folds at regular intervals down the legs. His coat was of remarkable cut, and his vest white. His hair was parted in the middle and brushed in great waves at the side. In the depression rested a tiny black hat, which sat on the side as far as the waves of hair allowed. On the right lappel of his coat was tied—not pinned—a great bunch of flowers, which hung in a regular cascade over his entire right side. His collar and cuffs were broad, and of black and white stripes, while the eyebrows and moustache were touched up in the nobbiest style. To complete the toilet he had a black and white handkerchief thrust between the second and third buttons of his coat, and in his kid gloved hand he carried a cane.

H. H. Bancroft, the California historian, has gone to Mexico and Central America for one year, to study documents and antiquities. He is accompanied by three assistants.

Diamonds seem to have been invented solely to put the devil in actresses.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

That soul is strong that trusts in God.—[*Massinger.*

Minneapolis has 100,000 people and nine Congregational churches.

Sorrow for sin is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—[*Milton.*

The Rev. J. M. Evans, one of the evangelists in Kentucky, in twenty-nine days preached fifty-seven times.

God is love. It is he who hath made every thing and he loves every thing that he has made.—[*Brooke.*

The finest Quaker meeting house in this country is now in process of erection by the Friends at Winthrop, Me.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while one ascends the other descends.—[*Bishop Hopkins.*

True religion gives a happy, cheerful turn to the mind, admits all true pleasures, and even procures them for us.—[*Addison.*

The best comforters in affliction are those who like Job's friend, "sat with him three days and nights, and spake never a word."

We must take the evil with the good, for we are the pensioners of God, and may not refuse the cup his wisdom prepareth for us.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.—[*St. Augustine.*

A Christian convention is to be held in Farwell Hall, Chicago, September 18th, 19th and 20th, to be conducted by D. L. Moody.

The "Old Brick Church," in Isle of Wight county, Va., is the oldest church of English building now standing in America, having been erected in 1632.

Man is like a watch. If evening and morning he is not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable or false, or serves to mislead.

The Society of Friends in England has just repealed the prohibition of the marriage of first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly 200 years.

The active, ready, intent man is the best instrument for God's work. Although the power is of God, he wishes this attentive and earnest disposition in his servants.

The Philadelphia Presbyterian pastors, it is reported, have given up the practice of preaching a sermon at the same service at which the communion is administered.

Not great faith, or intelligent faith, but faith saves the soul; for a touch connects us with Christ as well as a grasp, the fullness is in him, not in our manner of seeking him.

The Missionary *Baptist* says: We solemnly warn the sisters against over-feeding the brethren and sisters, and thus detaining them from the meetings. Lead us not into temptation.

Rev. D. L. Chapin, of Kingston, Ohio, having received a call to the Presbyterian church of Akron, Ohio, presented his resignation to the church at Kingston, which was unanimously voted against.

The Presbyterian church has lost one of its ablest men in the death of Rev. Samuel Wilson, D. D., professor of biblical and ecclesiastical history in the Western Theological seminary, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

We often hear it said that this or that person "died a Christian." That is very well, but we had rather hear it said they lived as Christians. It is the living Christians that we need most, not the dying ones.

Rev. Adam McClelland, D. D., the blind pastor of the Fort Green Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, has accepted the chair of church history in the German theological seminary of the northwest in Dubuque, Iowa.

Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability and learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe. Christianity is a matter of intelligent faith, but infidelity requires no one to give a reason for the doubt that is in him.—[*The Criterion.*

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruits, or else float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision, or be entirely dissipated by delay.—[*Cuyler.*

In every land of earth and in every age of the world, every man who has become unfolded into pre-eminent manhood has passed through the noble ordeal of self-sacrifice. He has renounced his own individual preferences in the interest of universal principles. He has been just in reverence for justice, true for truth's sake, and manly for the sake of that magnificent manhood which is so royal in its full grandeur as to seem to partake of the very majesty of God. In short, the way up into that eminent domain of character wherein eternal principles rule is a way of self-surrender for infinite good.—[*J. M. Weeks.*

When the Lord commanded Gideon to go and save Israel from the hands of the Midianites, Gideon said, "Wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." And the Lord said, "Have I not sent thee? Surely I will be with thee." Here is a lesson to the humble poor in the church of Christ; to those who count themselves the least in the father's house. They are sometimes tempted, on this ground, to beg off from doing some specified work for the Lord, as Gideon did. If all such could be persuaded to look away from and above themselves, unto him who says, "Have I not sent thee?" and go to work, how precious to them would be the promise realized in their own experience, "Surely I will be with thee," and what defeats the Midianites would suffer!—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The teachings and convictions of the holy ghost are positive. He deals in no guesses or negations. When he takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto men, they are quite apt to say with the once doubting Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" When it pleases God to reveal his son in them, it does not take them any longer than it did Simon Bar-jona to formulate a nice little creed: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The new man in Christ Jesus is a new creation of God in a world of new realities. He is no longer occupied with the questionings and guesses of philosophy, falsely so called, with speculations, mists, and rationalistic phantasmagoria, but with the fixed and eternal verities of God and his kingdom. Instead of the speculative reason, which is able to arrive at nothing and hold to nothing, he has faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. That the new born soul have a creed is a natural necessity.—[*Rev. H. N. Burton.*

In this, it seems to me, we have the secret of a Christian life. A man is a Christian when the master motive of his life is love of Christ, when that is the germ which assimilates and co-ordinates all its forces. Jesus Christ is the central form of Christianity, and he who loves him supremely is adopted into the family of the redeemed. Sometimes in reading the new testament we wonder at the absolute self-assertion of Christ. He claims a place in the heart above that given to the most sacred of human relationships. "He that loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." The reason is that for the man to belong to Christ at all, the love of Christ must be the desire which crystalizes his life; the co-ordinating germ which determines what he shall be. Wheat and tares may grow together in the fields; but if the tares are more than the wheat, if the tares are assimilating themselves the forces of the earth, and leaving to the wheat only a starveling and sickly growth, you cannot properly call that a wheat field; one must be first; "No man can serve two masters." The stream cannot flow both ways at once. One must be first in the Christian heart. "God will put up with a great many things in the human heart," says Mr. Ruskin, "but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place offers him no place."—*Rev. George E. Horr, Jr.*

Neglected His Family.

"No, sir, I utterly and positively refuse to listen to any excuse from you," said the Austin recorder, emphatically.

"But your Honor—"

"There are no mitigating circumstances whatever. I have no sympathy for the man who neglects his family."

"I didn't neglect my family. I only gave a neighbor's boy a warming up."

"That's just it. That's the trouble. Here you have a house full of children of your own, and yet you go out on the street and wallop a strange child whom you were under no obligations to whip, and leave your own children unpunished. Yes, sir, you are mulct, sir; actually mulct, in the sum of $10 and costs. Call the next case."

PROOF AGAINST BLIZZARDS.

Messrs. Steed & Co., druggists, at Bethel, Minn., say we sell more of the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, than all the rest we have in the store. It never fails to cure.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

There are about sixty kindergarten schools in Berlin.

Forty-three cities and towns in Texas have assumed separate control of their schools and will conduct them independent of the state system.

It is said that the results of the recent examinations of women students at Cambridge, England, are satisfactory, five having obtained honors, and two degrees.

Some writers are recommending to American parents and school managers the example of France in introducing the study of dressmaking in the public schools.

The course of study in the high schools of Cleveland has been much simplified by dropping out the studies of least practical importance and rearranging the remainder.

A half, or, at most, three quarters of an hour, says the London *Lancet*, is the longest time a growing child should be kept at one task, or even at the same description of work.

The educational convention, which meets in Louisville on September 18, is expected to exert a strong influence on public opinion in Kentucky in favor of a better school system.

The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* advocates what it calls the intuitive method of education. The new method is to develop the mind in the natural way through the observation of the senses, instead of the old method of memorizing of concrete facts.

The Jews in Vienna have an industrial school, in which children of their race are taught the mechanical and artisan trades. It has already turned out 1500 skilled mechanics. Last year the school had over 250 pupils, of whom forty were learning to be carpenters or cabinet-makers, sixty-five blacksmiths, sixty shoemakers, twenty-five turners of wood and metal, and forty locksmiths. Others were being trained as wheelwrights and designers.

President E. E. White, of Purdue university, denies that the anti-fraternity rule which has been adopted in the institution has resulted in reducing the attendance of students. "The famous rule," he says, "was adopted in 1877, and the years 1879, 1880 and 1881 are the only years in which the fraternity agitation among the students has been a serious annoyance in the university, and these are the years of largest increase of students, culminating in 1881 when the total enrollment reached 254."

Dexter A. Hawkins, writing to the New York *Independent* on the subject of compulsory education, says: "The statistics of every country where education is compulsory and universal, demonstrate that juvenile crime may be nearly if not quite exterminated by a wise enforcement of juvenile education." The training of a child, from 8 to 14 years generally determines whether or not he is to be a criminal. The grand duchy of Baden, by a rigorous enforcement of such a law for seven years, according to their carefully prepared statistics, reduced crime in that duchy 51 per cent, and pauperism 25 per cent.

The United States bureau of education publishes the results of an inquiry into the effects of coeducation in the sexes in 340 cities and large towns. In 324 of these there is coeducation throughout the public school course, in seventeen through part of the course, and in two sexes are separated entirely. The pamphlet observes that both the general instruction of girls and the common employment of women as public school teachers depends, to a very great degree, on the prevalence of coeducation, and that a general discontinuance of it would entail either much increased expense for additional buildings and teachers, or a withdrawal of educational privileges from the future women and mothers of the nation.

A recent article in the *North American Review*, published in New York, shows the great importance of the primary schools. "Out of one hundred boys and girls," it says "who go to the primary schools, only about fifty go any further up the educational grade. About thirty advance as far as the grammar schools, while not more than three of the original one hundred who began at the bottom of the ladder ever reach the top and enter the high schools. The important fact which these statistics demonstrate is that about one half the children who go to the public schools of this city enter upon their lifework with no more education than they can pick up at the primary establishments, while of the remaining half, if twenty-five per cent, leave school when, or perhaps before they have gone through the secondary course. The moral of these facts is so plain that there can be no disputing it. Since, twice as many pupils attend the primary schools as go to any other department, and about one-half of them go nowhere else, the primary schools deserve and demand the largest share of attention, and their efficiency should be raised to the highest attainable standard of excellence, though it should be necessary in order to accomplish that result, to curtail some of the expenses of the other and higher branches."

"Here, Take the Gun."

Arkansaw Traveler.

Just before the battle of Marks' Mill, in Bradley county, Arkansaw, an incident occurred which has since been told at all reunions, to the amusement of all hearers. Just before the battle opened a federal scout, while riding through the woods, discovered a confederate scout sitting under a tree. The federal dismounted and approached cautiously from behind. The confederate's gun was leaning against the tree, and the federal reached around and removed it, stepping forward and exclaiming:

"Oh, yes, I've got you!"

"That's a fact!"

"Come, get on your horse and I'll take you in?"

The men mounted and started on through the woods in a direction which the federal supposed to be the union lines, but which the confederate soon discovered was toward his own command. They had not gone far when a slow fire of musketry caused the federal to ask:

"You know who that is over there?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Joe Shelby."

"The devil it is!"

They went on a little further the federal all the time keeping the confederate's gun lying across the horse in front of him, when the crash of small arms and the boom, boom, boom of cannon caused the two men to stop.

"Do you know who that is?" asked the federal.

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Marmaduke."

"The devil it is!"

They went on again the federal growing more and more nervous. Pretty soon heavy firing, and the awful rebel yell, told that the battle was opened.

"Do you know who that is over there?" asked the federal.

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Maxey with his Injuns."

"The h—ll it is! Here, you take the gun," and by the time the exchange was made the two men were in the confederate lines.

TOCCOA CITY, GA.—Dr. J. P. Newman says: "Brown's Iron Bitters are very popular, and their use always results satisfactorily."

Mechanics' Fair, Portland, Opens Oct. 11th.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—A CHAMBERMAID AT THE ST. Charles Hotel. Apply immediately. 23t

WANTED—A FURNISHED HOUSE. WILL buy or rent furniture. Apply P. O. Box 256. 23d

WANTED—A GIRL TO LEARN TO MAKE straw hats. Apply at Straw Works, 167 Third street, between Mill and Market. 1t

LOST—LAST NIGHT AT NEW MARKET THEater, a sealskin purse containing a small amount of money and other articles of value to no one but the owner. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at St. Charles Hotel. 1t

FOR RENT—FURNISHED HOUSE 10 ROOMS modern improvements; desirable locality; rent per month; references required. Apply to OLDENDORFF, HARVEY & CO., 10 Washington street, First National Bank building. 23st13

STRAYED COW PICKED UP. THE OWNER can have same by calling at 46 First street. 21d3

GRAND OPENING OF FALL AND WINTER millinery at HILDEBRAND & ANDERSSON'S on Tuesday and Wednesday next. All are invited.

FOR RENT—A STORE SUITABLE FOR GROceries; No. 11, near the corner of D, on Fourth st. Inquire on premises.

ANY ONE HAVING PROPERTY IN SOUTHern California for sale can find a purchaser by addressing, with full information, S. Z., this office. 23t1

FOR RENT—AN ELEGANTLY FURNISHED residence in excellent locality. If desirable, furniture may be bought. Apply to OLDENDORFF, HARVEY & CO., 10 Washington street, in National Bank building. 19dtf

TO THE LADIES—MISS [illegible], A CUTTER and fitter of excellent reputation, who has been with Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. James in that capacity, will in future be found at 167 Fourth street, between Washington and Stark, where she has established a business for herself. The ladies are invited to call. 1t

CAPITAL LODGING HOUSE,

First street, between C and D.

THE ABOVE HOUSE HAS BEEN LATELY REfitted and put in first-class condition. No pains have been spared in furnishing and equipping it. Rooms by the day, week or month. Everything done for the comfort of guests. Give us a call. MRS. DICKERSON

Wanted to Settle.

Among the passengers in a stage coach stopped one day last spring by road agents in Montana was a Buffalo man who was out there to look over the ground with a view of establishing a clothing store. He was the last one out of the coach, and as he was ordered to hold up his hands he called out:

"Shentlemen, I like to settle dis case like an honest man."

"Keep your hands up!"

"If I can't make an assignment to mine bruder Moses I settle mit you for twenty cents on der dollar."

"You shut up and shell out!" was the stern command.

"Shentlemens," continued the victim, as he wriggled around, "I have made three assignments and failed seex times in peesness, und nefer vhas treated like dis before. I shall now offer thirty cents on der dollar, und if you doan' take him I'll go into bankruptcy und my wife puts all der cash in her stocking."—*Wall Street News.*

Soda water, Congress water, Lehigh water, Buskhill water, Delaware water, spring water, eye water, rose water, salt water, cucumber water, pump water, rain water, court house water, roof water, jail roof water and water are the drinks at a Pennsylvania temperance hotel, and the clerk's diamond is of the first water.

NEW TO-DAY.

MRS. G. H. CLARKE,

IMPORTER OF

FINE MILLINERY!

Corner Fourth and Columbia sts.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE FALL OPENING

—OF—

MRS. G. H. CLARKE'S

FINE MILLINERY!

WILL TAKE PLACE

Wednesday and Thursday Evenings,

September 26 and 27.

At corner Fourth and Columbia streets. Ladies and customers are cordially invited to examine goods.

CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THAT ELEGANT, THOROUGHLY WELL FINished residence northwest corner of Sixth and Harrison streets; modern conveniences, all in very best condition and repair; convenient to schools, churches and business; commanding view; healthy location; in every respect comfortable and desirable for a home. Terms reasonable. Inquire on the premises. 23d1*

LECTURE!

Major H. C. Dane,

—OF THE—

REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU, BOSTON,

One of the most popular platform orators, will deliver his famous lecture on the

"Great Naval Battles of the Rebellion!"

—IN—

MASONIC HALL,

Corner Third and Alder sts.,

Wednesday Evening, September 26th.

ADMISSION..........50c—Children..........25c.

Portland's Water Supply.

Full Report and Analysis made by Dr. J. H. Bill, under Authority of the City Council, June, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Inasmuch as garbled and partial extracts have recently been published from the report and analyses made by Dr. J. H. Bill of the water from various sources available for the use of the city, viz: the Willamette river, Stephen's Spring, Balch Creek and others, to ascertain their purity and general quality, we request you to publish in your columns, for the information of the citizens of Portland, the full report of Dr. Bill, which is embodied in the report as per printed copy herewith of Engineer Wm. E. Morris, "To the Joint Committee of Citizens and Councilmen, upon the different modes and sources for supplying the city of Portland with water," presented to the Common Council and and adopted Sept. 14, 1872.

THE PORTLAND WATER CO.

September 21, 1883.

Report of the examination of five samples of water, designed for the supply of the city of Portland, from No. "2" to No. "6" inclusive, made in June, 1872, by J. H. Bill, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A., Fort Vancouver, W. T.

[NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE.—Sample No. 1, examined by Dr. Bill in September, 1871, was from a large spring on the farm of C. Wills, in Washington County, but as it was decided by Mr. Morris to be wholly impracticable, as a source of supply, the analysis is omitted. All the samples submitted to Dr. Bill were designated by numbers only, and he was left to make the analysis without any knowledge of the sources of any of them. The localities are named in the publication of his report by the committee.]

EXAMINATION IN DETAIL.

SAMPLE NO. 2—KELLY'S SPRING.

Slight sediment. Water clear, odorless and tasteless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.18 grains solids.
Chief base, lime; soda also present.
Chief acid, chlorine; also carbolic acid.
No magnesia, iron, nor any deleterious mineral ingredient.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness..........................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........7 " " "

Removable hardness..........1 deg. " "
This water has no action on lead pipe.
Very little organic matter present.

SAMPLE NO. 3—STEPHENS' SPRINGS.

Slight sediment. Water clear, tasteless and odorless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.92 grains solids.
Lime, the chief base; soda also present.
Chlorine, the chief acid; carbonic acid also present.
No magnesia, iron, nor deleterious mineral.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness..........................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........7 " " "

Removable hardness..........1 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
No organic matter at all.

SAMPLE NO. 4—BALCH'S CREEK.

Moderate sediment. Very clear, odorless and tasteless.

One imperial gall. contains 7.44 grains solids.
Chief bases, lime and soda.
Chief acid, carbonic, with a little chlorine.
No magnesia, no iron, no noxious mineral.
No sulphates, phosphates nor nitrites.
Hardness..........................7 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........3 " " "

Removable hardness..........4 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
Organic matter present in considerable quantity.

SAMPLE NO. 5—CARUTHERS' CREEK.

Heavy sediment. Water clear, tasteless and odorless.

One imperial gall. contains 8.55 grains solids.
Much lime (.60 grains per gall.) and little soda present.
Chief acid, chlorine.
No magnesia, iron nor noxious mineral present.
No sulphates, carbonates, phosphates nor nitrites.
Hardness..........................8 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........7 " " "

Removable hardness..........1 " " "
No action on lead pipe, after forty-eight hours; after one week, marked action.

SAMPLE NO. 6—WILLAMETTE RIVER.

Organic matter in large amount.
Small sediment. Clear, tasteless and odorless.
One imperial gall. contains 2.48 grains solids.
Amount of bases (lime, soda, etc.,) inappreciable.
No sulphates, carbonates, phosphates nor nitrates.
Hardness..........................4 deg. Clark's scale.
" after boiling..........4 " " "

Removable hardness..........0 " " "
No action on lead pipe.
Organic matter present in small amount.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Comparing results, it was found that the samples were contaminated in the following order with—

LIME.		ORGANIC MATTER.	
Most	No. 5.	Most	No. 5.
2nd	No. 3.	2nd	No. 4.
3rd	No. 2.	3rd	No. 6.
4th	No. 4.	4th	No. 2.
Least	No. 6.	Least	No. 3.

Arranged according to total solids, we have—

No. 3	8.92 grs. per gall.
No. 5	8.55 grs. per gall.
No. 2	8.18 grs. per gall.
No. 4	7.44 grs. per gall.
No. 6	2.48 grs. per gall.

These are all very small amounts, and No. 6 remarkably so. It is about as pure as rain water.

Nos. 5, 2 and 3 are the ordinary chloride of calcium waters of this region. No. 4 is remarkable as being the only bi-carbonated water.

In point of softness it may be remarked that all are unusually soft waters. The water supplied to London, Eng., ranges from 15 deg. to 20 deg. Clarke's scale; that to New York, from 9 deg. to 10 deg. The water of the Columbia marks about 12 deg. Clark's scale; that of Cold Water Spring Company, Vancouver, 10 deg.

No. 6 is the softest, No. 4 next, Nos. 2, 3 and 5 about equal.

None of these waters will incrust boilers save No. 4, and here to an inappreciable extent. None will act on lead, even after a week's standing, save No. 5.

In conclusion, I may remark, that any of the samples would furnish an exceptionally good water for supplying the City of Portland, whether introduced singly or mixed in reservoirs prior to introduction. No. 6 is the purest and perhaps the best. Nos. 3 and 2 come next, and recommend themselves on account of their small organic contamination. No. 4 comes next, and No. 5 last.

These waters are all admirably adapted for manufacturing purposes—Nos. 6 and 4 best, No. 5 next, and Nos. 3 and 2 next. No. 3 would be particularly well adapted for dyeing, and in general chemical works.

Of all the waters examined the case reduces itself to a choice between No. 6 and Nos. 2 and 3. There is hardly any choice between them determinable by chemical examination. Whichever source will furnish most readily the most water ought to be selected.

J. H. BILL, M. D.

North Pacific, pfd.	70	Northwestern	[illegible]
Or. and Trans.	60¾	Lake Shore	105¾
Or. Imp. stock	84	New York Central	115¾
Or. Imp. bonds	92	Erie	[illegible]
Western Union	82½		
Western Union	80¾	U. S. 4s stock	[illegible]
Or. and Trans.	[illegible]		

For the delicate and complicated troubles peculiar to women, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy.

Everitt, O H; Fairfield, [illegible]; Grigsby, Edward; Gripton, O; Gould, G L; Hyde, J; Howd, E S; Harvey, Jas; Marts, Stephen; [illegible]; Miller, J W; Mathias, [illegible]; MaAllister, J G; McEntee, J; [illegible]; Thorney, J C; [illegible]; Ridder, [illegible]; Vogle, John; Wilson, J C; Wange, Edgar; Walker, J A

M. COUGILL, P. M.

Ian, E P | Aug. 31—$1.

Sheriff to A. Lochart, L 15, B 36, Easter's, Sept. 20—$3 00.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give them little doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

To-day's nearest safe value in Liverpool of Oregon wheat, prompt shipment to U. K. per iron vessel, per quarter of 500 lbs. C. I. F.—Nominal.

MONEY MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—Sterling exchange on London banks sixty days, $4.81¾; documentary, $4.80¾.

Transfers—10@15 premium.

Bank of England rate of interest—3½ per cent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—Silver bullion 1000 fine, per [illegible]

[illegible] by mail. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. [illegible] the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

[illegible] leather. Country orders solicited and satisfaction [illegible]

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., [illegible] a simple self cure, which he will send FREE [illegible]. Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

Oregonian.

MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1883.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Sept. 22, 7:41 P. M.

Place	Barometer	Change last 8 hours	Ther	Wind Direction	Rain fall inches	State of weather
[illegible]	[illegible]	—[illegible]	[illegible]	N	.00	Sm'ky
[illegible]	[illegible]	—07	[illegible]	Calm	.00	Clear
[illegible]	[illegible]	—[illegible]	[illegible]	Calm	.00	Sm'ky
[illegible]	[illegible]	—19	[illegible]	N	.00	Clear
[illegible]	[illegible]	—40	[illegible]	W	.00	Clear

minimum ther. 54 0.

at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

[illegible]	$1 00
Sunday Oregonian, per month	1 20
[illegible]	10 00
Sunday Oregonian, per year	12 00
[illegible] per year	2 50
Weekly Oregonian, per year	5 00
Oregonian, per year	3 00

Pierce's translation of the Æneid of … will be furnished to new subscribers for one … other offices, for 50c extra, postage free.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

delivered, Sunday excepted	25c
delivered, Sunday included	30c

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

for sale at the following places:

candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
Fourth and Morrison
Morrison.
167 First.
First.
First and Morrison.
cigar store, 145 First street.
First and Washington.
First.
First and Ash.
First and C.
First and Alder.
N. W. Cor. First and Salmon.
First.
First, bet. E and F.
Postoffice building, East Portland.
First street.
Morrison.
northeast corner of First and Alder.
First.
street.
First street.
First street.
First street between D and E.
First street.
Third street.
North Third street.
counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor.

POSTOFFICE TO-DAY.

… to 2 P. M., for delivery of mails. … and eastern mails arrive at 5:30 P. M.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

… driving has become very frequent of …

The Albina schoolhouse is fast nearing com…

The Fetch murder trial begins at Lafayette …

… steamer Cleveland has been sold to L. … of this city.

… Thayer, after visiting the state fair, … to Tillamook yesterday.

… Mary C. Howland was fined $5, for con… court, by Justice White yesterday.

… church for the Seventh Day Adventists is … in East Portland on G street, near … street of Tenth.

… Fender, J. Williams. and J. Riley … this morning for Multnomah falls on a … hunting expedition.

The East Portland Young Men's Christian … has suspended its meetings and … up its reading room.

… Paul Schulze, accompanied by her sis… family, goes east this morning for a … visit at Detroit.

… C. S. Howlett leaves this morning via … for Chicago, where he will meet his … daughter, who will return with him …

… Mitchell, chief clerk of the Northern … land department, leaves this morning … Chicago, where his wife, who has been vis… east during the past summer, will return …

… Harriott was arrested for drunken… by Policeman Young, and on the way to … city jail knocked his captor down. For … pleasantry he was fined $25 in the police … yesterday.

John Tatzdohler, a German working near … slaughterhouse on the east side, while out hunt… the other day, was injured by the explosion … shotgun. His left hand was badly torn … the thumb blown off.

The third annual exhibition of the Klickitat … agricultural society will be held at … W. T., commencing on October 9th … continuing through the 12th. The receipt … is acknowledged.

China Charley pleaded guilty to larceny in … circuit court yesterday, and was … to one year in the penitentiary. … sheriff Witherall took him and Geo. … yesterday up to Salem. The latter goes … years for stealing a cow.

… Miller, arrested for the larceny of a pair … from C. A. Bell, was found guilty … court yesterday and fined $25. He … committed to jail in default of payment. … charge against Bell of defacing a building … in Keegan's court.

The Columbia sailed from San Francisco at … yesterday. The State of California … here to-night. The Oregon reached San … at 9:30 a. m. yesterday. The Walla … will go to Seattle for coal. The Gen. … arrived at Astoria from Gray's harbor … morning.

The programme of the Bush street theatre … which opens at the Newmarket to… night, with George Holland as the … will be as follows: In the early part of … "Our American Cousin" will be pre… and during the latter part the beauti… play of "An Unequal Match" will be pro… The San Francisco papers speak highly … company's merits.

… Brooks, of the New York *Times*, and … of the New York *Tribune*, ac… their brother journalists as far as … Walla, by way of Pendleton and Weston. … returned here last evening, and are regis… at the Esmond. They will leave by the … of California for San Francisco this … and return home by way of the South… Pacific.

About 8 o'clock last night, while E. M. Lam… of Pioneer, W. T., was driving into … Portland, from the neighborhood of … he was frightened by the apparition of a … in the road. The figure flashed something … Lambert's face, but whether it was a lan… or a revolver he could not tell, so fright… he by the unexpected appearance of … The horse he was driving became … and did not halt until he reached … ferry landing.

THANKS VOTED.

The reporters and representatives of the … papers who attended the State Fair … an informal meeting at Salem Friday and … resolutions thanking the managers and … for courtesies extended.

CHURCH NOTICE.

… Baptist church, East Portland—Regular ser… this morning at 11 o'clock by the pastor, … G. J. Burchett. Subject of discourse, "Portland's Religious Duty to the Stranger." … evening at 7:30 P. M. All are welcome.

PASSENGERS TO ARRIVE.

The following passengers left St. Paul for … on the 19th and 20th: Chas. Rath… of St. Louis; B. S. Vail, wife and sister, … St. Paul; F. A. Knoff, of Fort Dodge; I. … of Cherokee, Iowa; A. E. Jefferson … Comstock, of Hudson, Wis.; L. P. Ros… and family, of Coldwater, Mich.; J. A. … and family and A. L. Bulger, of Kan… Illinois.

NEW STYLE OF PACKING BRICK.

One of the most comical sights on Second … yesterday was a Chinese hod carrier. He … his brick in the wooden frames used in … carrying wood, about a hod full in each, and … balanced them on a stick across his … shoulders, proceeded to climb a ladder with the … agility of a monkey. Everybody stood from … under, but he reached the top in safety with … his burden. His mode of carrying brick would … the premium for awkwardness.

AN OLD PICTURE.

There is on exhibition at the Gem saloon, … this city, an old oil painting evidently paint… about the close of the last century. It rep… that portion of New York harbor in … of the Battery and Castle Garden, with … vessels under full sail. The picture is … to have been brought out here, without a frame, in the old ship Silvie de Grasse, whose rotten timbers lie in port of Astoria. It is the property of William Young, the well known marble cutter of this city.

DISHONEST DOMESTIC.

Mrs. Fanny Lee, who was employed as a domestic in the family of Isadore Gumbert is alleged to have committed a series of small thefts, which necessitated her dismissal. To ascertain the amount of goods stolen, Policeman Simmons was detailed to work up the case, and succeeded in tracing a quantity of wearing apparel, lace, trinkets and other articles to the suspected woman. Upon her agreeing to disgorge the ill-gotten property, no complaint was lodged against her. This is said to be the second time she was involved in a scrape of this kind.

SUMMONED AS WITNESSES.

Subpoenas have been served on H. Griffin, Harry Gordon, R. Jennings and Warren Burgess of this city to appear at Lafayette as witnesses in the Fetch murder case. They will leave on Monday. They were going over to Tillamook on a fishing excursion and met Mrs. Fetch and her stepson a short time before she was shot. They noticed that Mrs. Fetch and her stepson seemed to have been quarreling as neither of them spoke to the boys, although well acquainted with them, as they had stopped at Fetch's. They have been summoned as witnesses for the defense.

ANOTHER AGENCY ESTABLISHED.

It seems to be a settled fact that our citizens are to be supplied with fresh eastern oysters. An agency has been established here for the great oyster house of Platt & Co. of Baltimore and a case of choice selected oysters, known as Platt's royals, was received here yesterday, just six days from Baltimore. They are magnificent large oysters and it is claimed are so carefully packed and treated that they arrive here in as good condition as when started. It is quite probable that a large trade will be established in these delicious bivalves as they will be much more easily shipped after the cold weather sets in.

FAMILY ROWS.

Larry Knevals was tried in the police court yesterday, on two charges one of using abusive language to his brother-in-law, Philip Fitzpatrick, and the other of raising a disturbance. He was fined $10 on the first charge. Mrs. Knevals was also arrested and fined for disturbing the peace. Knevals and his wife have frequently figured in the police court. Gertrude Howard and Fred. Howard, husband and wife, were tried in the same court for using abusive language to each other. This being the first time either of the latter parties appeared in the court, and as a divorce is pending between them, Judge Moreland dismissed the case.

ROW AMONG SAILORS.

Louis Jabeau, a native of sunny France, was before Judge Moreland yesterday on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by John Gibbs, an old colored man. Both parties are stopping at Jim Turk's boarding house on C street, and a bad feeling had existed among them for some days past, which culminated in Jabeau striking his colored brother on the head with a stick of wood. The complainant stated that his life had been threatened five times by the prisoner, and he was afraid that the defendant would carry his threat into execution. Jabeau was committed to jail for a period long enough to enable him to obtain mastery over his presence. Both parties are sea-faring men.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPADE.

John McClure, a drunken soldier, was arrested Friday evening while acting in a disorderly manner. He was locked up in the city jail and was released yesterday morning. He had not been at liberty two hours when he was re-arrested for drunkenness. In the police court he stoutly protested his innocence but was fined $10 all the same. He paid his fine and shortly after that he got more whisky into him and was seen careening around the streets at a furious pace on horseback. He was again arrested by officers Selby and Stuart and he will doubtless be kept in jail until Monday, which will give him an opportunity to sober up.

GOOD FOR ASTORIA.

Hon. D. P. Thompson returned from Astoria last night. He reports that the work of fishing up the pipe of the Columbia Water Company, thrown into the bay by the burning of a dock, has been completed. About 2860 pieces were recovered, of which only 57 were spoiled. The cost of recovering this pipe and recoating it with asphalt, is about $6500. In addition to losing this sum, the company have been delayed in the completion of the work. Mr. Thompson says that the Astorians have not lost heart on account of failure to get a railroad, and that there are more houses in course of erection now than in any other town in Oregon except Portland.

OFF FOR HOME.

A number of our Chinese population will soon leave for the scenes of early childhood, some for a visit of more or less length, and others for permanent residence. Some will return with a better half, while others will bring over their cousins that they may find a fortune in the, to them, new country. Capt. Noyes is now filling up his fine bark Coloma with freight and passengers, and Capt. Norris will shortly be on his way to the Flowery Empire with a like cargo, his ship, the Titan, having been chartered yesterday. John has worked hard for the money the trip will cost him, and there are not a few whites who wish the trip may end at Hong Kong.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHAMPION.

John L. Sullivan arrived early yesterday at the county jail. A committee of one, consisting of Constable Noonan, escorted him to the county hotel and turned him over to the tender embraces of Jailer Doherty. Mr. Sullivan manifested a decided repugnance to the society of Noonan, because both of them were covered with blood when they reached the jail. A charge of disorderly conduct was preferred against Sullivan in Justice Keegan's court yesterday afternoon, and he was fined $15. The defendant's fine was paid. Constable Noonan, who is somewhat familiar with the rules of the prize ring, awards the palm to the champion of being the first man who ever "knocked him out."

ACCIDENT TO A BOAT.

A few days ago the government snagboat got aground in a slough near the mouth of the Willamette river with a barge loaded with fascines in tow. The tide was falling rapidly, and in an hour the forward half of the hull, which is square, with a flat bottom, was nearly out of water on a sand-bar, the after half having about two feet of water underneath. All attempts to back off into deep water failed. The plan of sluicing, on a small scale, was tried. The hose used for washing down the deck, 1½ inch in diameter, was attached to the engine pump, the nozzle directed along the sides and under the hull from midships forward, and the pump set to work. In about two hours the boat was afloat, and backed out into the channel. A cheap system of dredging.

WILL BE SENT TO SEA.

Albert Reynard was arraigned for examination in the police court yesterday on a charge of attempted larceny from the person. John Sullivan accused the prisoner, who is a lad about 15 years old, with trying to steal a sum of money and some valuable papers from his pocket. On motion of Mr. Mulkey the case was continued until Monday. Chaplain Stubbs has interested himself in the welfare of the lad, whose mother has promised if he is discharged to send him to sea, hoping by this means to separate him from evil associations in this city. As between the penitentiary and the sea, most people will concede that the boy stands a better chance of being reformed among the pure breezes of the ocean than in the tainted corridor of the state prison.

A MISERABLE WRETCH.

A more disreputable looking character never appeared in the police dock than Jim Rogers, the man who is charged with committing an indecent assault on little Annie Wanzel, a 5 year old girl. When his name was called yesterday the blear-eyed, squalid wretch arose to his feet and trembled like an aspen. After the complaint was read to him he was asked if he was "guilty or not guilty?" and his answer was that he didn't know nothin' about it." He finally concluded to waive examination, and his bail was fixed at a sufficient amount to insure his attendance when wanted. He was committed to the county jail, where he had a light attack of the delirium tremens. He piteously implored Jailer Doherty to give him some whisky, averring at the same time that "the hair of a dog cures the bite."

EXCHANGE OF TICKETS STOPPED.

Some time since it was announced in the OREGONIAN that an arrangement had been made by the managers of the Third street and Washington street railways, whereby their tickets were interchangeable. This arrangement was in force till within a few days, when passengers were informed by the drivers that the tickets of other roads would not be taken. This information was not given in many instances till after a wrong ticket had been deposited and so some imagined that they had not been well treated. Two gentlemen called at this office last evening to complain about this matter. They claim that since it was announced that tickets would be exchanged when the exchange was stopped the fact should also have been announced. An OREGONIAN reporter took some trouble yesterday to inquire into this matter but could arrive at no satisfactory solution of the trouble. The managers of each road claim that the other broke up the arrangement by refusing to take any tickets but their own. It is a pity that the companies could not agree in this matter, as it could cause them no loss and not very much trouble, and would be an accommodation to their patrons.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The Tudor & Wheeler variety troupe have held the boards of the New Market theater during the past week. They go hence to Montana, we believe.

The Holland dramatic troupe, who have been playing "Our American Cousin" at Reed's Opera House, in Salem, during the past week, will open here on Monday night. Mr. Holland's reputation as an eccentric comedian is too well known to need any praise at our hands. They do say, also, that the part of Binney, the butler, as rendered by Kirtland Calhoun, is an immense bit of low comedy.

Ainsley Scott's troupe of jubilators and colored minstrels have been giving two performances per day at the Fair grounds at Salem during the past week, to good business.

Walter Moss' minstrels will appear here on the 29th, at the New Market. Miss Bessie Louise King will give some of her best vocal selections in connection with the same company.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

The fancy for black silk stockings has almost developed into a craze.

Some of the new white camel's hair dresses are embroidered in green leaves and pink blossoms.

New brocades show sheaves of wheat and clusters of lilacs of the same shade as the grounding.

For silks to be worn by ladies in mourning, armure silks are being used again both by old and young ladies.

It is predicted that gold-brown—not the dark seal-brown—will be as fashionable as the new gray shades for cloth, silk and velvet costumes.

The newest tennis hats are made of gray satin openwork straw, faced with cardinal, and trimmed with peacock-feather ends and sea-gulls' wings.

The new colors for the fall are "Judee," a deep purplish shade of crushed strawberry, "Cresson," a water-cress shade of green, "Greenoville," a frog green, and "Infernal," a fire-red hue.

Fur trimmings are to be exceedingly fashionable for gentlemen as well as for ladies, so it is said, and the ultra-fashionables will consider no outdoor costume complete without its glimpse of fur.

Hand painting has come to be so much the fashion that many ladies of leisure who do very beautiful work save their money by decorating their own dresses. This lessens very greatly the demand for work from professional artists.

Dark red waistcoats and revers, closely covered with gold braid, are considered very stylish. A silver gray dress, embroidered in silver, with white watered silk vest, likewise embroidered, is a unique and delicate looking dress for special occasions, but one that soon bears its date.

Autumn jackets of tricot cloth are in severe military style, with close rows of braid rather than flower patterns for trimming. The dark Carmelite and fraise gray cloths make stylish jackets with metallic buttons colored to match the braid; a cock's head, or flower, or figure in relief, ornaments the buttons. Velvet and plush jackets will be worn again with skirts of harmonious color.

Lady cloth comes out under two new names—draps des dames when plain woven and Wales cloth, in compliment to the Princess of Wales, when woven entravers. A glove finish and softness of texture that is given it this year is admirable. In all the colors of the season, including the elephant and pas[illegible] gray, the new Judic shades of red, Russian green and czar brown, the Wales cloth and draps des dames are recommended for suits that may be utilized for shopping, business, driving and traveling costumes, when something more elegant and costly than cheviot is demanded.

ART AND ARTISTS.

There were 311 books on art published in English last year.

George Simonds of London is at work on a marble bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Asher B. Durand, the oldest of American painters, has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday.

The Art Loan Exhibition in Detroit, for which a building was erected in the principal part of the city, opened September 1st, with four thousand choice works from private collections.

Franklin Simmons' statue of Oliver P. Morton has been cast in bronze at Munich, and will be received in Indianapolis about October 1st. It will there be set up in the center of Circle park, facing toward the south.

Mr. Millais, the famous English artist, has taken the Murthly shootings, near Dunkeld, from Sir A. D. Stewart. Mr. Millais lives in a very pretty shooting lodge near the banks of the Tay, in which he has a long and excellent stretch of salmon fishing.

Yet another great artist is dead. Louis Edward Dubufe succumbed recently at Versailles, to a long and painful illness at the age of sixty-three. The son of Claude Dubufe, himself a painter and the last representative of the David school, he was the pupil of his father and of Paul Delaroche, and first exhibited in public in the salon of 1880. He took to portrait painting, a branch of the art in which he was pre-eminent, in 1848, and, among others, painted the portraits of Jules Janin, the Empress Eugenie, Rosa Bonheur, General Fleury and Dumas the younger. Dubufe's son is also an artist of some distinction.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

Grand Opening at Hildebrand & Andersen's.

On Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 25th and 26th, an event will take place at the leading millinery store of Portland that will long be remembered by the ladies of this state. On the above dates the grand opening of this fall and winter millinery will take place at Hildebrand & Andersen's, in Ainsworth block, corner Third and Oak streets. We do not wish to excite undue eagerness in the minds of our lady readers, but we will say this much, that they will see such a display of millinery there as was never seen in this city before. Mrs. Hildebrand returned recently from San Francisco, where she has been for some time engaged in selecting a stock that will eclipse any former effort of theirs, and excel in beauty, variety and elegance anything ever exhibited in the northwest. Mrs. Hildebrand and Miss Andersen are acknowledged as having the most refined taste in making selections, and this coupled with the fact that they have profited by a long experience in the trade, has placed them in the lead in this city. No cards will be issued by them this season, but all the ladies of Portland and vicinity are invited to call on next Tuesday and Wednesday and inspect one of the most beautiful stocks of millinery and millinery goods that has ever delighted their hearts. Especial attention is called to their elegant stock of imported bonnets, also feathers, flowers, ribbons, velvets, etc., including all the late novelties and newest styles in everything pertaining to the trade.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

DEEDS.

E. J. and A. E. Haight to H. S. Sypher, L 13 4 B 3, Albina Homestead, Sept. 20, 1883—$400.

W. Stevens to W. Stevens, S ½ E ½ Alexander Brown's D L C, Sept. 21, 1883—$5.

Nancy J. Brown to W. Stevens, part Alexander Brown's D L C, Oct. 25, 1864—$5.

FINE PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Gardner Bros. 165 First street between Morrison and Yamhill, Portland, are the largest dealers in the instruments in the northwest. The "Little Giant" [illegible] piano sold by them is the wonder of the age, and is in great demand, especially among music teachers. They have a large variety of pianos, organs and musical merchandise, which they will sell wholesale and retail.

R. B. LITT

Of late, when asked why he don't use printers' ink so much as formerly, answers, "I have some great points in view, and very shortly no doubt every paper in the northwest will have some startling news."

JUST THINK OF IT!

Children's Suits $2.50; Ladies' Suits $12, worth $20, at Mozart's Cloak and Suit house, 73 Morrison street, between Third and Fourth.

Dr. L. M. G. McPheeters of Bloomington, Ind., writes: "*Samaritan Nervine cures fits.*"

FREE LIBRARIES.

To THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 22.

Portland does an immense amount of celebrating and advertising of the resources of the northwest, but to a stranger it looks as if Oregon in general and Portland in particular were very backward in free libraries. Neither Portland or Salem, and I question if any town in Oregon has a free library worthy of the name. It is one of the evidences of progress and civilization for a town or city to have a place where a young man can see the literature of the day and not be forced to go to some saloon to spend his time. A free library in a city does more for temperance, law, order and religion than an expensive series of celebrations, however magnificent. A free library in a town shows that people there are not asleep or dead, and counts with eastern people more than Oregonian generally seem to be aware of. In your sister state of California the state gives support to a free library in every town over 10,000 inhabitants. Why not Oregon?

A. D. CRIDGE.

[The writer of the above is evidently in earnest, but is rather hasty in style, and no doubt feels the need of an institution, the absence of which he deplores. True, Portland pays for celebrations and other means of advertising her resources, but the very fact that she does pay for them should be received with favor by our friend, for such advertising is what brings eastern people to our city and makes our friend's coveted free library nearer of realization. The need of a free library in Portland is not a pressing one. The profusion of cheap editions of all standard works will enable any person to secure the milk of literature, and the small sum of $1 a month donated to our public library will enable one to secure the cream. There is work here at good wages for every man in health, and none should grumble at a charge which is devoted to the preservation and increase of our libraries. When the proper time arrives Portland will have a free library but Mr. Cridge must allow our citizens to be the judges as to that time. If they have to pay the bills. It will probably benefit Portland as much to spend money in celebrations as in buying books for any one who is too helpless or shiftless to pay $1 per month for the use of a good library. One good book which a man has earned and has for his own will do him more good than a dozen furnished to him gratuitously.]

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Portland Library:

Underground City; or, the Child of the Cavern, by Jules Verne, translated by W. H. G. Kingston.

Across Chryse, being the narrative of a journey of exploration through the south China border land from Canton to Mandalay by Archibald R. Colquhoun, with three specially prepared maps, thirty fac-similes of native drawings and 300 illustrations, chiefly from original photographs and sketches. Two volumes, 1883.

American Commonwealths; Virginia. A history of the people, by John Esten Cooke.

Thicker Than Water, a novel by James Payn.

In the Carquinez Woods, by Bret Harte.

Morley's Universal Library Chronicle of the Cid from the Spanish by Robert Southey, with an introduction by Henry Morley.

English Men of Letters, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Mrs. Oliphant.

The Clyffords of Clyffe, by the author of Lost Sir Massingberd.

Lost Sir Massingberd, by James Payne.

Lady Edith; or, Alton Towers, by Thomas P. May.

Self Sacrifice, a novel, by the author of Margaret Maitland.

Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople by Emmeline Lott, late governess to his royal highness the Grand Pasha Ibrahim, son of his Highness Ismail Pasha, viceroy of Egypt.

The Story of Millicent, a novel by Taye Madoc.

Anybow Stories, Moral and Otherwise, by Mrs. W. H. Clifford.

Lindsay's Luck, a Love Story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Sport and Work in the Nepaul Frontier; or, Twelve years Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter, by Maori, London.

A Modern European Tour, being a collection of superb photographs: 1, Nuremberg; 2, Heidelberg; 3, Lake Constance; 4, Frankfort on the Maine; 4, Lurli Rocks; 6 Ehrenbreitstein; 7, Castle of Stolzenfels; 8, Castle of Rheinstein; 9, Castle of Rheinfels; 10, Bingen; 11, Versailles; 12, Luxembourg Palace; 13 Champs Elysees; 14, Bois Boulogne; 15, Fontainbleau; 16, Paris; 17, Paris; 18, Nice; 19 Grand Opera House; 20 Cologne Cathedral.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Judge Thornton, of Salem, presented to the library about twenty-five readable volumes on various subjects.

The school term has opened with a larger attendance than last year. The classes are all large, especially those beginning the classical course.

The first meetings of the College Christian Association have been so largely attended that it will probably be necessary soon to meet in a larger room than the accustomed place of meeting.

Professor Starr, Captain Powell of Dayton, Ed. Buckley and Ed. Belknap have recently made valuable contributions to the department of natural history. The collection given by Professor Starr is valued at $150.

Rev. Wm. G. Simpson, of Eugene City, has donated to the university cabinet many valuable specimens of mineral ore collected by him from the Nevada mines while he was preaching in Virginia City. He also sent a spoon made from ox horn, brought from the Highlands of Scotland, where such spoons are much in use.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship Columbia sailed from San Francisco for Portland, yesterday morning, with the following passengers:

C H Smith
O Hazelwood
F H Osgood
F Hall
C M Stewart & dau
E Frank & wife
H Davenport
M Davenport
Mrs F M Ashley & son
E Lewis
H Garlick
F Neill
J Callan
Jas M Yunker
Mrs W H McDoel & dau
Mrs Seaton
C H Clark
W M Wallace
Capt W B Buchanan
M S Feinberg
J P Marshall
N Diamond
H S Parker
A Meier
J Gelling
W Morrow
Capt E P Ewers wf & son
A Wolf
G Wolf & wife
S H Roberts & sister
F J Carrier and wife
Mrs J G Pope
Mrs Graham
Mrs G L Howe
L Backenberger wf&2 chl
Mrs O Meisenberger&4 chl
Miss M Whelan
Mrs T B Merry
Mrs M O Whelan
Fannie Mair
Miss A Kline
E H Miller & wife
S McDowell & wife
A T Metcalf
Mrs S A Burrows dau&chl
G McDonald
E J Kinsella
F W Pasely
A F Kurr & wife
Capt Donald McKay
A J Adams & wife
R S Branham
J L Hall
J E Grunvalt
Mrs H H Powell & child
Hattie Sampson
Mrs West & niece
L Webb & wife
T Bennett
H Craig
W F Lessman
R A Brownlee
Miss M Ferrell
Mrs Col Fry
S E Knowland
H Everding & wife
Mrs J A Chapman & dau
Mrs Haskell
J Selling & wife
P Frank & wife
Mrs W P Haskel & 2 ch
J Knowland
L H Schwab
J H Roberts
W W Woodcock wf & ch
J L Sperry
C H Gary
G L Dickerson
G Kellogg
W J Landee
E F Adams
T J Imbrie
Mrs Wiedler & son
Mrs F Robertson
Mrs I P Howe
J W Rowe & wife
Mrs C McGinn & son
F Napton
H P Napton
H Spaulding
G G Parris
F F Barnes wife and child
R Baker and wife
Miss Gordon
A L Webb & wife
J S McMean
W L McMeen
O W White
J T Bigger
E Werner
E Robinson
R Andrees
Lam Tung
O Bise
J K Minear
W Freeman
H Schauder
C Stoher
G E Shadbolt
W W Wallace
J Shonisson
L M Adams
Miss A Miller
J Cass & wife
J Hume
C E Hughes
Miss M Holladay
S Lauder
J Fitzgerald & wife
W Lambert

BALTIMORE, MD.—Rev. W. H. Chapman says: "I deem Brown's Iron Bitters a most valuable tonic for general ill-health."

Dr. Harry Lane

Still has his office with Dr. J. A. Chapman, corner First and Alder streets.

At Litt's—50 reliable dressmakers wanted to take work home; must bring references.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

Death of the Well-Known Actor and Theatrical Manager.

Junius Brutus Booth, who died recently at his residence, the Masconomo House, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., was the eldest son of the famous tragedian of the same name. He had been identified with the California stage from its inception. Deceased arrived here with his first wife, Mary (a sister of Ben de Bar), as early as July 28, 1851, when the city was in ashes from one of the destructive conflagrations, a series of which occurred about that time, and immediately left for Sacramento, where he played an engagement at the Tehama theater, then under the management of J. H. McCabe, Esq. After much hard work, and making a good deal of money, he returned east on September 11 1854, and came back to California March 3, 1855. His first wife died here August 28, 1859. From that time up to about 1864, he devoted himself to his profession with untiring energy, and in the meantime, conceived a strong attachment for Agnes Land-Perry (widow of the famous melo-dramatic actor, Harry Perry), whom he married about February, 1867, during his second trip east. From all accounts Mr. Booth's second marriage was much more happy than the first. When Agnes Land-Booth came to this city in 1874, to play a star engagement at the California, her husband accompanied her, but expressed much disappointment at the changed social condition of the city. "Ah," he said, with a long-drawn sigh, "the people of San Francisco used to be like one family. Now the place is like New York; no one cares for the other." Mrs. Booth's ill-success in the engagement had probably something to do with this sentiment. With the exception of a flying trip a few years ago, to dispose of some property on Montgomery street, of which Mr. David C. Anderson was agent, this was the last time Mr. Booth was seen in the city of his first love. He did but little acting in his later years, devoting his attention to the seaside hotel, where he died, and which was the remains of a once ample fortune. Deceased was a very handsome man in his younger manhood, with a tendency to portliness in maturer years. He had the true Booth head and face, and particularly the flashing and expressive black eyes. Quite uneven as an actor, he never rose to greatness, and often fell below mediocrity. At the same time he was a great popular favorite—the talismanic name he bore being the chief reason for this. He was fond of athletic exercises, and his name stands in the archives of the Olympic club as one of the most distinguished members. Mr. Booth occasionally tried management himself, in partnership with Baker, Phillips and others of the old timers who have preceded him to the world of shadows; but his disposition was not to take risks of any kind. He preferred to be on the safe side and work for a salary—always a munificent one. Thomas Maguire was his manager nearly all the time he was in California, and, if memory serves, brought him to this state originally. His age was between 50 and 60. He was responsible as a professional and sincere as a friend.

THE MODERN PICNIC.

"You must wake and call me early; call me early, mother dear;
For our association starts its picnic from the pier,
We've a couple of lads to dance, mother, and a dozen or so to spar,
And I'm to run the bar, mother, and I'm to run the bar.

"The boys are perfect gents, mother, though they are fond of getting high;
So, just wrap up the cartridges and pistols with the pie.
If any Sunday schools, mother, should picnic thereabout,
We're able to knock 'em out, mother, we're able to knock 'em out.

"Of course, there will be rows, mother; if there wasn't it would be queer;
When I serve them all with mugs of froth where they're called aloud for beer.
But what can you expect, mother, when a couple of hundred meet,
Who would rather fight than eat, mother, who would rather fight than eat?

"If I shouldn't come home at all, mother, through being a bit too game,
Just work the hospital list, mother, until you find my name;
Or else at the station-house; though the cops would hardly dare,
Yet you'll possibly find me there, mother, you'll possibly find me there. —*New York Sun.*

A Lord's Experience in Arkansas.

Lord Higgleton, who came to Arkansas with a view to the purchase of a large tract of timber land, does not like certain social conditions which he found in the remote regions where the steam whistle has never disturbed the quiet of the squatter.

Some time ago while riding along through the woods, he lost the pretense of a road he had been attempting to follow. Night came, bringing with it a heavy black cloud from which a torrent of rain began to pour. Just as he had despaired of finding a place of shelter, he saw a small light gleaming among the trees. Guiding his horse in that direction, he soon came to a fence surrounding a small house.

"Say, my good man," he called.

"You bet I'm a good man," replied some one, opening the door. "I'm counted the best man in this community. No longer than yesterday I flung Abe Nuckle. Don't know Abe, I reckin?"

"No, I am not acquainted in this country," and, thinking to impress the man with his rank, which in America he [illegible] was always toadied to, he added: "I am [illegible]—"

"The devil you say. The [illegible] you air a stranger here. Jule," [illegible] his wife, "git up. The Lord's out h[illegible]"

"You don't understand [illegible] the earl of Higgleton, waiting for an inv[illegible] before dismounting. "I say I am the Lord—"

"Oh, yes, I un'erstand. Ain't been much acquainted with yer in the past, but I reckin I kin make up fur lost time in the futur'."

"I am as wet as a drowned rat, don't you know—"

"Don't know, podner—'scuse the familiarity—but I have reason ter jedge that yer air. Never seed a man that could stay out in the rain without gittin' sorter damp."

"Look here, I'm tired of this foolishness."

"I'm lookin' thar, but I kain't see nuthin'."

"Well, blarst your bloody hide, havn't you got enough sense to ask a man in out of the rain?"

"Reckin I've got the sense, but I ain't got a bloody hide, an' it would take a good 'un to bloody it. If yer don't believe it jus' slip shuck yerself."

"No use, you know, to talk to me that way. I am a graduate of a boxing academy."

"Yes, an' I split rails fer ten years. I carry a maul in one sleeve and a handspike in the other, an' a wedge on top o' my head."

"You, pap," called the woman, "let the man alone. Didn't he say that he was the Lord, or suthin' o' the sort?"

"I ain't a goin' to pester him, lessen he ags it on, but I don't care if he's Gineral Jackson, much less the Lord, he can't tamper with me."

"You persist in misconstruing what I say," said Lord Higgleton.

"Jule, did yer hear that word? Blamed if I don't think he is a sort of a lord."

"I want to come into your house and dry myself by the fire."

"Then come on, fur you are as welcome as the fresh air in June. Come in, sir," he added as the stranger approached; "you didn't say that you wanted to come in."

"But you might have known that I did."

"Yes, but I never try ter 'tend ter other folk's business. It was norated aroun' this neighborhood once that I could whip the devil, an' when you said yer was the Lord I didn't know but yer wanted a little fun. Make yerself at home, sir. Jule, git the jug."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

I WONDER.

He kissed me—and I knew 'twas wrong
For he was neither kith nor kin.
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that was not right;
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It was not for a moment quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know,
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too—I think

But, after all, I'm not to blame,
He took the kiss; I think men
Are born without a sense of shame;
I wonder when he'll come again!
—*American Queen.*

Sitting Bull on Custer's Last Fight.

Sitting Bull, who has lung disease and fears that he may not live long, said to a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*: "I don't know how to speak to the white people. We were once enemies, but now are friends. I was not in the fight with Custer, being in my camp over the hill; but I commanded there with my chiefs. I do not know who killed Custer, nor do any of my braves, because we knew that he wore long hair. We afterward learned of his death, and that a few days before the battle he cut off his hair. One of my men got his buckskin coat, but the brave has since died and been buried in it. This is all I know about the battle."

Worth Knowing—It has completed and Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier sells more rapidly than ever; everyone takes it; all praise it. Oregon's product, Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. Be wise, be healthy and be happy for $1 the bottle.

DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES.

Two Women Reported Burned to Death—Large Amount of Property Destroyed.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

TROUTDALE, Sept. 22.—The woods between here and Rooster Rock are all on fire. There is great destruction done to property. The fire is raging yet and, fanned by a heavy east wind, is sweeping everything before it. The following is a list of those burned out, as far as can be ascertained: Jim Dever, barn; Alders house and barn; Floss, barn; J. A. Bulbert, two barns; school house; Wik[illegible] house; Mrs. Dressell's house; Beamont's house; Littlepage's barn; Hedrick's house. News has not been received from Powell's valley. A very heavy fire is raging in the timber there, and a strong wind prevailing. E. Fitzgerald's house and barn have been destroyed; also, Heasley and [illegible], two houses and two barns; Mitchell house and barn. The above are a total loss. Near here a man named Brown had all his fences burned. J. M. Stott has about a mile of fence burned. It is also reported here that two women have been burned to death in Powell's valley. There are no particulars furnished. At present it is simply impossible to estimate the loss. So far as known there is no insurance. It is not known how the fire first got started. It is also reported that a heavy fire is raging on the mountains on the Washington territory side, in the Washougal country, and that several settlers have been burned out. Passengers arriving by the O. R. and N. Co.'s road last evening report that the telegraph poles between Sandy and the Cascades were burning. Telegraph communication will probably be interrupted for a time.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Scandinavian Baptist church, corner of Caruthers and Sixth streets. Services 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by Rev. G. Liljeroth.

St. Stephen's Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth. Service this day at 11, with sermon by Bishop Morris; also at half past three. Seats free.

Services at the M. E. church corner Hall and Sixth streets, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:30 o'clock P. M.; Rev. T. L. Sails pastor. A cordial invitation to all.

Scandinavian M. E. church corner of South Twelfth and I streets, Rev. O. J. Larsen, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30.

First Baptist church—Preaching by Rev. I. W. Hayhurst, late of La Crosse, Wis., to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 11 o'clock. Friends invited; seats free. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. No service in the evening.

Unitarian church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh streets, T. L. Eliot, pastor. Services at 11 and 7:30. The public is invited to all services. All sittings are free. Theme of the evening service: "The kingdom of common things."

Christian Church—Corner East Park and Columbia. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock, and evening service at 7:45 o'clock. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock P. M. All are invited. Clark Davis, pastor.

Taylor-street M. E. church—Rev. Geo. W. Izer, pastor. Preaching services by the pastor at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:45 P. M. Praise meeting conducted by the Y. P. A. at 6:30 P. M. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the Rev. W. O. Forbes of New Jersey. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. All pews free, and with congregational singing an earnest effort is made to make all feel at home.

First Presbyterian church—Corner of Washington and Third streets, A. L. Lindsley pastor. Services morning and evening, Sabbath school at 12:30, Lecture and prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Strangers and young men specially invited, and all comers made welcome.

The German Evangelical Reformed Congregation—Divine service at the church, Ninth and Stark streets, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 P. M. at the Odd Fellows' hall, East Portland. Rev. J. Gantenbein, pastor.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at 105½ First street (upstairs, Room No. 5, over Prentice's music store) between Washington and Stark streets. Mr. R. C. Bingley will give a lecture on Sunday at 11 A. M. Subject, "The creation of the new heaven and earth." Seats free; no collection. Please bring your bibles.

First Congregational church—Corner of Second and Jefferson streets; service to-morrow at 11 A. M., and 7:45 P. M., preaching by the pastor, Dr. Frederick R. Marvin. Morning subject, "What is true religion?" Evening subject: "Facing the east wind." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 7 P. M.

A. M. E. Zion church corner Main and Eleventh streets, Rev. T. B. Reed, pastor—Services every Sabbath 10:45 A. M.; 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, prayer meeting. Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock, Henry Highland Garnet Musical and Literary Association. All are cordially invited to attend; especially invitations to strangers and visitors to this city.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

M. E. Church, Rev. S. P. Wilson, pastor.—Regular services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M.

United Brethren church, Rev. G. Bickafoos, pastor.—Regular services at Ross & Story's hall to-morrow at 11 A. M. No evening service.

St. David's (Episcopal) church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector.—Services to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:45.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and J streets.—Service to-morrow at 11 A. M. by the pastor, Rev. D. O. Ghormley; dedicatory service at 3 P. M., with sermon by Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D. Rev. R. W. Hill, of Salem, will also assist at the dedicatory service. Sabbath school at 12:30. No evening service.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT.

SATURDAY, Sept. 22.

State of Oregon vs. Albert H Babcock—Plea of not guilty.

State of Oregon vs. China Charley—Plea of guilty; sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

State of Oregon vs. Jean Oliver and Sam Bushlight—Arraigned, and Geo. W. Yocum appointed attorney; Monday to plead.

Waterford & Holman vs. Cool & Whitney—Report of referee and exception thereto submitted.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

Sam, Bushlight—Larceny; dismissed.

Gertrude Howard—Raising disturbance; dismissed.

Fred. Howard—Abusive language; dismissed.

W. W. Rivers—Peddling without a license; fined $10.

Ah Chung—Fighting; fined $5.0

Ah Wong and Ah Lucy—Fighting; continued to 24th.

P. Hanciet and A. Colson—Fighting; forfeited bail of $10 each.

Joseph Downe and Wm. Smith—Sleeping in cars; fined $10 each

Yat Lee—Assault and battery; fined $10.

Lewey Jabo—Assault and battery; seventy days in jail.

Henry Harriott—Same; fined $25.

Gwong Foup—Assault and battery. On trial.

Chas. McDonald—Defacing a building. Continued to the 24th.

John Rodgers—Rape. Waived examination.

Albert Reynolds—Larceny. Continued to the 24th.

L. Nevill's.—Profane language. Fined $10

John Gallagher and Geo. Doherty.—Fighting. Fined $10.

Geo. Zeigler.—Committing a nuisance. Fifteen days in jail.

Wm. King, Henry Harrott, James Quail, Lewis Berry, A. Donovan, Thos. Reed, Pat McGinnis, Chas. Erickson, John McClure.—Drunk and disorderly. Fined $10 each.

Frank Daley.—Same. Twenty days in jail.

Rich Marry, Wm. Paire, Pieere F. Harris.—Same. Forfeit bail of $10 each.

JUSTICE COURT—SOUTH PORTLAND PRECINCT.

State of Oregon vs. Ah Yen—Waived examination, and bound over to await action of the grand jury.

State of Oregon vs. Fred. Love—Seven o'clock to-night to plead.

NORTH PORTLAND PRECINCT.

Mary Reed vs John Dennis—Suit for $18.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Oakland, California on the morning of the 22d of September, 1883, at the residence of her grandson, George J. Ainsworth, Esq., Mrs. Eliza Ainsworth, in the 73d year of her age.

[Mrs. Ainsworth was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1811. Her son, Capt. J. C. Ainsworth having established himself in Oregon and adopted it as his home for the future, sent east for his mother by the Hon. Amory Holbrook, then United States district attorney for Oregon, who returned to Massachusetts for his family in December, 1851.

Mr. Holbrook returned to Oregon in February, 1852, bringing under his care Mrs. Ainsworth, Mrs. John H. Couch and her three eldest daughters, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. C. H. Lewis and Mrs. Dr. Glisan) and his own family. Mrs. Ainsworth was a woman of great strength of character, combined with very quick and tender sensibilities. During the whole of her thirty years' residence in Oregon her marked influence as a Christian has been felt even beyond the constantly widening circle of those who knew and valued her personally. She was one of the originators of the Ladies' Relief Society of this city in April, 1867, and her interest in that society and her membership in it she continued to retain even after her removal to California in 1881, and up to the present time. She was one of the members of the First Presbyterian church in this city at its organization, and was also one to assist in the formation of Calvary church, the first offshoot from the mother church. Mrs. Ainsworth's name is greatly beloved and revered by many in Oregon—her record is on high.

M. H. H.

PORTLAND, Sept. 23, 1883.

A Hint to Evolutionists.

Kate Foote in the Independent.

The lobster has some ways in which he is far superior to man. If a man has to lose a leg or arm it is gone forever. But when he is so unlucky, the lobster thriftily starts another at once and only suffers a temporary disability. There is matter for profound reflection here. The order of articulates all have this acuity, and it is a pity we lose it as one goes higher up in the scale. Natural selection ought always to retain the desirable habits of whatever stage it passes through, and we ought to have a reformation in this respect. How charming a thing it would be for a warlike race, such as the Anglo-Saxon is, if we could sprout an other member for the one that a cannon ball or a piece of shell has carried away. Evolutionists who have the real good of the race at heart ought to turn their attention to this, find the spot where in the rising scale this habit was lost, and go back to that. Rising and coming generations would surely bless them for the discovery.

CASTLE GARDEN VULTURES.

Vicious People Who Prey on Newly Arrived Emigrants—Men, Women and Girls Abducted.

N. Y. World, Sept. 9.

Mysterious disappearances of immigrants at Castle Garden have always caused the emigration authorities much trouble, and special detective Groden, whose duty it is to trace the missing parties, finds plenty of work to do. His discoveries during his searches prove that the persons missing from the garden have not wandered away of their own accord, but have been enticed by a combination or clique of persons who hover about the battery night and day, and endeavor to entrap every innocent immigrant who happens to cross their path. Men, women and children are abducted by these blacklegs, and all are put to a special use, for which the procurers, as they are called, receive handsome rewards.

The most recent case where a full-grown, able-bodied man was abducted occurred last March. The person is now free from his captors and is employed as a farm hand in the neighborhood of Newark, N. J. He visited the garden on Tuesday last in quest of his wife, who had arrived a few days previous on the steamer Celtic from Liverpool, and, strange to say, she had disappeared in a manner similar to his own.

In conversation with a reporter of the *World* the man said: "My name is Hosea McDonald, and I arrived here about the 14th of last March on one of the Anchor line steamers from Glasgow. I left my wife at home, but intended to send for her as soon as I could earn enough in America to establish a home for myself and children. I had the address of my present employer, John Aldrich, who has a large farm a few miles beyond Newark, N. J., and on the evening of my arrival I started out for my destination. I had a few shillings in my pocket and my ticket to Newark when I started up West street for Jersey City. When near the ferry I was accosted by a dashily dressed, but brutal looking man, who inquired my business and finally asked me whether I would not like to earn $80 a month, my board included, on a farm in Long Island. Dazzled by his offer I took it up, as I knew that my pay at the Aldrich farm would amount to a mere nothing in comparison with $80 per month and board. We entered a saloon, where my alleged friend wrote a telegram and a boy was procured to take it to the telegraph office. A few moments later, during which I drank some, a carriage drove up and we stepped in, and, stopping first at Castle Garden to get my baggage, we went to Brooklyn and took a train for Merrick, L. I. We reached there about two hours later and found a carriage awaiting us.

OUT ON THE FARM.

"After a drive of over two hours we arrived at a dingy looking farm-house. The people—a man, his wife and three men whom he said were his sons—were waiting for us, although it was long after midnight. Next morning I was given a breakfast of bread and water, and I tried to engage the people in conversation, but they would not talk. I did nothing all that day, but on the following day a sullen looking man drove up to the house, and after a long talk, during which I was up stairs, I was ordered to get ready to accompany the new arrival. Well, to cut a long story short, I went to this man's farm, about five miles distant, worked three months for nothing, was horribly treated, poorly fed, and I ran away, and after three weeks of tramping I reached this city, and finally reached the farm where I am at present employed."

An attempt to discover the man who had employed him proved fruitless.

In July last McDonald sent for his wife, Margaret, who arrived here the 24th inst., and mysteriously disappeared two days later. On Friday last she turned up at the garden and told a story of abduction by two men and a woman, for whom Detective Groden is now searching.

MRS. MCDONALD'S ADVENTURE.

Margaret is thirty-eight years old, by no means handsome, is buxom and strong, and generally is the last person one would think of abducting. She said she went outside the garden on Sunday afternoon, to take a look around, intending to return in a few moments. She had just entered the park when a pleasant faced woman approached her and spoke very kindly, inquiring about her native land. During the conversation they walked along, the woman saying that she had friends in Edinburgh, Scotland, near which city Mrs. McDonald had resided. When near Bowling Green two men met them, whom the strange woman knew, and Mrs. McDonald was induced by the three to take a walk up Broadway. When near Rector street a ride on the elevated road was next taken. Mrs. McDonald believes she was drugged on the train, as she says she remembers nothing until the following morning, when she was awakened by a hideous looking woman, who told her to go down stairs and do her work. She was held a prisoner in the house until last Thursday night, when she managed to escape. She says she was obliged to work very hard, but that they promised her good wages. Had it not been for her husband she says she would have stayed at the house, owing to the promises of large pay. On Saturday morning the husband called for his wife at the garden, having been notified of her arrival, and reunited they started for Newark.

A YOUNG GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

The cases of the abduction of young girls are not as frequent as they were a few years ago, the authorities at the garden and the battery police being exceedingly watchful of those who arrive without protectors and wait at the garden for friends. Now and then, however, some young and comely girl disappears. They are generally found in the dens of the Bowery and other neighborhoods equally vile, where they are detained as prisoners. Seldom it is that these abducted creatures are found above Canal street.

The latest case of this character occurred early last May. The person was Sarah McLaughlin, a comely Irish girl, 16 years old, who arrived on a Cunard steamer and intended to push on unaccompanied for Lynn, Conn., where her uncle, Dennis McLaughlin, lives. Sarah disappeared on the day of her arrival and nothing was heard of her until late in June last, when Mr. Groden discovered her in a dirty cellar-dive on Chatham street. Sarah was weak and exhausted when taken to Castle Garden and told a pitiful story of her abuse and suffering. She had been accosted by a young man who talked pleasantly and offered to escort her to the depot where she could take an early train for Lynn. She innocently accompanied him and was forced to enter the dive with him, where she was detained a prisoner. Her uncle refused to prosecute the owners of the dive and the matter was hushed up for the sake of his niece.

Detective Poppe, who held the position three years now held by Groden, was a most efficient officer, and some of his reminiscences are intensely interesting. His most exciting adventure with the abductors of young girls, who were particularly bold during his time, occurred in 1880, the circumstances of which have never been published. It was in June of that year, upon the arrival of a French line steamer, that Mme. Vicquot, then connected with a French charitable institution in this city, arrived from Havre, having under her care four young French girls, ranging from the ages of 18 to 23 years. The girls were all comely, and had been brought here by Mme. Vicquot to act as nurses for the patients treated by the society to which she belonged. They had passed registry at Castle Garden, and were nearing the gate to pass out into the street when Mme. Vicquot recognized a friend in the information office, and, telling the girls to go on and she would catch up to them, went in to speak to her acquaintance. She was engaged in conversation about five minutes, and then hurried after the girls, but did not gain sight of them.

FOUR GIRLS DISAPPEAR.

Finally she told Detective Poppe, who was standing near, told the story quickly, and the two began a search for the girls. By diligent inquiry Poppe learned that two of the girls were seen going down Beaver street, from Broadway, accompanied by one man. He followed and caught sight of them near William street. Before he caught up to them the man put the two girls in a carriage, spoke a few words to the driver, and jumping inside slammed the door. The carriage drove off at a rapid rate just as Poppe was in half a block of his man. He quickly secured a cab and followed the carriage, which was kept in sight until Chatham square was reached, when it was lost. The detective searched through the dives in the neighborhood without success. A week later an anonymous letter was received at the garden stating that one of the girls was an inmate of a house on Greene street, and from there she was rescued. Nothing has been heard since then from the other three girls, but it is believed that they are somewhere in this city.

WHAT MR. JACKSON SAYS.

"We have had no real cases of abduction of late," said Superintendent Jackson to a reporter of the *World*. "We have succeeded pretty well in driving these fellows away from the battery. Now and then one or two of these people entice an innocent immigrant away, but we generally capture them before they have gone far. The only danger to fear now is the tricks of these persons. Recently a fashionably dressed female entered the labor bureau and, picking out a good-looking German girl from the applicants for domestic positions, gave her name as Mrs. Smith, No. 324 East Ninth street, and took the girl away. A few days later a brother of the girl called for her and we referred him to the address given. He came back soon after and informed us that no such family resided there. What has become of the girl it is difficult to say, but she has vanished. Some months ago a woman hired a girl at the labor bureau for a hotel. Accidentally one of our detectives found the girl in a house up town. We had the woman arrested and she is now serving a term in jail for that trick. I think in time we shall be able to drive them all away. Our gatemen will not allow any one to leave the garden unless they are able to protect themselves, and unusual care is taken in the bureau to prevent tricksters from securing any help."

A Fight Among the Brigands.

St. James Gazette.

The operations of a notorious brigand in Macedonia, by name Bilal Aga, have been brought to a close under somewhat remarkable circumstances. Bilal Aga was the leader of a band of twenty-four brigands, and for sometime past has been the terror of the caravans which go between Salonica and the interior. It was his practice to lie in ambush with his band in the difficult defiles of the mountains through which several of the main routes led, and to pounce down upon the caravans when there was the least chance of resistance or escape. He also diversified his proceedings occasionally by attacking and robbing travelers, whom he murdered when he happened to be in a bloodthirsty mood. He and his band held the whole district in terror; and although efforts were made by the authorities to capture them, they continued to exact their contributions with the utmost audacity until the other day, when trouble befell them from an unexpected quarter. There is another equally famous brigand in the district, by name Naum, also the leader of a band. Naum does not stick at trifles; but his disposition is rather more amiable than that of Bilal, and with a good-nature that does him credit he advised Bilal to spare the lives of certain rich villagers whom he had lately captured. Bilal disregarded this advice and killed the villagers. Naum was displeased at what he considered a personal insult to himself; and consequently a fight took place near the river Kaivantsa between the bands of the two brigands; the result being that the whole of Bilal's band was killed, while Naum only lost four men. Bilal himself escaped, but by the latest accounts Naum was close upon his heels.

Very Smart to Say the Least.

Newark Evening News.

Whether a grasping monopolist or not, Jay Gould, according to his own story, lifted himself out of the mud by his own suspenders.

NATCHEZ, Miss., Sept. 22.—[illegible] of Vidalia, La., was arrested to-day, charged with robbing a registered letter. Meng acknowledged his crime.

Consumptives call on your druggist and get a *free* Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery.

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

They were promptly put in irons, and on Saturday safely put ashore at Victoria again.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Railroad Man Murdered Near Kalama.

KALAMA, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—A railroad man named Young, in the employ of Montgomery & Co., on the Kalama branch, was found murdered opposite this

Ledger.

OTTUMWA, IA.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and I recommend its use to others."

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9. Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

Druggists and physicians recommend and prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all female complaints.

Walter H. Page, the southern writer, has started a weekly paper, the Chronicle, at Raleigh, North Carolina.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES, EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

sufficient to exert any appreciable [illegible]

The biennial session of the state legislature, which was held in the fall of 1882, was productive of many good results affecting the public interest. The board of trade submitted a clear, comprehensive and practical bill regulating pilotage in all its branches. The same effort has been made before and had been defeated; but this time we were successful and the bill

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

A CARD.

To all who are suffering [illegible]

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

When blackbirds twitter and thistledown
Floats feathery on the air;
And orchards are glittering with gold and brown,
And the harvest fields are bare;
And quails their coveys are calling
From thicket, and swamp and fen,
And leaves of autumn are falling
On mountain, in wood and glen,

Then I love to stroll by the meadows
'Neath the mild September sky,
With its flitting lights and shadows
That call forth a smile, or sigh,
And resemble lights, now shining
Through the misty lapse of time—
When each cloud had a silver lining,
And each bell had a silver chime.

For the autumn time brings me remembrance
Of shadowy forms long fled,
And I see in its fadings, resemblance
That calls back the buried dead;
The mother who gave me being;
"The baby"—my eyelids fill,
And my tender thoughts are fleeing
To "the graveyard" on the hill.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

ROMANCE OF RYDAL PLACE.

By E. W. P.

Aubrey Deane was always like a brother, and he was so regarded by my sister Gertie and myself, in our early years, although he was not even a distant relative.

I have an indistinct recollection of his being brought to my father's house by a stranger, who left a considerable sum of money and a sealed package—the latter to be kept until Aubrey was 21 years old, when it was to be given to him; in the meantime he was not to know of its existence.

The money was to be spent in giving him an education; when he was 21 he would find himself provided for. Aubrey was 5, just Gertie's age, and two years younger than myself, and I at once assumed the championship and guardianship of both.

Rydall Place was a grand old manor, comprising hundreds of acres, that lay adjoining my ancestral home. Its huge stone mansion, surrounded by stately elms and maples, had been tenantless for years—the Rydalls, in spite of all their wealth, had been unhappy, the family was broken and scattered. While visiting in Scotland, the only daughter had married beneath her station, no one seemed to know whom, since her haughty relatives never deigned to mention his name.

She never returned to her ancestral roof and was never again known to those who knew her in her childhood. With the laughter and smiles of Mary Rydall gone out of Rydall mansion, the sunlight seemed to have taken its departure too.

In a year or two the gray stone mansion was closed, and Squire Rydall and his wife and son went abroad. Two years later, and the news came back that both the squire and his wife were dead, and that Guy Rydall had determined to spend his life abroad; and Rydall Place was put in the hands of an agent to be leased.

Years passed, and there was no tenant in Rydall Place. The trees bloomed, the fruit ripened, and the seasons came and went; but there was the desolate silence of the wilderness throughout the grand old manor. The place soon got the reputation of being haunted, and the simple country folk grew shy of it.

A year after Aubrey had been added to our home circle it was given out that a tenant had been found for Rydall Place. "Who?" inquired all the neighbors and villagers. The agent could not fully answer the question. He only knew that Deidrick Ryerson was the name of the prospective occupant. Further than that he knew nothing—or, at least, revealed nothing.

For almost a week carts and wagons went back and forth between the mansion and the railway, removing carefully packed and covered furniture, immense boxes, and things without number.

The Ryersons were wealthy, that everyone could see, but further than that the most astute were doomed to disappointment. The family at last arrived with a large retinue of servants. Some of them were evidently persons of refinement, and all of them conversed in a foreign tongue. When the cartmen and the teamsters offered to unpack the goods and arrange them in their proper places, their well-meant offers were abruptly declined, and after being paid handsomely for their services, they were dismissed in a manner that even the dullest of them could comprehend as a request to keep away from Rydall Place for all time to come.

The neighbors flocked to greet the new comers and make them welcome, as was the custom, but they met with a strange reception. While not absolutely rejected, each one understood that his or her absence was preferable to his or her company. They met a tall, pale gentleman, somewhat bowed, and prematurely gray; a delicate lady with a beautiful face, but one marked with sadness, and a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl of five or six summers.

The servants were a curious lot, and, like their master and mistress, betrayed their foreign lineage. To the callers they spoke in broken English, but to themselves they spoke in some language unknown to the natives, but which was interpreted to be either Flemish or Dutch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson spoke English well, with a foreign accent, while the child spoke English like a native and the foreign tongue with equal fluency.

"We came here for seclusion," said Mr. Ryerson, "and we shall not trouble our neighbors."

This was invariably repeated to every caller, and the manner in which it was said left no doubt in the mind that the strangers did not want to be bothered by their neighbors.

As I still remember it, ours were a peculiar people. The singular rebuff that they received was philosophically taken, and by common consent the Ryersons were left alone in their glory and solitude. No one thought it necessary to inquire after them or even feel curious as to who or what they were. They were regarded as proud or crazy, or both, and our little community ignored them quite as entirely as they ignored the community.

Year after year passed away, and no member of the household ever left the manor. The servants went to the village and the railway when necessity required, but otherwise they, too, kept themselves secluded. Once a year the head servant—or so he appeared to be—went to the agent of Rydall place and paid the annual rental. He also superintended the purchase of family supplies, which showed that the hermits, as they were frequently called, knew the pleasures of good living. Where the money came from no one could conjecture. There was never a shilling's worth sold or exchanged from the manor. The Ryerson revenue must come from some mysterious source.

Every year, just before settling with the agent, "Old Clam"—the only name by which the steward or head waiter was known—went away, and returned after an absence of a week or ten days. Of course it was agreed that these excursions were to some hidden gold mine, and this idea was strengthened by the fact that he was always met on his return to the station with a close carriage, and two servants beside the driver. Whatever of baggage he had was carefully carried and placed inside the carriage, and the three sat guard over it.

The Ryersons were a mysterious family; that much was quite clear. There were all kinds of conjectures about them, and strange stories were told of their mysterious doings.

Ever and anon the old man was to be seen stalking about the grounds of the manor, with gun and dogs, and usually accompanied by a servant. The baying of dogs and the discharge of firearms might be heard almost every day.

No visitors ever came and inquired for the Ryersons, nor had a letter ever come or been sent by them through the village postoffice, although more than ten years had passed since they came to Rydall Place. The community at last settled down to the belief that Ryerson was a murderer, either in heart or act. He had grown to be a terror to all the youngsters in the community.

The manor was a perfect wilderness of fruit and nuts in their season, and running through it were three or four streams that were alive with fish. What was more natural than that the youngsters should poach where so much went to waste? But poaching was admitted to be dangerous, for there were not wanting plenty of instances in which Ryerson or some of his servants had fired on the intruders. At least they had heard firearms in their immediate vicinity while they were helping themselves to the bounties of the manor.

So far as Aubrey, Gertie and myself were concerned, we knew the danger from experience. We were a trio of wonderful fishers and whipped the brooks regularly. The brooks on Rydall Place were famous for their fish and many a fine basket did we secure clandestinely. We didn't more than half believe the stories of old Ryerson shooting people, but we encouraged the belief, since it would guard the brooks from the intrusion of others.

Still we never showed ourselves openly and kept as far away from the mansion as possible, and thus out of sight. But immunity made us reckless until finally we ventured along under the grassy banks within a hundred yards of the mansion.

One day I remember that we had gone far down the stream and were having famous luck, and had snared almost a hundred shining beauties. Keeping carefully under the bank and laughing to ourselves, we were in a paradise of sport.

Suddenly we heard the movements of some animal on the bank above us, followed by the short, sharp bark of a dog. The next instant there was the deafening roar of firearms, and a woodcock fluttered down on Gertie's head and fell dead at her feet. Poor Gertie uttered a piercing scream and fell lifeless, to all appearances.

Abandoning our fish and fishing tackle, Aubrey and I picked Gertie up in our arms and started to run with her. Glancing over our shoulders we saw a white haired old man gesticulating wildly, and heard him shouting to us. This only added to our fright, and we sped away under the elms and oaks at a speed that must have been marvelous, considering the burden that we bore between us. Nor did we slacken our pace until we reached the fence that divided Rydall place from my father's grounds. In some way that neither of us could ever recall, we got Gertie over the fence, and laid her on the soft grass, under a spreading maple. Blood was trickling from her face and bare arms and hands, while she was as pale as a dead person.

Aubrey dashed away to the spring and brought his hat full of water, which he sprinkled in her face. Her bosom heaved convulsively. Her blue eyes opened, and she sat upright.

"Oh, boys, are you both alive?" she exclaimed, looking about her with terror. "Where am I? How did we get here? Did he pursue us?" followed in quick succession.

We explained matters to her briefly, and then insisted on carrying her home.

"I am not hurt so badly as I thought," she said, "and I can walk well enough but where are the fish?"

"I suppose that old Blue Beard is taking them home, and the rods and lines along with him," said Aubrey ruefully.

"Well, that is too bad," replied Gertie. "Just to think what a nice lot of fish we have lost, and our best rods and lines along with them."

"So far as I am concerned I don't mind the loss, so you weren't killed," I returned.

"Don't let us stand here talking," urged Aubrey. "We had better get Gertie home and send for the doctor. We don't know how many shot struck her; and maybe the old Hessian will come up and pop away at us again, even if we are on our own grounds."

The bare suggestion sent us off on a trot, Aubrey and I supporting Gertie on either side. Our arrival at home was the signal for a grand uproar. One of the men was soon dashing away for the village physician, while mother had the hysterics over our narrow escape.

As for Gertie, she could not tell just how badly she was hurt, and declared that when the gun went off it "seemed to hit her all over," and that was the last she knew until she came to on the safe side of the fence. Father was not at home, and did not return for a month, and then he concluded not to take any action against Ryerson unless he again committed some overt act. He was not lacking in moral or personal courage, but dreaded to get into a controversy with a neighbor.

The doctor came and made a careful examination of the wounded Gertie, and, much to our surprise and relief, he decided that not a single shot had taken effect. The blood on her face and arms resulted from the scratches of briars and thorns, as she had been borne from the field of assault.

We told the story as connectedly as we could, and had to acknowledge that we had been poaching on the Rydall brooks, contrary to the orders of our parents. When we told of the rush of the dogs, the almost simultaneous shot, and the fluttering down of the woodcock on Gertie's head, the doctor and mother exchanged meaning glances, and they seemed to get an understanding of the matter that did not reach us. This, too, probably had something to do with father's refusal to take notice of the deadly assault. We were solemnly told, however, that we should take it as a warning, and never go poaching on the manor again. Gertie never did; but Aubrey and I organized and executed many secret expeditions against the enemy, and carried off a great deal of spoil in the shape of fish and fruits and nuts.

Aubrey vowed never to forgive Ryerson for shooting at Gertie, for, of course, we assumed that he had attempted to kill all three of us.

On many occasions we saw the enemy at a goodly distance, and once or twice we saw a graceful, girlish figure by his side, but neither of us got a glimpse at her face. Even her name was not known to the whole neighborhood, and no one ever seen her since the arrival of the family. She was "the Ryerson girl," and that was all, when she was referred to, and that was only when some one commiserated her lonely lot.

One day Aubrey had been wandering about the manor alone. He came back flushed and excited.

"I have learned her name," he said.

"Whose name?"

"Why, Ryerson's girl—I mean Miss Ryerson."

"And how did you learn it?"

"I was up along the chestnut slope where there is a quickset hedge—and on the opposite side there were the old gentleman and the young lady. I could not see them, but I could hear them distinctly, for they were not two yards distant. I wouldn't have played eavesdropper for the world if it had been anybody else, but with these people I don't think it matters so much. The old man didn't talk like a murderer, but was very kind spoken and gentle in tone. He called her Margery, and there seemed to be a tone of sadness in his voice when he told her that it was not time yet for him to explain why they lived apart from all the rest of the world, and why she had no companion except those of her own household.

"'I am old,' he said, 'and you are young. There is plenty of time for you to enjoy the companionship of others. It is but a little while until I shall be wrapped in endless solitude;' and then I heard her crying, and the old man was soothing and petting her."

From that hour there was a marked change in Aubrey Deane. That night, in our room, he told me he would never rest until he met Margery face to face.

"I have already fallen in love with her," he said.

In a week more he returned to college to finish his course—I having finished mine two years previously. I know that he had been seeking for Margery Ryerson every day, and had failed to find her, although he never opened his lips.

In due time he graduated with high honors and came back to his home. In half an hour after completing his greetings he was missing. Gertie and I knew where he had gone, for he had confided his secret to us both. Late in the evening he sauntered into the sitting room, looking weary and disappointed.

Every day for a month the same thing was repeated. At last he came home one day with a strange light in his eyes and joined Gertie and I under the broad elm that shadowed the western half of the lawn.

"I have met her at last," he said.

"And——"

"She is as beautiful as a dream."

"It must have been an adventure," exclaimed Gertie. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, for a month I have been wandering about the manor, trying to meet her, but always failed. To-day it occurred to me that I was a man grown, and the manly way was to go direct to the mansion and call upon them. To think was to act at once. I called at the mansion and was received, not exactly with a warm welcome, but with a courtly dignity, by the whole family. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson seemed startled when they saw me, and when I gave them my name it did not reassure them much. But Margery was all smiles and beauty, and how such an angel could have been brought up in such an oppressive solitude I cannot understand. True—as I learned—among the household retinue are three or four teachers, refined ladies and gentlemen, so that she has not been utterly destitute of companionship; but how they could be content to stay there is a great mystery to me. The old folks are not wicked—I know that—but they are certainly very sad about something or other. What I saw of the house is furnished like Aladdin's palace; there are paintings, statuary, tapestries and the like, in the most wonderful profusion. Margery, too, is an artist, and one of her pictures is so lifelike that you couldn't help but recognize it."

"What is it?"

"Two boys carrying a little girl between them in the foreground, while in the distance is an old man with a gun in his hand."

"Oh, they must all be very wicked!" exclaimed Gertie. "That is a picture of the shooting."

"I didn't know what to think when I saw the parlor, so I bluntly told Mr. Ryerson—in the absence of Margery and her mother—that I was one of the figures in it, and that I had always thought that there had been an attempt to murder. A look of deep pain came over his face, and then he told me at length all about it. His sole amusement for the past fifteen years had been to shoot game about the manor. That day he was hunting woodcock and was wholly unaware that we were fishing along the brook. His dog flushed a bird almost over our heads, and he shot it. When he saw us running so frantically he wanted to explain to us, but we would not stop and listen. Just then Margery came in again and confirmed the story and I believe it. She saw it all and made it the subject of a picture. But, to make a long story short, I asked permission to call again, and also to take you two and your father and mother."

"And what did Blue Beard say?"

"Don't call him Blue Beard any more, Gertie. He is a kindly, sorrow-burdened old man, whom we have all misunderstood. He hesitated for a moment, and then said that I might call again to-morrow and hear some things that he had to say and then if I felt like visiting them in the future and bringing my friends with me, I might do so. I am to call at two to-morrow afternoon."

"The mystery deepens," said Gertie half laughingly and half seriously.

An hour later Mr. Hovey, George Rydall's agent, called at the house to say that he had just received word that George Rydall was dead. He had fallen over a precipice in the Swiss Alps, and had been dashed to pieces.

"If Mary Rydall or her children are living," said Mr. Hovey, "the estate will go to them as George died unmarried and intestate. But Mary has never been heard from, and she can not probably be found, even if living. But I shall advertise for her or her heirs at once."

Just after the lamps had been lighted father came into the library with a dusty package of papers in his hand.

"Aubrey Deane," he said, in a rather constrained voice, "sixteen years ago to-day you were brought to this house by a stranger who said that it was your fifth birthday. He gave me this package, to be delivered to you on the day you were twenty-one years old. It will doubtless tell you more about yourself than any of us know. I would advise you to go to your room alone and break the seal. If it contains a secret that you would not care to have known, no one will press you to reveal it."

Aubrey took it and hurried upstairs, and we all sat in perfect silence. The very existence of this package had been unknown to Gertie and myself. We were quite prepared for a mystery, after having heard Aubrey's recital, and we were prepared to wonder but not to be startled at whatever might happen. Aubrey's room was directly overhead, and presently we heard him walking with rapid strides up and down. He would pause for a moment and then resume his walking. The four of us sat there, our suspense greatly deepened from the fact that none of us spoke, and there was nothing to divert our minds.

At length we heard Aubrey coming slowly down the stairs, and when he entered the door we were startled at his pale and changed features and his wild looks. He had in his hands several open papers.

"I know who I am," he began in a husky voice, "and I know who my ancestors were. Two hours ago the news brought by Mr. Hovey merely excited my curiosity. Ten minutes ago I learned that it made me sole master of Rydall place and all of its broad acres."

We grouped around him with ejaculations of surprise.

"Nor is that all; for I learned that I have a fortune in the Bank of London that would ransom a king—twenty-five thousand pounds at compound interest for seventeen years."

It began to sound like a story out of the Arabian Nights, and we all congratulated him.

"And I learned"—his voice was deep and he almost choked—"I learned that Deidrick Ryerson killed my father."

Gertie screamed hysterically and dropped into an easy chair, while Aubrey hastened to say:

"But I do not think he was to blame. I think I have learned to-night all that Deidrick Ryerson intended to tell me to-morrow; and as to Rydall place, probably more than he knows. But these papers will best explain the whole matter," said he, handing them to my father. "Please read them aloud, sir."

Father read them in the order they were marked—one, two, three—as follows:

"To MY SON, AUBREY DEANE—I am dying from a pistol shot received in a duel. Herr Deidrick Ryerson of the Prussian legation was my antagonist. He was not to blame, and it is my request that you hold him and his blameless. An enemy of mine, whom I supposed to be a friend, falsified Herr Ryerson, and accused him of casting reflections upon your mother's name. I challenged him and refused to listen to any explanation. We met, and I fired with intent to kill him. His own pistol accidentally exploded, and inflicted upon me a mortal wound. I know that he had no intention of firing, although he would have been justified in so doing. We have talked the matter over, and I die knowing that Herr Ryerson is innocent of my death. Should you ever meet him or his, treat him as a friend, and not as an enemy. My son, I leave you nothing but my love and blessing. Your mother survives me. Love and cherish her and that God will bless you both is the dying wish of your father.

"June 2, 1841. ARTHUR DEANE."

"BANK OF ENGLAND, July 21, 1841.

"This is to certify that Deidrick Ryerson, a member of the Prussian legation to the French government has this day deposited to the credit [illegible] Aubrey Deane, son of Arthur Deane (de[illegible]) and Mary Rydall Deane, £25,000, to be [illegible] the said Aubrey Deane shall attain [illegible] twenty-one years, upon presentation [illegible] certificate and proof of identity, with [illegible] at 5 per cent compounded semi-annually until payable, and thereafter simple interest only until paid.

"ELWOOD THOMPSON, Manager."

CONDITION.—If the said Aubrey Deane does not survive his twenty-first birthday, then the above sum of money becomes payable, with the interest thereon, to Deidrich Ryerson, his heirs or assignees.

ELWOOD THOMPSON."

"MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. MARTINDALE:—My husband died a year ago, in the manner set forth in his statement enclosed. To-day the hand of death is upon me. I entrust my son, to your keeping, without revealing to you the secret of his identity. When you read this he will have grown to manhood, and I know he will have learned to love you as though you were his own parents and I know that you will be a father and a mother to my darling. My people have cast me off, and I die an exile and alone, although not in want. My husband was poor, but proud and spirited. This led to the fatal encounter which terminated his life. Against my protests, Herr Ryerson has made provision for my boy and for me. The thousand pounds that were placed in your hands came from him, and he made me agree to take that much each year of my life. I will soon be released from taking his bounty. I freely forgive him for all the part he took in the sad accident that led to Arthur's death.

The enclosed certificate will be Aubrey's fortune. Teach him to spend it well and wisely. Go with him to Rydall Place after you learn his identity. I hope he will bring back some of the old-time joy to the dear old mansion and its beautiful surroundings.

If father or mother or George are living when this is read, I want Aubrey to show them this, and ask them to forgive him for my sake and for the sake of happy memories.

My darling boy, God bless and shield you!

May 28, 1842. MARY RYDALL DEANE."

For a few moments there were tears and sobs and congratulations intermingled, while manly tears stole down Aubrey's cheeks for the father and mother who had spoken to him from the grave. Memory went back to his childhood and he could faintly recall his parents, but their existence to him was but a faint impression.

There remains little else to tell. Aubrey kept his promise and called at Rydall Place the next day. Herr Ryerson asked Margery to withdraw.

"No, no!" interposed Aubrey. "Let her stay. I read my father's and mother's letters last night and know all. You need not ask me to forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. Still my father and mother told me that."

Margery sat with open-eyed wonder, for it was all a secret to her.

"Tell us both the whole story," said Aubrey. "We both ought to hear it to help us to a perfect understanding."

Then Herr Ryerson recited this brief story:

"I was secretary of the Prussian legation at Paris, where I met and became acquainted with your father and mother. Your father held some position in the department of state which threw us frequently together, and we became warm friends. But a mutual enemy, pretending to be the friend of both, came between us. He was an adventurer named Le Clercq. In a short time he estranged us, and finally poisoned your father's mind with the grossest lies, which brought on the challenge. Then I determined not to fire at him.

"The seconds put the pistols ready cocked in our hands. After your father fired, slightly wounding me, I lowered the pistol, but the pain of my wound probably made me nervous, and I touched the hair trigger when I was in a fatal position, and your father fell mortally wounded, and died in my arms four days later—for Le Clercq had confessed his villainy, and fled when he saw the result of it. I resigned my position and returned home, after making ample provisions for your mother and yourself. But there was no rest or peace for me.

"I had once visited this place, and it seemed to me that I might enjoy existence, even if happiness did not come to me. I met George Rydall, the owner, abroad, and took a long lease of it, for it seemed that some private sorrow had driven him from home to seek rest. The fortune that I inherited enabled me to command anything I wanted.

"I brought with me tutors and companions for my wife and daughter, and servants who were entire strangers to the neighborhood. I have endeavored to pay them enough to make their solitude endurable, but I doubt not they have found it dreary enough. But now it seems to me we can break the solitude. The weight of almost twenty years sorrow is nearly gone. When you came yesterday you seemed to be your father, risen from the grave, so nearly do you resemble him."

During the recital Margery had crept to her father's side, and, with her arms about his neck, her tears rained down upon his snowy hair.

"Then the mansion will be opened again?" said Aubrey, interrogatively.

"Yes; if we can induce enough young and happy hearts to come hither," replied Herr Ryerson.

"Well, we will answer for that," replied Aubrey, with a glance at Margery, whose face flushed with joy at the prospect of youthful companionship—or something else.

"Herr Ryerson," said Aubrey, "I have here a certificate for £25,000, which must be almost trebled by this time, and which you will please permit me to return to you."

"No no, keep it. You deserve such a fortune, and I do not need it and you do, for your father was unhappily without means."

"That may be; but I have a handsome competence withal. My mother, Mary Rydall Deane, was the only daughter of this noble mansion. News just reached the village to-day that George Rydall, my uncle, is dead. That leaves me master of Rydall place."

This new branch of Aubrey's ancestral tree took even Herr Ryerson by surprise and Margery's face paled and flushed alternately. But still the old gentleman refused to take back the certificate of deposit.

All Elmwood and its surroundings were in a furore long before sunset. Herr Ryerson's servants were at every house—among the rich and poor, high and low, alike—with written invitations to come to Rydall mansion and spend a social evening. Aubrey had furnished the list of names, and none were forgotten—and, more than that, no one refused the invitation; curiosity alone would have dragged them out.

Surprise followed surprise. From the grand reception room the guests were taken to the dining hall, resplendent with plate and ancient China, and feasted to their heart's content. The gray stone mansion was lighted up from basement to turret, and the wondering people went from room to room, inspecting the wonderful carpets, rich furniture and costly adornments, such as they had read about in books but never expected to see.

It was a nine days' wonder in Elmwood, but the whole story at last came out as a sort of climax to all the other wonders.

All were prepared, therefore, to hear that Aubrey and Margery were to be married, which event took place during the Christmas holidays. Herr Ryerson persisted in refusing to take back the certificate, so Aubrey Dean compromised by making a wedding present of it to Margery.

LOVE SONG.

Dear! if you change, I'll never choose again;
Sweet! if you shrink, I'll never think of love;
Fair! if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain;
Wise! if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear! Sweet! Fair! Wise! change, shrink nor be weak,
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flame be born;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove;
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith or strange to you.

The Beautiful Island of Ischia.

There is hardly a more lovely spot to be found in Europe than Ischia. Perhaps the most beautiful view of all that is to be had of it is that which is to be had from the Cape of Miseno, to which tourists at Naples are commonly taken. It meets the eye as the first break to the long line of the sunny Italian coast, and its little hamlets, embedded in the valleys which descend from the chief mountain of the island, give a sense of human life to the picture. Ischia is, in fact, a busy and prosperous island. The greater part of what the soil produces is suited for export as much as for home consumption and an active trade is carried on between the island and the mainland in the commodities which the one produces and the other needs. Agricultural produce of every sort is shipped from Ischia to Naples, and the wines of the island are among the best that are to be found in that city. When the vine fails in Capri those in Ischia still hold out and for years, while all the wine sold as red or white Capri was in fact manufactured on the mainland, a genuine and wholesome Ischian wine was always procurable in Naples. Almost everything flourishes on the island. The soil is deeper than that of the neighboring island of Capri and the products much more varied. As in Capri the pure blood of the inhabitants shows itself in a strikingly handsome type of male and female beauty, and the contrast between the population of the two islands and that of the mainland is one which cannot escape notice. It is a contrast, too, which displays itself as much in their more dignified bearing as in their mere outward appearance.

Zachary Taylor's Scholarship.

New York Times.

Several days ago, in the course of an article with the general scope of which I heartily agreed, you were led to assert that General Zachary Taylor was barely able to write his name. This, be assured, is a great error. The present writer served as a subaltern officer, in close daily relation with General Taylor at Fort Jessup, in Louisiana, and Corpus Christi, Texas, immediately preceding the war with Mexico, as also at the Rio Grande, in the first battles of that war. My regiment had an excellent library, of which I had charge, and to which the general had access. He read a good deal—substantial books, covering a considerable range of historical and general literature. He was also an attentive reader of such political journals as the *National Intelligencer* and the *Globe*, and no one of his day was better acquainted with the early political history of this country. He wrote vigorously and clearly on public questions and affairs, as was shown in several letters to a kinsman, which got into the newspapers during the war. Colonel Bliss of his staff, was known to be a master of English style, and these letters were ascribed to him; but I heard the colonel say that he had had nothing at all to do with their composition. The fact is General Taylor was one of those men who are always gathering information as long as they live. It seems to me this figment about his illiteracy, having really no truth in it, should not go uncontradicted any longer.

George William Curtis and Nast.

George William Curtis is at Newport, being the guest of the Marquands, writes a correspondent. He feels at home anywhere in Rhode Island, as that is his native state. Curtis is now in his sixtieth year. It is more than a third of a century since he made his first appearance in literature, taking at once a first-class position, which he has retained, as an orator, author and editor. His residence is on Staten Island, where many of the leaders in *Harper's Weekly* are written. Nast, who has temporarily discontinued his cartoons, lives in Morristown and travels but little, though he has recently visited Saratoga springs. He is a native of Bavaria, and began his career as an artist in the humblest manner. His hits at Tweed and the infamous ring did much toward breaking the latter, and James Gordon Bennett has also winced under the power of his crayon. Nast, indeed, is a wonderful genius, but see what a road to the public was opened to him in *Harper*, whose patronage, indeed, has given him fame as well as wealth. Hence it will be well for him to resume his place, as otherwise he will soon be forgotten. He needs the Harpers fully as much as they need him, and his salary—$200 per week—is certainly very handsome. Nast has, first and last, drawn $150,000 from *Harper's Weekly*.

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SHAKERS IN OHIO.

A Curious Communistic Community at North Union.

HISTORY OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

Origin of a Sect with a Queer Belief—Visiting Forbidden—"United Society of Believers."

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

NORTH UNION, Ohio, Sept. 3.

In August, 1774, a small band of emigrants, fleeing from religious persecution in England, landed in New York from Liverpool. Ann Lee, a woman thirty-eight years of age, was the centre of the group, and soon after their arrival organized several societies, which espoused a creed which she claimed was evolved from a series of visions witnessed by her when in prison in 1770, she having been confined for violating the sanctity of the Sabbath. These societies were the beginning of an organization which still exists under the name of "The Shakers." This appellation was applied to them, because of the trembling with which they were seized while under the influence of the shades of the other work. The original name was the "United Society of Believers." The society of Shakers is confined entirely to the United States. There are seven sub-branches or "families," as they are termed, in various parts of the country, four of them being located in Ohio—one at Union Village, in Warren county, another at Watervliet, near Dayton, the third at Whitewater, Hamilton county, and the fourth at North Union, Cuyahoga county.

AT NORTH UNION.

A four-mile ride over a level road from the extreme eastern portion of the city of Cleveland brings one to North Union. It is neither village nor town, but merely a settlement. A dozen frame houses, built after the style of the ordinary Ohio farm house, constitute the settlement, with the addition of a small brick structure used as a school house. The church, or place of worship, is a long, white frame structure, one story high. Here every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock the "family" assembles for worship. The rows of benches are arranged along either side of the house, so that those sitting on one side see those on the other. The brethren and sisters occupy opposite sides of the house.

The meeting is opened with a religious hymn, often entirely original with some person present—words, notes and all—the result of the moment's inspiration, for the Shakers believe in inspirations and visible manifestations proceeding from the spirit world as truly as they believe every day facts. The elders of the church next address the congregation, occupying a position at the head of the room, there being no pulpit. The meeting is then in the hands of those present, and anyone may speak who chooses, usually standing where he rises, as all their speeches are brief and to the point. Although no scriptural texts are taken up, the Bible is freely quoted. An hour and a half is the usual extent of the meeting. The property at the settlement owned by the Shakers includes 1163 acres of land, and the entire property is valued at $600,000 or more. It was settled in 1832. The members number at present sixty-two, although at times two hundred persons have belonged to the "family."

Cornelius Beth is one of the trustees and the leading man of the community. He is an old man, of medium hight, with slightly bent form and long grizzly locks. He has the appearance of a well-to-do laboring farmer, and wears a high, broad-brimmed, Quakerish hat, which overshadows a kindly and inviting face.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers number 5000 in the United States. One of the cardinal tenets of the order is celibacy. They believe with St. Paul, that that if a virgin marries she will do well, but if she remains single she will do better. As a rule the men live in one side of the house and the women in the other. The women cook for the men and do other tasks fit for their strength, and the men do the outside work. The Shakers believe in community of goods and interests. They hold no property individually. Their possessions are held by trustees who are appointed to conduct their temporal affairs. The trustees, or their agents, buy whatever is needed, dispose of the surplus produce and hold all property in trust for the common good. The society in general is divided into six bishoprics, in each of which are two male and two female bishops. Each community or family has four elders, two of each sex. The bishops, who hold their positions for life, choose their own successors—that is, when one dies or for some reason retires, the vacancy is filled by those remaining. However, it must be filled acceptably to the members of the society, and when the bishop is appointed who does not give satisfaction he is removed and another appointed in his place. The communities are each given religious instruction and guidance by four elders, when the order is full—two of each sex. They hold their positions for life and are appointed by the elders. Equal prominence is given the man and woman in every respect, and equality of the sexes is one of the governing principles of the organization.

RELIGION DRESS AND DIET.

One of the principles of the Shakers is a belief in the duality of the Godhead as father and mother. It becomes rather a serious task to be made a member of the community. No one is admitted to full membership or allowed to sign the covenant under the age of twenty-one years, although children are sometimes taken on probation. If a man and his wife apply for membership, they must agree to drop the marital relation and come to each other only as brother and sister. If only one of a married couple seek admission to the society, that one must first be legally separated from the other. The Shakers believe that the advent of the millenium will occur with the seven thousandth anniversary of the world's creation and that the increase in goodness will have the effect of rapidly filling up the old families and creating many new ones.

The Shakers dress plainly. The women wear plain black stuff gowns and sun-bonnets made of straw. A large neckerchief rests upon the shoulders, extending quite across them and tailing to the waist in front and behind in the form of a triangle with the apex downward. A plain white apron completes the dress. Not a ruffle or a crimp appears in the entire costume. The hair is combed back over the forehead and gathered at the back of the head. The men wear the broad-brimmed hats of the Quakers and dress in common suits of homespun. They aspire to raise neither beard nor mustache. The tilling of the land occupies their time during the warmer months, and in the winter they perform various kinds of shop-work, engaging principally in the manufacture of brooms. The only article of food absolutely interdicted is pork. Some, however, are strict vegetarians, eating no meat whatever. The use of intoxicating liquors is not permitted except upon a physician's prescription. The men are not allowed to vote or to express political opinions, and the use of tobacco is positively prohibited.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

James S. Prescott, a very old but well preserved man, has been a member of the North Union community for more than fifty years. He says that while the society is undoubtedly in decadence, he does not believe it will ever become extinct. He attributes the present condition of affairs in great part to the late civil war, the effect of which was to render the people unfit for Shakerism, which does not countenance warfare or fighting. Outside of a few Shakers who acted as nurses, none of the 5000 Shakers engaged in the civil war. Under no circumstances can Shakers be induced to bear arms or to vote for civil rulers, because voting and the consequent party affiliations lead to contentions and thence to fighting.

The Virginia Natural Bridge.

In a recent letter to the Hartford *Courant*, C. Dudley Warner writes as follows: The most interesting picture in the dull waste of our school geography—the interest in it being heightened by its association with Washington and Jefferson and the wonderful climbing exploit narrated by Elihu Burritt—was of the natural bridge. The writer is glad to be able to report for himself that a visit did not dispel a single boyish illusion, and has to confess that pictures utterly fail to give any adequate idea of the grandeur of this freak of nature, or the noble beauty of the region of which it is only one of the attractions. We left the railway at a wayside station one sparkling, exhilarating morning, and mounted the top of a coach for the drive of three and a half miles. The road, rising and descending, follows a small stream through cultivated hills, up a gradual ascent that at length brings us to an elevation of 1600 feet above tidewater. Here is a slight depression among the hills, but commanding an extensive view, are the clustered buildings of the old and new hotel, capable of accommodating 300 guests. Above the hotel on one side is the splendidly wooded Mt. Lincoln, and on the other the open summit of Mt. Jefferson, from both of which the prospect is very extensive. A road crossing the stream before the hotel ascends a slight hill, and passes over the bridge, which is not visible from this point. The roadway is ninety feet wide, and protected by the bushes and evergreens on each side so that the traveler could pass over it without seeing it, though the chasm is visible on either hand.

The bridge is, in fact, thrown over a narrow, deep chasm, something like a mile in length. We descended to it by a steep path in the forest, passing on our way a very pretty cascade, and two of probably the largest arbor-vitæ trees in the world. Both are superb veterans, fluted and twisted, with branches broken and beaten in the storms of centuries, and the larger has a circumference of eighteen feet. Their age is estimated at 1500 years. Reaching the bottom of the ravine, we came to the rocky bed of another stream, clear and shallow, and turning to the right the gigantic arch burst upon our sight, giving us a genuine shock of surprise. It is so massive, so high, so shapely, the abutments rise so solidly and spring into the noble arch with such grace and power, we were not prepared for the majesty. The impression deepens as we advance and stand under it. Through the arch is the blue sky, over the top is the blue sky, great trees try in vain to reach up to it, bushes and vines drape and soften into outlines, but do not conceal its rugged massiveness. It is still in the ravine, save for the gentle flow of the stream, and the bridge seems as much an emblem of silence and eternity as the pyramids.

A description says that it is wide enough to span Broadway and high enough to throw a shadow over the spire of Trinity church. Its span is, I believe, about 60 feet, and its hight, including the thickness of the arch, is 215 feet. The arch is quite regular, and both the arch and abutments are smooth as if cut with a chisel. On one side, about twenty feet above the stream, are natural tables or smooth surfaces upon which are cut and scratched with sharp instruments hundreds of names. Among them is that of G. Washington. To ascend to this place seems a perilous and almost impossible feat. To reach it up the smooth rock from below is impossible. It was gained by working along from the side, where certain inequalities in the rock afford a precarious holding. I confess that this exploit gave me a new feeling about the "father of his country," as I saw him in imagination, in his stocking feet, clinging by his fingernails and eyelids, working along that perpendicular ledge, risking his life to carve in an inaccessible place his immortal name. But then he was not the "father of his country" when he did it. On the opposite face were names also, and very high up is the slight ledge when Henry Piper, the student whom Burritt had immortalized, attained in 1818, and from whom he rescued himself by an almost incredible feat of climbing.

The rock of the bridge and of the jutting buttresses above is a superb study of color, scarcely equaled in any rock color I know for variety and beauty of tone. But one singular freak deserves special mention.

Exactly overhead, on the highest spring of arch, is the figure of a gigantic spread eagle—the eagle of our coat of arms. The head, spread wings and claws with the arrows are all perfect. It seems to be formed by discoloration of the rock rather than by lichen. However, it is made, and it could not be more striking if it were painted; it is ancient. The French engineers who made a survey and measurement of the bridge during the revolutionary war noticed it with wonder, and in their printed report they drew from it a happy augury of the success of the Americans in the struggle. What makes the figure itself more remarkable is that a discolored patch under it is a very fair representation of a crouching lion.

The Boston *Herald's* London correspondent's description of Mrs. Langtry's treatment of English reporters is as follows: "She has not rushed to her husband's arms, and she seized an early opportunity for snubbing in the most unmistakable style a member of the press. Our largest news purveying institution detailed one of its staff to wait upon the lady and have a chat with her respecting her intentions. For this duty a gentleman of peculiarly guileless demeanor, and one notorious for his suavity and politeness, was selected. He tells me that he approached the fair artiste with becoming deference and modesty. It struck him that the sight of a note-book might wound her feelings, so he contemplated taking down his notes on the cuffs of his shirt. The very instant, however, that he saw Mrs. Langtry and announced himself a journalist, she dismissed him peremptorily, declaring that the parties of that ilk on the other side of the Atlantic had nearly worried her to death, and that, while she felt bound as a mere matter of business to show them some kind of courtesy, she was not going to stand any nonsense of the sort in England. Thereupon she pursed her lips, anent which poets have raved, and with a haughty 'good afternoon,' left the unhappy scribe to make good his retreat in the most dignified style he could muster under the circumstances."

ONE LIFE.

Her white little hand is resting
On the hand that held it of old,
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his are gazing—
Eyes ever so faithful to him,
And he thinks it the shadowy twilight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him;
Ah, when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and gray.

Oh, spirit that lingers and falters,
Take courage and whisper "Good-bye."
A life? why, a life is nothing,
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matters one life or death?
One fragile and tender existence?
One tremulous passing breath?

A life? why a life is nothing!
What matters tho' one burn dim?
Alas for the folly of reason—
One life is the world to him!

He'd Like to Know Too.

Wall Street News.

A sailor who thought he had been cheated by a second hand clothier in Buffalo, returned with the garment and demanded his money. When this was refused he shouted out:

"I'll raise a row with some of you here!"

"Vhell, who shall it be?"

"I want to see the party who owns this store!"

"So do I."

"Where is he?"

"Dot's vhat I'd like to know myself. You see, my frent, my uncle Isaac first opened dis sthore, und he failed und assigned. Den my fadder-in-law he runs it und burns oudt, and shlips off to New York. Den my bradder Moses runs it und pays ten cents on der dollar. Den my vife goes into peesness und makes me agent, und shust ven I feels dot I had scooped her oudt of efery shilling, along comes her cousin mit a chattel mortgage on der last coat. If you can tell me who owns dis place I like to gif you such a suit of clothes as would make a king feel stuck up all ofer."

Among the various substances found on the "coated" human tongue after a microscopical investigation are the following: Fibres of wood, linen and cotton; fibres of spiral vessels, fibres of muscle, in one case eight hours after eating; starch grain, cheese mold, portions of potato skins, scales, moths, etc.; hairs from legs of bees and of spiders, pollen of various flowers and their stamens; hairs of cats are quite commonly found, but of mice in only one instance; hairs from various leaves, in one case the wing of a mosquito; fragments of the leaves of tobacco very frequently, and of chamomile flowers, etc., occur repeatedly.

Speaking of the topographical uses of the balloon, Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, in connection with his late voyage across the English Channel, thus writes: "Not only the land lay before us like a map, but the bottom of the sea is clearly seen in every direction. Every channel and shoal is sharply marked and forms a fibrous net-work. By the aid of instantaneous photographs there would be no end to the increase of our knowledge of the sea through balloons as charts of greater exactness than any yet existing could be made of the bottom of the sea, at least of shoals shallow enough to offer danger to sailing craft."

In a communication to the academy of sciences, Paris, Mr. W. Ramsay, to a claim thrown out the other day by M. Jamin on the critical point of liquefied glass, said that he had determined the discovery, citing as evidence a memoir which was published, which appeared nearly three years ago, in the "proceedings" of the Royal society from April 22 to December 15, 1880.

Barometric pressure is connected with igneous terrestrial eruptions, by M. F. Laur, are maintained to be produced by gaseous outbursts produced exclusively by variations of atmospheric pressure.

North Pacific, pfd... 70 Northwestern [illegible]
Or. and Trans... 66⅝ Lake Shore... 105⅞
Or. Imp. stock... 81⅝ New York Central... 125⅞
Or. Imp. bonds... 89 Erie... 38⅛
Western Union... 62¾
3 P. M.
Western Union... 80¾ O. R. & N. stock... 125@126
Or. and Trans... 56¾

*For the delicate and complicated diseases peculiar to women, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy.

Fairfield, J M — Moyle, Stephen — Thiepen, J H
Grigsby, Edward — Moreland, [illegible] — Tittel, [illegible]
Girpirar, C — Mann, [illegible] — [illegible]
Gould, G L — Miller, J W — Vogts, John
Hyde, J — Mathias, A
Howd, E S — Mattison, J [illegible] — Wilson, J G
Harvey, Jas — McNabe, [illegible] — Weiss, Edgar [illegible]
Walker, J A
Nielsen, N J

M. COUGILL, P. M.

[illegible] Jas, H E, Aug. 31—[illegible] Sheriff to A. Lenhart, L 15, B 86, Carter's, Sept. 20—$3 36.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

To-day's nominal value to Liverpool or Oregon wheat prompt shipment to U. K. per iron vessel, per quarter of 500 lbs. C. I. F.—Nominal.

MONEY MARKETS.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—Sterling exchange on London banks, sixty days, $4.81½; documentary, $4 80½.

Transfers—[illegible] premium.

Bank of England rate of interest—3½ per cent.

New York, Sept. 21.—Silver bullion, 1000 fine, per

[illegible] DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

[illegible] RESTORED.

A victim of early [illegible]

Address, J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., New York.

A RETROSPECT.

...years ago it was
...first I knew Christine.
...was in the junior class,
...she was just eighteen.
...eyes were large, and brown, and clear,
...hair was golden bright;
...met at Mount Pleasant Fair,
...I was gone at sight.

...laughed at my character's feet,
...dreamt of marriage bells,
...sweet ...note the sweet
...fashion ...
...that within them lay
...I did not say,
...very heart ... were they.
...she was I.

...summer time of long ago,
...it slipped away!
...never more, I know
...coming day.
...at last,
...the lovely, and fair!
...sweeping past,
...playing with her hair

...she were not my wife
...that I should die;
...loved her more than life
...her reply.
...Nick"—her voice was low,
...were downward bent—
...it wouldn't do, you know
...haven't got a cent!"—[Life

...SCOTT'S HELPFUL DAY.

...STORY FOR CHILDREN

...one had told Mattie Scott that ...selfish she would have been apt ...into tears and feel that she was ...badly used She would certainly ...her cake with her sisters, and ...her only orange to the poor ...baby in the shoemaker's shop. ...everything she had qu to ...for she was not greedy or ...for all that she was selfish ...knowing it.

...mother was not very rich She ...one servant who did the hard ...the kitchen, and there were lots ...children, but Mattie never ...hold the baby, or dress the ...go of an errand, or put ...in order She obeyed when ...asked to do these things, but ...it unwillingly and escaped as ...possible; and it seemed so dis... ...to her, that her mother did all ...herself and seldom called ...She could not bear to see ...fade out of her cheeks and ...turn down at the corners. ...her mother did everything, ...girl of twelve and a half, ...enjoyed herself and never

...but one day Mrs. Scott was ill ...doctor was called. She lay in ...days, and then got about again, ...was pale and had a headache.

...was sorry and frightened and ...instead of going to Kitty ...play croquet, she sat upon the ...bench under the dining room ...crocheting a cap for her doll, ...as quiet as a mouse, she ...knew why Her mother and ...sat within the room, talking to ...and Mattie heard every word ...said.

...doctor thinks you work too hard, ..." said Mr. Scott

..."I do," said Mrs Scott, "but ...I help it? There are so many ...to do. We can scarcely afford to ...budget, and I must do the rest, ...no one else"

...not Mattie help you a little?" ...Mr Scott. "She seems to do ...but play. At her age my sisters ...of great assistance to my mother'

..., husband," said Mrs Scott, ...are so different Mattie loves me ...but she feels so badly when I ...her to help me, that I think she ...be well I have not the heart to ...

...afraid the end will be that you ...break down," said Mr Scott "I ...lose you, and the children will lose ...mother What a terrible thing it ...poor, Fannie Perhaps we could ...

...five children! Oh, William!' ...Mrs. Scott, "and such an uncom... ...wholelike life. Do not ...my dear No doubt I will get ...again."

...heard her father sigh, and a ...fear came into her heart What ...should lose her dear mother? It ...terrible to contemplate It had ...occurred to her before that her ...had too much to do, and she ...very well that she had not looked ...when called upon to help ...she was ill or weary, she wanted ...—that was all Now she remem... ...her mother had caught her ...the head of the stairs; and it ...hurt her to run up and down a ...times.

...how wicked I have been!' she ..., "and how selfish! But to... ...I will begin to do differently. I ...see that I am not an idle ...I will show mamma how I love

...Mattie, to begin overnight, went ...the dining room and asked her ...if she might not put Kate and ...to bed, the two little ones were ...gone.

...will make them say their prayers ...them in nicely,' she said, "and I ...tell them stories if they want

..."dear child, I shall be glad," said

...her father kissed her warmly ...that she had heard their

...next morning Mattie was down ...setting the breakfast table, she ...the cloth straight, set the tray ...neatly, filled the sugar bowl, ...all as nicely as any one. Then ...up stairs to dress Kate and Jen ...When mamma came down with ...baby she could not believe her ...and indeed all day long she found ...to understand that that bright, ...little Mattie was her lazy little ...

...watched her as she dusted the sit... ...room, pulled the shades evenly, ...vases with flowers, and made ...as neat as possible, and felt ...pleased and happy, but the great ...was when, on coming home ...supper, she found the beds made, ...pushed, towels neatly folded on ..., and night gowns under the ...

..., mamma,' said Kate, "see ...did. Mattie showed us how to ...all the quilts are tucked in ...

..., mamma," said Mattie, "just you ...and see, and we will do the ...I never thought before how tired ...must be."

...my little girls must not tire ...too much," said mamma

..., it is nothing, compared to ...said Mattie. 'This vacation we ...everything but what Buddy ...

...indeed the little household bri... ...to work with a will, and all ...vacation they were as busy ... They had lots of fun, too, and ...slept all night, and when Sep... ...came, mamma was really quite ...strong again, for the good rest ...was what she needed.

Very soon Mr. Scott began to make money and could keep another servant, but Mattie and Kate and Jennie never grew idle. They were always ready to help mamma, and the praises that both parents gave them were ample repayment

"Never were such girls as mine," said Mrs. Scott, and "I am proud of my daughters," said their father

Afterward when she was older, mamma told Mattie that she believed that but for that good rest in the long past vacation time she must have died, or at least become an invalid for life. And then Mattie told her mother of the talk she had heard under the dining room window.

"I did not think how selfish I was, mamma," she said

"Only thoughtless, dear," said Mrs Scott, "and you have well atoned for it."

Such a Nice Man.

Coming down the river from the Flats the other day was a man about 55 years old, neatly dressed, white plug hat, kid gloves and appearing to be a real nice man As he was alone, some took him for a widower, while others argued that he had been disappointed in love in his early days and had never married But he was nice He chuckled to the babies, patted boys and girls on the head and sat right down among the ladies and related all the Indian legends of Lake St Clair Ever so many of them said he was the nicest gentleman they ever saw, and one little woman who turned up her nose at the idea of his being too sweet for anything, was promptly wilted by a score of glances

When the boat arrived at Detroit the nice man with the white plug hat had agreed to see a lady and two children over the Central depot. Oh, no, it wouldn't be the least trouble to him On the contrary, he was delighted at the privilege He had a satchel in either hand and was in the crowd waiting for the gang-plank when a woman's voice was heard crying from the wharf

"Yes that's him—that's the miserable old deceiver!"

The nice man suddenly dropped both satchels and tried to push back, but the crowd was so dense that he was pushed along up the plank He had no sooner reached the wharf than his white hat went sailing and a voice hissed out

"Had to go to Pontiac on business, did you? This is the way to return from Pontiac, is it?"

He dropped the satchels again and broke for the street, but she hit him whack! whack! whack! with an umbrella, and called after him.

"It's the first time you've had on gloves in a year, and you've got your whiskers dyed since morning! Oh, you base old deceiver! Here the children and I haven't had a square meal in two weeks, and you are around playing masher!"

"Give it to him," cried a voice in the crowd

"Oh, you bet I will!" she replied "I saw him before he did me, and he was trying to look purty and innocent, as if he hadn't been married twenty three years and has seven of the raggedest children in Detroit! I'll sweeten him—I'll play masher till he hasn't a whole bone left!"

"You bet!'

"Yes, and you bet! Which way did he go? Who's got a club?'—Free Press

Mills' Gift.

The statuary presented to the state by D. O. Mills is now in the rotunda of the state capitol The marble and the heavy wooden casing weigh over six tons The casing was partially removed to day, but soon boarded up again It was found that the statuary was intact and not damaged It has been packed for more than a year and is very dusty The exposed and frail portions had been wrapped in rags to prevent injury The group is of pure white marble upon a pedestal one foot thick, about six feet long and three feet wide The figures are life-size Queen Isabella sits upon a throne that rises about two feet above the common pedestal By her side half kneels an attendant, who looks eagerly across toward Columbus, who stands near the queen, holding in his hand a globe with which he is demonstrating to her royal majesty that there must be another continent The queen's face is turned that way and bears a look of attention One hand is also stretched out as if in promise and assistance to the bold Columbus, Engraved on the front of the throne are the words of the promise given by the queen that she will furnish the funds on behalf of her own kingdom of Castile, and pawn her jewels if the fund in the treasury should be come inadequate.

The supposed lace on the rich raiment of the queen is most delicately carved, as are all the features of the figures, so far as could be judged in the hasty look given at the dusty and half hidden marble The hight of the central figure, the queen, makes the total hight of the statuary about eight feet The cost was $30,000. It was bought in Italy by Mrs Legrand Lockwood and again sold to Mr Mills The name of the sculptor could not be found to day on the marble The donor is also having the statuary put in place at his own expense As there is no state appropriation for such work, the donor will also pay for a granite pedestal four feet high, yet to be built It will take a month to prepare this, and during that time the statuary will not be open to public inspection Probably there will be some public exercises at the time of the unveiling —Sacramento Bee, Aug 22d

Johnny and the Milk

Johnny's parent's are puzzling themselves whether that youth is likely to turn out a spendthrift or a person of intensely econonomical habits, a shrewd politician or a rogue, and all because of a little incident that happened while the family was recently spending a season of recreation in the country The other night, as they sat down to tea as usual, the horrifying intelligence was brought from the pantry that the milk and cream that had been set out for the bowls and berry dishes of the company had all disappeared The first suggestion was, of course, that it was the cat, but when it was suggested that the family kept no cat, suspicion pointed its withering finger at Johnny

"Johnny" said his sire, in the accents of a man who had been disappointed in his supper, "Did you drink that milk?"

"Ye-yes, I did," replied the culprit, screwing a tear out of his eye with his knuckle

"And what did you do it for?" was the next question in the catechism which leads to a licking

"Cause," said Johnny, blubbering. "I saw a big cloud comin' up and thought it was goin to be a thunderstorm, and I knew thunder soured the milk and 'twouldn't be good for nothin', and so I pitched in and drank it up to save it,' and he wept once more

Neither his story nor his tears, however, averted the interview with his sire which subsequently took place in the woodshed.—Boston Journal

A Human Cannon Ball.

"'It was just before the battle of Shiloh," said Col. Watts to a reporter of the Louisville, Ky Commercial, when I was engaged carrying dispatches from one division to another located about one hundred miles south of us Every precaution had been taken to head off all communication and the greatest care had to be exercised in keeping dispatches and the like secreted, so that in case of the carrier being captured nothing of a tell tale nature could be found upon him When I entered the scouting services I had four of my front teeth knocked out and had them replaced by false ones These were hollowed out behind and admitted of a good sized message being secreted therein.

"On the trip that I started out to tell about, I had my dispatch secreted as usual, and was riding along very peacefully in the disguise of a farmer going to the mill, when I was suddenly surprised by the enemy I pretended to be very much enraged at them making me their prisoner, but there was no getting out of it for they had kindler dropped on me They proceeded to search me and compelled me to take off every stitch of clothing These they ripped up into ribbons but of course, they found nothing, and I was beginning to feel safe, when, standing before them, perfectly nude, one of the fellows stepped up to me, slapping me on the back said

"Ain't he fat? He'd make good beef."

"This slap was so vigorous that out popped my false teeth That settled it. The jig was up and I began contemplating my fate Seventeen men jumped for those false teeth at the same time, and it didn't take long for them to find the dispatch, which read "Send us 300 000 men at once'

"So you were on your way for reinforcements, were you?' said a big, red-nosed captain sneeringly. 'Well, we'll just help you along on you journey Bring up the mortar,'

"'Great heavens!' thought I, 'they certainly don't intend to blow me to pieces' The mortar was brought up and planted, and pointed in the direction in which I had been traveling 'Double charge her and stack this fellow in head first,' said the captain They double charged her and then forced me in head first Vivid recollections of everything mean that I had ever done in my life, flitted across my mind and, boys, I actually prayed But while I prayed I felt them ramming the charge home, and I concluded that my prayers were of no avail

'I smelled the powder right in front of me' And a happy thought struck me Something told me to eat the powder and I began on it At every jam of the ramrod I swallowed an extra sized mouthful, and when the ramming ceased I could see daylight through the touch hole A fuse was inserted and touched off, and no doubt the fiends retreated to a safe distance to watch my flight into Alabama I heard the fuze sizzling as the fire drew to me, but I felt safe, for not a grain of powder had I left lying around loose The would be murderers couldn't understand why the gun missed fire, and they began drawing the charge to see what ailed her Just about the time they got me out a lot of our cavalry charged upon them and I was saved, but, boys, I can taste that saltpeter and sulphur to this day

Paris and New York.

M Victor Hugo, writing in 1867 a preface to a guide book compiled in honor of the Exposition Universelle told his readers that in another hundred years Paris would be the most wonderful city in the world The prediction was vainously verified within a tithe of the time fixed by the soothsayer, and not at all in the manner that he thought events would be ordered in the future M Hugo clearly did not foresee that in 1871 Paris would be half burned down by the Communards, and that the "wonderful" character of his beloved city would be most eloquently asserted by the extraordinary celerity shown in building anew the monuments and the streets which the insane insurgents had destroyed Next to Paris, however, New York, so far as the development of her population is concerned, may be ranked as the most wondrous city of modern times Recently published statistics have shown that just before the quarrel of Great Britain with her American colonies the population of New York was only a little over twenty thousand souls, while three years after the termination of the war of independence the inhabitants numbered twenty three thousand By 1790 it had rather diminished than increased in populousness, but at the end of another ten years it had leaped up more than sixty thousand In the year of our first great exhibition the Empire city numbered less than 600,000 souls, while in 1880 the population was set down as 1,206,299 souls The population of New York has thus doubled six times within a century, and the New York of to day is sixty four times as large as the New York of a hundred years since To these remarkable figures has been added the enthusiastic calculation that there are children now at nurse who will behold a New York containing no less than ten millions of inhabitants Whether this colossal estimate is exclusive or inclusive of the population of Hoboken, Staten Island and Brooklyn the statists do not say But there are other wonderful things in New York which the dealers in figures have omitted to enumerate New York, notwithstanding the amazing development in population, is still in many respects a very primitive city It is still, so far as features of architectural and social interest are concerned, a city of only two streets —Broadway and Fifth Avenue The remaining avenues resemble one another as one pea does its fellow and the one distinctive Bowery is only another avenue plus the nuisance of the "L railroad and an indefinite number of German beer saloons Finally, the pavement of New York is nearly as bad as that of any other wonderful city—London, and it is to most intents and purposes—seeing that a hack driver "will not look at a fare under a dollar —a city without cabs —London Telegraph

Eventful History of an American Frigate.

The famous old vessel New Orleans is to be sold at auction and a writer well posted on marine matters relates the following interesting narrative concerning her early history Near the close of the war of 1812 the United States government began the construction of two three decked men-of-war, one at (the other near to) Sackett's Harbor, more advanced than the other, received the name of New Orleans—a name sufficient to fire the popular heart in those days, because commemorating General Jackson's magnificent victory of cotton-bale fame The need of a frigate as a counter match to the Lawrence was pressing, and the government was exerting extraordinary energy in construction and equipment, since no vessel sailing the stars and stripes could be transferred from the Atlantic to Ontario, the rivers St. Lawrence being full in possession of the enemy, to say nothing of Lachine Rapods, etc. In six weeks from the time the first tree was felled the New Orleans was sheathed, two decks in the third partly laid. The vessel lacked lining up (inside ceiling), portions of bulwarks, hatch covers, etc, and when the order came to stop work because of the declaration of peace, it was thought it could have been launched in thirty days' more time Illustrating the grim energy of our forefathers, let me say that all this boat's rigging was conveyed at great expense and difficulty from New York City via the Hudson and Mohawk rivers to Utica, then overland to Sackett's Harbor There were then no railroads and the government road connecting Utica and the then busy village of Sackett's Harbor was a very rough and rude highway The anchor chain of the New Orleans, weighing 8000 pounds, was carried from Utica, ninety six miles to the harbor on the shoulders of 300 men, who traced their ways by means of blazed trees After the cessation of the war the government ordered the boat housed to preserve it A double roofed building was accordingly erected over its 300 odd feet of length, which was blown down some three years ago Since then the vessel has been the sport of storms, and presents a decidedly weather beaten appearance Many of its timbers have walked off in the shape of canes and to day it stands awaiting its final destruction at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer

A Notable Mother.

A Baltimore telegram says "Upon a slight elevation in beautiful Greenmount cemetery in the shade of ancient oaks, a true and pure German matron was buried a few days ago, without funeral pomp Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, the mortal remains of Mrs Rosa Sutro was entombed by the side of her daughter, Mrs Laura Drost, who died on the same day fourteen years ago The aged lady departed this life in the night of Wednesday to Thursday at her country seat Villa Rosa, at Inwood, N Y She had expressed a wish to rest after her death by the side of her deceased daughter, and, pursuant to her wish, the family forwarded the remains to Baltimore, where they arrived Saturday last. The oaken casket containing the remains and bearing the following inscription upon a silver plate "Rosa Sutro, born 1803, died 1883, stood in the Gothic chapel of the cemetery above mentioned

The sons, daughters and grandchildren of the deceased had come from New York Boston and Baltimore, and were yesterday morning assembled in the chapel with other mourners

The deceased lady was born in 1803 in Duren, near Aix la Chappelle, and was the daughter of Mr Warendorff, a merchant of means. Having married Mr Sutro in 1824, she and her husband moved to Aix la Chappelle, where the latter established a cloth factory Her husband died in 1847, and in 1850 the widow emigrated with her children to America, where she settled in Baltimore Since 1873 she had made New York her home

One her surviving sons E S Sutro lives in New York, Adolph Sutro in San Francisco Emil and Otto Sutro in Baltimore, and Ludwig and Theodore Sutro in New York, Hugo Sutro is in Europe where is also for the time being Adolph Sutro, the builder of the Sutro tunnel in the Sierra Nevada mountains The daughters, Mrs Julia Jordan and Mrs Dr Emma Winterberg, reside in New York and Elsie Schucking resides in Baltimore Most of the children and grandchildren who are in America were present at the funeral also the deceased's son-in-law, Mr Drost, of Boston, whose wife also rests in Greenmount Cemetery At the last celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the deceased, on March 14th, nearly all her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were present, whose total number if fifty three

Don't.

Don't go to bed with cold feet Don't sleep in the same undergarments that are worn during the day Don't sleep in a room that is not well ventilated Don't sit or sleep in a draught Don't lie on the left side too much Don't lie on the back, to keep from snoring Don't try to get along with less than seven or eight hours' sleep out of the twenty four, Don't jump out of bed immediately on awaking in the morning Don't forget to rub yourself well all over with crash towel or with hands before dressing Don't forget to take a good drink of pure water before breakfast Don't take long walks when the stomach is entirely empty Don't start to do a good day's work without eating a good breakfast Don't eat anything but well cooked and nutritious foods Don't eat what you don't want, just to save it Don't eat between meals, nor enough to cause uneasiness at meal time Don't eat the smallest morsel unless hungry, when well Don't try to keep up on coffee or alcoholic stimulants, when nature is calling you to sleep Don't stand over hot air registers Don't inhale hot air or fumes of acids Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar, or anything else to arrest the hemorrhage when you cut yourself, but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive plaster. Don't wear thin hose or light soled shoes in cold or wet weather Don't strain your eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill Don't ruin your eyes by reading or sewing at dusk, by a dim light or flickering candle, or when very tired Don't sing or halloa when your throat is sore or you are hoarse Don't drink ice water when you are very warm, and never a glassful at a time, but simply sip it slowly Don't take some other person's medicine because you are similarly affected Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing Don't call so frequently on your sick friend as to make your company and conversation a bore Don't make a practice of relating scandal or stories calculated to depress the spirits of the sick Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them Don't call on your sick friend and advise him to take some other medicine, get another doctor, eat more eat less, sit up longer, go out more frequently stay, a week or talk him to death before you think of leaving

HUMAN OBESITY —The death is recorded of the "fattest woman in the world," a member and special curiosity of Nathan's Cleveland circus in America, who appears to have been smothered in her bed Miss Conley, though the most enormous of her sex weighing as she did 497 pounds, fell far short of that prodigy of human bulk, the famous Daniel Lambert, who died in 1809, during the Stamford Fair, at the age of 40 years Lambert weighed no less than 52 stone 11 pounds, that is 739 pounds, or close upon half as much again as the American lady Daniel Lambert's coffin with his body could not be brought down the stairs of the house in which he died, and the wall at the sides of the window had to be broken away to provide an exit. He was 5 feet 11 inches in height, measured 9 feet 4 inches round the body, and 3 feet 1 inch round the leg He never drank any beverage but water, and slept less than eight hours per day.

...MATCHES Miss Sept 26 —...of Ridoial La was arrested to-day, charged with robbing a registered letter Meng acknowledged his crime

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The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9 Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

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WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Railroad Man Murdered Near Kalama.

KALAMA, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—A railroad hand named Young, in the employ of Montgomery on the Kalama branch, was found murdered opposite this

...Ledger

OTTUMWA IA —Dr J N Armstrong says "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others"

The "spike" edition of THE OREGONIAN—September 9 Copies in wrappers at this office. Price 10 cents.

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Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES S. LEVY,

The One-Price Cash Dry Goods Store,

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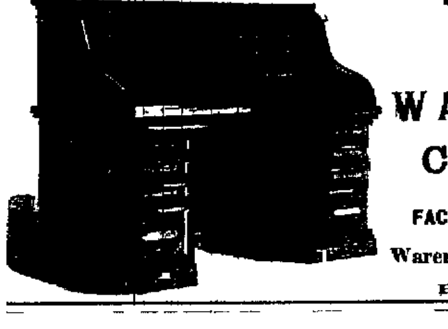

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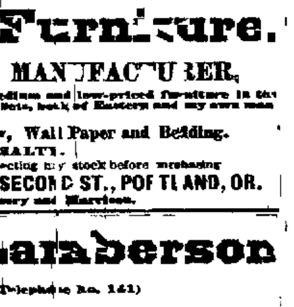

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AN EXCELLENT NUMBER TO SEND EAST

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 23, 1883.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Bears Make Another Successful Raid on Villard Shares.

AN OREGONIAN FLEECED BY BUNKO MEN.

Footlight Flashes from New York—Lively Campaign in Iowa—A Costly Church Dedicated—Washington News

Our President at Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 21.—[Special.]—President Arthur enjoyed a sail and drive to-day, and this evening attended a private theatrical, given at the Casino, for the benefit of a private charity. He was taken outside in Fred. Vanderbilt's "Tidal Wave" after the theatrical performance, and afterward met a few friends at an informal dinner given by his host. He had many callers early in the day. To-morrow he will be tendered an elaborate lunch by Cornelius Vanderbilt, brother of the young man who took him out sailing to-day, and he will attend a meeting of the Town and Country club, where it is thought Mrs. Roebling, who is to entertain the club, will tell what she knows about Brooklyn bridge, she having been requested to speak on that subject by many personal friends. In view of the prominent part which she took in erecting the bridge, her remarks will be listened to with interest. The president leaves here Tuesday morning for Bristol on the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter, where he is expected to deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of Burnside Memorial hall. On the following day he will bid adieu to Newport festivities and will betake himself to West Island, where he will spend nearly a week in bass fishing as the guest of the West Island Fishing club. The leading cottage residents were out in large numbers to-night at the Casino theater. The participants in the amateur theatricals were well known society people.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 22.—President Arthur received a large number of callers at Newport to-day. After a drive he was entertained at luncheon by Cornelius Vanderbilt. A large party of gentlemen were present.

Congregational Church Dedicated.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., Sept. 21.—[Special.]—The New York Congregational church was dedicated to-day in the presence of 1000 people in the church and chapel. Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins delivered the dedicatory sermon. A great uncle of his, Rev. Samuel Hopkins, was the first pastor of the old church. Other clergymen who participated in the exercises were Rev. C. C. Painter, Joseph E. Lindohm, Gideon Draper, L. S. Rowland and Horace Winslow. Mrs. Mary F. S. Hopkins of San Francisco, a native and frequently a summer resident of this town, gave $5000 towards the cost of the church, and her brother-in-law, Moses Hopkins of San Francisco, gave $5000 more. Mrs. Hopkins gives to the society a new parsonage now building, fully furnished, which will cost about $9000. She is the widow of Mark Hopkins of Central Pacific railroad fame. The organ is a gift of Timothy Hopkins, adopted son of Mrs. Mary F. S. Hopkins, treasurer of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. It cost between $33,000 and $35,000. It is the design of G. A. Astley, the well-known London architect of church property. When the parsonage is completed it will be worth very near $20,000, the land being estimated at $10,000.

Elopement and Marriage.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Some months ago Lillie, eldest daughter of John Phillips of the extensive iron manufacturing firm Oliver Bros. & Co., became acquainted with Albert Fisher, employed in the factory as a glass cutter, who has no other income than that earned in the shop. The young couple determined to marry, but the parents refused to consent to the marriage of their daughter to an artisan. Miss Phillips, during the past week, at various times removed portions of her clothing to the residence of a married sister, in one of the suburbs of the city. Last evening she left home, and announced that she would spend the night with her sister. Her mother suspected her, and followed her. When her mother went to the front door of the sister's residence, Miss Lillie ran out of the back door, and thence across a potato patch, closely pursued by her mother. The lover was waiting in a carriage, and carried off the prize. The lovers were not heard from until two hours later, when they returned to the sister's, and exhibited a marriage certificate. The lady's parents are still obdurate, but will likely forgive the schemers.

A San Francisco Lad's Experience.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—[Special.]—Willie Keon, a youth of 16, shipped from San Francisco as a cabin boy on board the ship Snow and Burgess, Captain Wilson, which sailed to Liverpool. During the voyage he was compelled to work before the mast. He says that he was treated with cruelty on shipboard, and especially by George Casey, the steward. When he reached Liverpool he went to the American consul, who had his contract with Captain Wilson canceled, and sent the boy to a sailor's boarding house. The house was burned down, and Willie narrowly escaped being burned to death. Subsequently the consul sent him to this city, where he arrived Sunday last on the steamer Egypt. He remained at Castle Garden until yesterday, when he made his way to the police station, and asked Superintendent Walling to telegraph to his father, who keeps a music store at Market and Third streets, San Francisco. A telegram was sent to that address, and while awaiting an answer the lad was placed in charge of Matron Webb.

A Portlander Fleeced by Bunko Men.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Dr. Stockton, who claims to be from Portland, Oregon, and who is spending the summer in this city, while on Sixth avenue, was accosted by two well dressed men, one of whom slapping the doctor familiarly on the shoulder, asked, "When did you leave Oregon? My name is Forbes. Don't you know me?" The doctor was thrown off his guard, and accompanied the strangers to a saloon, where he was induced to try his hand at a game, in which he lost first $50, then $100, and finally $2,000, the latter being a check on Drexel, Morgan & Co. This morning, learning that he had been in the hands of bunko men, he visited the bank and stopped payment of the draft, and watched for the men. Both came in soon, but took to their heels on seeing the doctor. They were pursued and captured. Both were recognized as well-known professional bunko steerers.

The Campaign in Iowa.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—The gubernatorial campaign in Iowa is being conducted with unusual vigor this fall. The issues outlined are prohibition and a protective tariff, on the side of the republicans, and license and tariff for revenue, on the side of the democrats, they calling some of their strongest men into the campaign. Ben Harrison has been on the stump for the republicans, and Gov. Hendricks for the democrats, and congressman Wm. M. Springer, of Illinois, is in the city to-day, on his way to that state where he will begin on Monday a series of speeches lasting till the time of election.

Quieting Effect on 'Change.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Reports were gathered by the associated press last night, throughout the great corn belt of the west, showing that the anticipated general frost was not realized. This had a quieting effect on 'Change this morning, and trading opened without a change in prices of any cereals from yesterday's close, except corn, which was half a cent lower. In subsequent dealings up to noon, fluctuations were only such as are customary.

Heavy Fire.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Sept. 21.—At 2 o'clock this morning a fire broke out at Hannibal in the St. Joe railway shops, totally destroying the machinery and blacksmith shops. Loss $50,000, partially insured. The shops will be rebuilt at once. Two hundred and fifty men are temporarily thrown out of employment.

Spiechee Elected Chief.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 22.—Returns from the recent election for chief in the Creek nation, Indian territory, are all in except two precincts. Spiechee is elected over Perriman and Checote by about forty majority. The result is a defeat for the liberal and progressive party.

A Light Day's Work.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Yesterday was the lightest day of the season at quarantine. After attending to the wants of a handful of vessels, which had come in during the previous night, the boarding officers had literally not a single sail to visit during the day.

Butler will be Nominated.

BOSTON, September 22.—The greenback convention will assemble here to-day. That it will nominate Butler, notwithstanding the efforts of dissatisfied greenback leaders, seems reasonably certain.

Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 22.—The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows concluded its sessions to-day. Their next meeting takes place at Minneapolis on the third Monday in September, 1884.

No Frost.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 22.—Reports from the following places in Dakota say there was no frost last night: Fargo, Bismarck, Jamestown, Huron, Grand Forks and Mitchell. Duluth and Fergus Falls, Minnesota, also report no frost.

ACCIDENTS.

FOUR MINERS KILLED.

WILKESBARRE, Sept. 22.—A terrible accident happened in the Woodward shaft of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company, at Kingston this afternoon. The shaft is 500 feet deep, and has twenty feet of water at the bottom. George Bulg, Thomas J. Davis, Edward Phillips and Isaac Devan were working on a platform, timbering the shaft sixty feet from the bottom. A piece of timber weighing half a ton fell on the platform while being lowered. It gave way, and four of the men were precipitated to the bottom, falling in the water and drowning. Philip Ferry and Lewis Jones were saved by hanging to a beam, after crying for help. The men were all married, except Davis, and leave large families in destitute circumstances.

ONE MAN KILLED AND SEVERAL INJURED.

AKRON, O., Sept. 22.—The fast west bound express on the New York, Philadelphia and Ohio railway this afternoon crashed into the rear of a freight side-tracked at Tallmadge, the next station east. The passenger engineer was killed, and several train men injured, none fatally. The passenger engine and two freight cars were burned. Not a passenger was hurt.

MONTANA.

Report of Vandalism Denied.

HELENA, Sept. 22.—The report circulated by certain visitors in the Yellowstone park, of acts of vandalism by soldiers on the president's escort, during his late trip, are emphatically denied by Governor Crosby of Montana, a member of the party, who says General Sheridan's orders were strict in this regard, and also as to the unnecessary killing of game, and that the orders were carried out to the letter in every respect.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Gossip About Many Noted Stars in the Histrionic Firmament.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Koster and Bial have made a great success with Hortense, the Viennese singer.

"Yakie" was produced at the Twenty-third street theater the 17th by Ulf. Wyman and Lulu Wilson. The play is modeled after J. K. Emmett's successes, but proved a failure.

Jeffreys Lewis is ill in this city with neuralgia of the heart.

Louis Morgenstein arrived here last week. It is reported he will join John Stetson's staff.

Caroline Hill has been engaged to play Lady Kelly in "Moths," Wallack's opening play.

Katherine Rogers starts on a starring tour in October.

Ford Ward's new play, "Galba the Gladiator," was successfully produced at Ashland, Ohio, September 8.

Solomon's new opera, "White Sergeant," will be produced in London and New York in November.

Henry Irving appears at the Star in "The Bells" in October. He plays a four weeks' engagement in this city.

Marie Wilkins, the talented old actress, is lying at her residence in this city.

Madame Janauschek plays an eleven weeks engagement in and around New York, beginning in October.

Marie Prescott, who played in "Vera," Oscar Wilde's play, plays a star engagement this season appearing first in Tillotson's new drama, "Belmont's Bride." She will have a strong supporting company.

The Metropolitan opera house is rapidly nearing completion, and the architects state it will be ready for Mapleson's opera company in October.

Mapleson has secured Cherebino, new basso, and Vanetti, light baritone. He has not as yet found a leading tenor to fill Campanini's place, though negotiations are in progress with Tamagno, an Italian tenor of note.

Frank Patterson, a wealthy gentleman, is organizing a New York comic opera company, which starts on an extended tour in October. The repertoire is extensive, and includes Strauss' "Prince Methusalem." The company comprises a dozen well known artists.

Clara Morris has completely recovered her health, and is playing "Camille" at Rankin's new Third Avenue theater.

Minnie Hauk arrived here from France on the 18th. She will assist in an oratorio at the Worcester musical festival, and then make a tour of the southern states, appearing in "Lakme" and "Columbia," two new English operas.

"A Friendly Tip," which was condemned by the critics here, has made a big success in Philadelphia.

A new American drama by Charles Gaylord has been produced in Boston, and is scoring a pronounced success. In the second act over 400 people are on the stage.

"The Stranglers of Paris" will be produced at the new Park theater in November. The play is translated from the French by Belasco.

NILSSON SAILS FOR AMERICA.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Christine Nilsson sailed to-day for New York, on the Gallia, from Liverpool. The Silesia, which sailed to-day from Havre, took ninety-three members of Nilsson's troupe, including the ballet and a portion of the chorus and orchestra. Signor Vianesi, conductor, also sailed to-day from Havre, on the Normandie.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Walsh Transfers His Suit to New York.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Counsel for John A. Walsh took the initial steps to have dismissed the suit begun by the latter some time since in the court of this district against Thomas J. Brady, ex-assistant postmaster general, to recover money said to have been loaned to the amount of about $21,000. Walsh, who has instituted a similar suit in New York city, says, in a letter to his attorney here: "I do not believe I can get justice in the city of Washington. I am not willing to try my action before a jury of that place. The United States have permitted me to be grossly libeled, while a witness on its behalf, without punishing the offenders therefor, notwithstanding I placed in its possession proofs, which fact is calculated to create prejudice against me in my civil action against Brady. I will examine Brady on the 3d of October next, having obtained an order to that effect from Judge Donohue. Yesterday I got service on both of them."

Thomas, one of Walsh's counsel, said to a reporter to-day that, on account of the result of the recent star route trial, he had advised a dismissal of the suit. He did not think Walsh had been treated fairly by the government, which had taken no steps to defend him. One advantage he had in transferring his suit to the New York state courts was in securing the advantage of better machinery. If witnesses were summoned there and refused to testify they could be sent to jail. Here nothing would be done with them.

An Explanation from Washington.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—The following explanation in regard to the somewhat sensational signal service bulletin, posted on the board of trade Friday morning, predicting frost in all states north of Tennessee that night, and which caused a decided flurry in corn, reaches this city from Washington: "There were more or less well defined indications of frost in the territory mentioned, and the chief signal officer, not desiring to create a panic or disturb values, appended a foot note to the usual bulletin address, as a private message to the observers at Chicago and several other important cities, warning them not to give too wide publicity to the facts as they appeared from the report. By a mistake the bulletin itself was not given out here, while the private note to the observers, which did all the mischief, was posted on change. The failure of a fulfillment of the prediction is a very general theme of conversation among members of the board of trade to-day, who were not aware of the explanation.

An Interview with Folger.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The president of the New Orleans national bank, against which Postmaster General Gresham's recent order in relation to the lottery company's matter was directed, had an interview with the secretary of the treasury on the subject. Secretary Folger told him that the question of delivery of mail matter to a bank was one over which he had no direct control, that being under the jurisdiction of the postoffice department. The only question, he said, which he (Secretary Folger) had to decide was whether the action of the bank in becoming agent of the lottery company to receive its mail was a proper subject for investigation by the treasury department.

Will Wait a While.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Secretary Chandler will await the return of the president before coming to a conclusion as to whom he will appoint to the positions of chief engineer of the bureau of steam engineering and commandant of Mare Island navy yard. At one time the secretary had determined to designate Commodore De Krafft for the latter vacancy, but Commodore De Krafft seriously objected to being sent to San Francisco. It is now thought that his wishes in the matter will be respected and that he will be allowed to continue as president of the board of inspection.

Precautions Against Cattle Disease.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Secretary Folger has sent a communication to the collector of customs at New York, in which he states that the United States cattle commission has been informed of the alarming increase in foot and mouth disease among the cattle of Great Britain. Under these circumstances officers of the customs service will hereafter exercise care in examining into the sanitary condition of all cattle, sheep, swine and goats imported into the United States.

Must Stay at Vancouver.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The Twenty-first infantry stationed at Vancouver barracks will remain there, and not exchange posts with the Tenth infantry, stationed on the lakes. The expense of the transfer would be too great to justify the proposed change.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Repeated Hammering on Villard Shares Forces a Further Decline.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Governments strong. Villards were again a feature of share speculation to-day, and the general market sympathized with these shares, although changes were not especially important. At the opening the market was lower but in the first sales Villards improved ½ to ¾. This was followed by freer sales, and shares declined ½ to 1½, Villards trading from noon until nearly 2:30 P.M., when the market was quiet and comparatively firm, with an improvement of ¼ to 1¼; Oregon and Transcontinental, Northern Pacific Trunk lines, Central Pacific, Union Pacific, and Western Union being conspicuous. In the last half hour of business the "bears" made another vigorous onslaught on the Villards, and these shares broke rapidly to 34⅝ for Northern Pacific common, to 6[illegible] for preferred, and to 54 for Oregon and Transcontinental. All these figures were 6½, 10½ and 12½ points below the best for the week. The constant hammering on these shares affected the whole market unfavorably, but the decline, as a rule, was slight. A feature of the day was the strength on trunk lines, which closed ¼ to ¾ above last night's figures, except for Michigan Central, which was ½ lower. As compared with yesterday's final sales Northern Pacific is 1⅛ lower, preferred 3½, Oregon and Transcontinental 5, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy 1½. Other active shares were ½ to ¾ lower. In specialties Oregon Improvement broke 8 per cent. to 60½, and Richmond and Danville 3 to 64. The break in Villard's late in the day, was due to the selling by some traders and reports of inside selling. A large amount of long stock was sold out, and was bought by some leading "bears." Sales of stocks for the week were 2,320,877 shares, an increase of 471,576.

Mining stocks dull. Horn Silver sold at $7, Eureka Con. $3 20@5 60, Chrysolite $1 80 and $1 25, Robinson Consolidated 43 and 42, and Sonora Consolidated 28 cents. Sales for the day 24,540 shares; total for the week 222,000.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 22.—[Special.]—It is estimated that during the season 948 miles of road will be constructed on the Canadian Pacific railroad. This record is without parallel in the history of railway building, either in the old world or the new. By the end of this present month grading will be completed to the summit of the Rocky mountains, and about a week later trains will be running to that point. General Manager Van Horne, who passed through this city yesterday from a tour of inspection, says the total number of miles completed is 1902; number of miles under construction, 809. The company has in its employ 25,000 men, and pays wages of $100,000 per day. At the last session of parliament the minister of railways stated that the entire road would be completed in December, 1886, two years in advance of the time stipulated in the contract; but so remarkable has been the progress made that at the next session the minister will be able to make his prediction within two years, or a year earlier than he had predicted the entire road would be completed.

Voices of the Fair Barbarians.

Boston Herald.

Mgr. Capel finds American ladies charming, their social attainments perfect, their taste in dress exquisite, but exclaims against their voices. "The voice and the accent of this lady," once remarked a French critic of one of our fairest countrywomen, "are like a sour lemon!"

MARRIED FOR FUN.

But the Husband Takes It in Earnest—A Complicated Case.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—The Times has the following dispatch from San Francisco, announcing that General Keys, of that city, has begun suit for the annulment of his marriage with a lady whose maiden name was Flora A. Hastings. In his complaint Keys declares that when he married her she was the wife of James O'Brien Kelly, of Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Va. The lady, on the contrary, asserts that she never was Kelly's wife, and that Keys, before marriage to her, was given convincing proof that Kelly never had any matrimonial claim on her, and that he wrote to him warning him to cease harassing her. She is plaintiff in this city in a suit against James O'Brien Kelly similar in the purpose to the action of Keys against her. She is seeking here in a supreme court decree, annulling her marriage with Kelly, on the ground that her consent to it was procured by fraud, and that it was never consummated and never recognized by her as valid. Exactly when the marriage which Mrs. Keys is trying to avoid took place cannot be determined from her complaint, for the reason that that document states that it occurred "on or about the 9th day of October, 1883," a date which most people know has not yet arrived. The place of marriage was the platform of a railroad station at Alleghany station, Va.

MARRIED ON A DEPOT PLATFORM.

Complaint, after stating the time and place, runs on: As the plaintiff was about to take the cars the defendant, who was then 18 years of age, said to plaintiff, who was then 17 years of age, "let us be married for fun," and represented to the plaintiff that if she would consent to the performance of a marriage ceremony he would always regard it as a joke, and would never claim that such marriage ceremony constituted a legal marriage. Believing his statements to be true, the lady says, she consented to the performance of a marriage ceremony, how or by whom she does not state, and at its conclusion she departed from Alleghany station, leaving Kelly on the railroad platform. The ceremony was then, and always since has been regarded by her as a joke, she says, and from the time when it was performed she never saw Kelly until June last. In June she visited Alleghany station, and James O'Brien Kelly, for the first time, claimed her as his beautiful wife.

WANTS THE MARRIAGE ANNULLED.

She declares that she believes that when he proposed marriage with her as a joke he had a false and fraudulent purpose, to claim her as his wife, if she could be made to agree to and carry out his suggestion. Therefore, as it was by misrepresentation that she was induced to consent to the performance of the ceremony, she asks the court for judgment, declaring the alleged marriage contract void. In the supreme court in chambers yesterday Judge Donohue appointed Mr. Abram Kling to take proof of the matters stated in the complaint. Notwithstanding that the plaintiff claims in San Francisco to be Mrs. Keys she uses her maiden name in suing Kelly, and it was under that name—Flora A. Hastings—that she verified her complaint on September 15, in this city. Summons in her suit was served on Kelly on August 11, by his sister, Miss Bonny Kelly, in this city. Kelly has served no notice of appearance in the case on plaintiff's attorney, Mr. J. Mara Jones, and his time to answer the complaint has expired.

SPORTING NOTES

COURTNEY'S REMARKABLE THREE MILE TIME.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 22.—[Special.]—A correspondent who had an interview with Charles E. Courtney found the oarsman weary from the exertions of yesterday afternoon, together with a spin over a three-mile course in 20:22. As to the length of the course, Courtney says it was surveyed five times on ice. He adds: "If there is any doubt about the absolute accuracy of the survey I am willing that another measurement be made." He says if it is found short by even a foot or six inches, he will not only agree to lower his present record on a new course, but pay back the $11,000 he won yesterday; and in addition agrees, without further measurement, to put up $1000 in wagers that any survey will not show the course a foot short. All parties to the $10,000 wager are satisfied that while the time given out was only twenty minutes and five seconds, the oarsman actually did better than that. W. S. B. Frear, of Union Springs, held a stop watch and made the time 19:30. Others made it 19:23. Nobody pretends that it was over twenty minutes and five seconds, as announced. Courtney emphatically denies that he was entered for the Sodus Point regatta yesterday. He says the $11,000 he won yesterday will be paid to-night by George Fordyce, the stakeholder. Nobody protested the payment.

SCHAEFFER'S STATEMENT.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Jacob Schaeffer says that when Slosson issued a challenge to play him for the billiard championship, at the Balke-line game, it was known that he (Schaeffer) had a game on with Vignaux, in Paris, in November. If Slosson would issue a challenge the regular way, after that match, it will be accepted. Schaeffer will leave New York for Paris October 18th.

SLOSSON SPOILING FOR A MATCH.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—George F. Slosson says he challenged Vignaux, who sneaked out of the country without replying. He will give Sexton 200 points in 1,000, for the Balke-line championship, or seventy-five to a cushion carom game, for $500 a side.

BASEBALL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—New York 11, Chicago 1.
BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Buffalo 3, Boston 2.
PROVIDENCE, Sept. 21.—Providence 6, Cleveland 4.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

COWARDLY MURDER AT STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, Sept. 22.—Julius Dietrich, painter by trade, a worthy man with a wife and child, was shot dead in the presence of his wife to-day, by a man named Turcott, an entire stranger. A few minutes before the occurrence Turcott, with two companions, passed down the street, and seeing Mrs. Dietrich standing at the door of her house made an insulting remark about her. As the three men were on their way back Mrs. Dietrich said to her husband, who in the meantime had arrived, "That's the man who insulted me," pointing to Turcott. Dietrich advanced to ask him what he meant, when Turcott drew a revolver and shot him dead. The terrified wife pursued the murderer, who fled but was quickly captured by a police officer. Turcott was placed in jail just in time to escape lynching by a crowd who rapidly assembled. The two companions of Turcott have also been captured. A more cowardly and atrocious deed was never committed.

A NEGRO OUTRAGER LYNCHED.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Sept. 22.—Dispatches to the Star report the hanging by lynchers in Richmond county Friday, of a negro named Archie Johnson, for attempting to outrage a white girl six years of age, daughter of a highly respected planter of that county. [illegible] was left hanging on a tree, with a placard [illegible] to his breast, bearing the words, "Our [illegible] daughters must be protected."

KILLED AN EMPLOYE.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 21.—Last night Col. R. S. Strader, a well known horseman, shot and killed Sanford Foster, a negro employe. Strader was told that Foster had turned a stallion in with a valuable filly. He got a shotgun and went to the stable. Foster ran, but was fired on by Strader. He returned, and while advancing on Strader the latter fired twice, killing Foster. Strader gave himself up, and was admitted to bail.

STAGE COACH ROBBED.

GALVESTON, Sept. 22.—The News' Weatherford special says: The Jacksboro stage was robbed this evening, seven miles from here, by a lone highwayman—one of the two who robbed the same stage a few weeks ago. The passengers, three ladies and one gentleman, were not molested, the robber demanding only the mail sacks.

A ROBBER APPROPRIATELY NAMED.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—"Slippery Jim," a highway robber, escaped from the Iowa penitentiary Thursday evening, and, while large bodies of men were hunting for him, he returned to the prison and robbed the house of the warden, getting away with the plunder.

STATION AGENT ROBBED.

OMAHA, Sept. 22.—This morning F. Roye, Burlington and Missouri railroad station agent at Aurora, Nebraska, was struck over the head by an unknown assailant, fracturing the skull. His assailant got $400, a gold watch and a revolver.

CALIFORNIA.

Important Discovery by Judge Field.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—An important fact bearing on the question of Hong Kong Chinamen who, claiming to be British subjects, claim also as such a right to land in the United States, has been brought out in a case of this nature, which comes up here for final decision before Justice Field of the supreme court on Monday next. In the meantime it occurred to Judge Field to have that portion of the statutes of Great Britain governing the naturalization of aliens examined, to see what rights under the act were conferred by the imperial government on individuals of alien races. The Post this evening, in a long article, publishes the results of the researches made at the office of the British consul. One clause in the act referred to, specially enacted for the guidance of colonial legislatures, provides that "when any measure for such a purpose is proposed the governor should ascertain whether his instructions do not require the insertion of a suspending clause, and he should take care that the words are inserted in the terms of the statute, confining the privileges so granted to the limits of the colony." Guided largely by this, Judge Field will decide that Chinamen, naturalized British subjects, are only such within the limits of the colony wherein their naturalization took place, and that Chinamen born in Hong Kong must establish that fact under a passport, issued by authority of the British governor, before any rights claimed by such can be properly considered in the courts of the United States.

The "Artful Dodger," Captain Adams.

Captain Adams, of the ship Richard the Third, who so artfully succeeded in escaping from the clutches of the United States marshal at Port Townsend, some time ago, will to-day be produced in person by the owners of the vessel. Captain Adams will be immediately placed under arrest, to answer the charges brought against him of having given the United States marshal a spurious bond, in satisfaction of the claim originally brought against the vessel.

The New Steamer Alameda.

The new steamer Alameda, which arrived this evening from Philadelphia, via Cape Horn, brought a large consignment of war munitions for the Chinese government not entered on the steamer's manifest. It is consigned to the address of Smith & Co., Shanghai, as previous shipments. The steamer will run in the Hawaiian trade. The voyage from Philadelphia here was made in a remarkable short time—forty-seven days.

NOTABLE DEAD.

A GRANDSON OF LOUIS XVI.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Sept. 22.—John L. Williams, only son of the late Eleazer Williams, distinguished as "the lost dauphin of France," died to-day at [illegible]town, Wis. Eleazer Williams claimed to be the son of Louis XVI., and was well known as the "Bourbon" among the people.

ENGLAND.

VAGUE RUMORS OF THE DEATH OF GREELY.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Professor Nordenskjold telegraphs the following from Greenland to the Associated Press agent at London: "During my excursions on the inland ice Dr. Nathorst, with the steamer Sofia, in charge of Captain Nilsson anchored on the 25th of July in a bay near Cape York, 76 degrees, 5 minutes north. The doctor was accompanied from Godhaven by an Esquimaux interpreter named Hans Christian, who had met at Godhaven a party of fifteen Esquimaux from Wolstenholm. They stated that they had been informed by other natives that the commander of an American expedition, whose name they pronounced "Kasteyh," and another member of the party, which had arrived at a port north of Smith sound, were dead, and that the rest of the expedition had returned on sledges to Littleton island. Unfortunately this information was not given to Dr. Nathorst until he returned to Godhaven. I, myself, examined Christian, and his account seems reliable. Before starting northward the Sofia met, on July 16, at Godhaven, the Proteus, which intended to proceed to Littleton island, and if necessary, and unimpeded by ice, to Lady Franklin bay. When the Sofia visited the Smith sound, that body of water was encumbered by ice."

MASS MEETINGS TO BE HELD IN AMERICA.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—Arrangements are being made by the Irish national league for a series of mass meetings in America, which will be addressed by many prominent nationals, including John Redmond, who is now in Australia. Redmond will return from Australia by way of San Francisco, which place he is expected to reach in November.

IRELAND.

PARNELLITE MEETING PROHIBITED.

DUBLIN, Sept. 22.—It is rumored that the government intends to prohibit some projected meetings of Parnellites throughout the country, and in pursuance of this policy a meeting announced to be held to-morrow at Miltown, county Clare, has been prohibited.

MANY TOWNSHIPS DISTURBED.

DUBLIN, Sept. 22.—Many townships in counties Clare and Limerick have been officially proclaimed as being in a disturbed state, requiring an additional police force.

FRANCE.

PARISIAN NOTES.

PARIS, Sept. 22.—President Grevy has appointed the king of Anam a member of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and has made two of his ministry grand officers of the order.

At the Chinese legation here the report of a revolt in the imperial palace at Pekin is discredited.

ANAM.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE DIFFICULTY.

PARIS, Sept. 22.—Admiral Courbet, commander of the French forces in Tonquin, sailed from Tourane Thursday on the iron clad Bayard, accompanied by the gun boat Lynx, for the gulf of Tonquin. Admiral Courbet had been tendered complete civil and military authority for the French government in Tonquin, which he declined. It is believed, however, that he may yet be induced to accept the position.

The health and morals of the troops are excellent. General Bouet, lately French commander, was expected at Saigon on the 8th.

GERMANY.

MILITARY MANEUVERS WATCHED BY THE EMPEROR.

BERLIN, Sept. 22.—Twenty-five thousand men participated in the maneuvers, which lasted for three hours, during which time the emperor watched them from a hill near Glassheim.

TURKEY.

THE PALACE ALARMED.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—A dispatch to the *Daily News* from Constantinople says the authorities at the palace are again agitated by the recurrence of one of periodical alarms to which they are subject, suspicion having fallen upon an attendant to the heir of the throne, his chief confidant. He was suddenly and with great secrecy sent into exile into the interior.

MEXICO.

YELLOW FEVER ON THE INCREASE.

GUAYMAS, Sept. 22.—Nine deaths from yellow fever have been reported in the last twenty-four hours. The thermometer has risen to ninety-seven, and fears are again entertained that under the great heat and filthy streets the fever will again increase and spread. Eleven new cases were reported yesterday. Not enough rain fell to clean the streets, and the hot sun following tended to increase malaria. The increase of deaths and new cases has driven people almost frantic, not knowing whether they should flee from the city or remain, in hope that the worst has passed. The members of the board of health have proved themselves utterly incompetent to deal with the matter. It is rumored that Dal Valle, a millionaire of this city, who fled the country, has died. No news from Hermosillo.

THE TURF.

STANFORD'S PALO ALTO STABLES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—Ex-Governor Stanford's Palo Alto stable of young trotters is now at Charter Oak park, Hartford, Connecticut, getting ready to fulfill its engagements at the breeders' meeting, to be held there the 2d, 3d, and 4th of October. On Monday last Marvin, trainer of the youngsters, drove the three-year-old filly Hinda Rose a mile in 2:21½. The first half mile was in 1:12, the last half mile in 1:09½, and the last quarter in 34 seconds. Marvin also drove Bonita, four-years old, a mile in 2:20. The track was heavy from recent rains. With a good day and track, when his races are called, Marvin expects his fillies will beat the present best record of 2:19 for four-year-olds and 2:21 for three-year-olds.

THE JAY EYE SEE AND ST. JULIEN CONTEST.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—[Special.]—The all-absorbing topic among sporting men here is the approaching trotting contest between Jay Eye See and St. Julien, to take place September 29, at the Gentlemen's driving park, Fleetwood. No pools have as yet been sold, but several private bets have been laid. It is understood that Case, Jay Eye See's owner, is already backing his horse heavily.

[Our dispatches of the past week were mixed as to the date of the contest above mentioned, one telegram fixing the time at Sept. 26, and another at Sept. 29. The latter is correct.]

AT BRIGHTON BEACH

BRIGHTON BEACH, Sept. 21.—In the race of five-eighths of a mile, Antelope won, King Fan 2d, Maria Lewis 3d; time 1:04¼.

One mile, Dizzy Blonde won, Lillie Dale 2d, Charlcello 3d; time 1:45¾.

Seven-eighths of a mile race for two year olds; Blast won, Ghost 2d, Andrew Smith 3d; time 1:33.

In the race of mile and eighth, Topsy won, Little Buttercup 2d, Girofla 3d; time 1:57¾.

Steeplechase of two and a half miles, Bridesale, Charley, Rader and Bonaventure threw the jockeys; Mintaser won, Sally 2d; time 4:33½.

In the mile and quarter race Lizzie Flynn won, Hilarity 2d, Arsenic 3d; time 2:16.

Quantity and Quality in Literature.

Victorian Review.

George Eliot would spend two years over a novel—occasionally more, indeed. Mrs. Braddon presents "a work of fiction" to the public about once in every three months. Behold at once the difference between art and artificiality, between literary honesty and literary humbug, between that which is fitted to live and that which is fitted for the waste paper basket. Walter Savage Landor surpassed all the eminent writers of the century in the pains he bestowed upon composition. The consequence is natural: he surpasses them all in beauty of style. He wrote and re-wrote with perfect indifference to pecuniary results and with small concern, apparently, about fame. The sanction of usage is usually accounted sufficient justification for the employment of any word. Landor, however, would not admit into his pages any word or phrase which lacked the hall-mark of the best writers. He absolutely purified the English language. He is a neglected writer. His subjects were not calculated to arouse general sympathy. Beauty of style alone will not command interest. Certain it is, nevertheless, that the prose style of Landor, in respect of grace, refinement, and finish, has never been equaled.

De Quincey, as I have previously remarked, possessed an innate faculty of suiting his style to his subject. His variety was infinite. He will, indeed, sometimes descend from the loftiest flights of eloquence to downright vulgarity. Such a larrikin phrase as "O criminal" is to be found at least once in his writings. He, too, bestowed excessive pains upon his work. The mere natural capacity for his remarkable versatility of style would not have achieved such results without cultivation and hard work. Two volumes of no great size represent the whole literary fruit of Emerson's long life. Lamb's collected works are, I believe, compressed within a small compass. Sydney Smith wrote about as much as Emerson. Hawthorne was 46 years of age before he became known as the author of "The Scarlet Letter." He had previously written but a few short stories; and after he rose to fame he produced less than five or six volumes. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a well known hack writer of the day, boasts of having published, on all manner of topics, over 100 volumes. Our Payns, Braddons, Blacks, Oliphants and Trollopes pour out a perennial stream of second or third rate fiction. Turning to another branch of literature, we find that Sheridan wrote seven plays. Mr. H. J. Byron has concocted about twenty times as many. "Easy writing," said the former, "makes d—d hard reading."

Mr. William Bayliss, of Fall River, Mass., is the owner of a fine spaniel dog. A few days ago a horse left tied near a pond, broke loose, and by some mishap fell into the pond where it was very deep, and appeared too bewildered to find his way out. The dog, happening to be strolling along the edge of the pond and observing the danger the horse was in, instantly plunged in, swam to the horse, seized the bridle with his teeth, and gradually pulled the horse around and guided him to the shore where he could emerge from his perilous condition.

One of Gotham's Juggernauts.

Boston Herald.

The fate of the tugboat struck by Jay Gould's yacht was similar to that of the small fry speculators who get athwart his course in Wall street.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

MINING STOCKS REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.

Alpha	2 90	Hale and Norcross	4 15
Belcher	1 85	Mexican	2 [illegible]
Best and Belcher	3 50	Ophir	[illegible]
Bodie Con	60	Overman	40
Chollar	3 [illegible]	Potosi	1 35
Con. Virginia	35	Savage	2 60
Crown Point	1 [illegible]	Sierra Nevada	[illegible]
Exchequer	65	Union	[illegible]
Gould and Curry	2 90	Yellow Jacket	[illegible]
Grand Prize	35		

ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

The Peril Braved by a Cliff Climber After a Pair of Eaglets.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When he got to the "pond," as the place where the eyrie is built is locally known, he found that fortune has favored him in this—that neither of the birds was at home; but at the same time he found that it would be a difficult matter to get at the nest. Immediately above the "pond" was a great ledge of rock which completely overhung the eyrie; so that the cragsman, suspended in the air on the same level as the nest, found himself ten or twelve feet from it. He at once signaled to those above to be hauled up to this edge, and that having been done, he cautiously climbed down its face, which had a sharp inward slope, until he got upon the same run of strata as that on which the nest was built. By following an open seam, just wide enough to admit his fingers, he managed at last to scramble into the "pond," where probably human foot had never been set before.

In the rocky chamber in which he now found himself he could hardly stand upright; he therefore went round on his knees to the back of the nest. There were two pretty eaglets in the eyrie, and when they saw the strange intruder they buried their heads beneath the woolly lining of the nest and remained perfectly still. On lifting the eaglets out of the nest, though only a fortnight old, they were so large and well grown that only one would go into the fishing basket. The cragsman was considering how he could get the other to the top of the cliff, when a warning shout from above told him that one of the old birds was approaching. It was the female bird, which apparently was determined to show fight in defense of her young. She came through the air straight for the eyrie, like a flash of lightning, and the cragsman had barely time to throw himself on his back into the deepest recess of the "pond," and draw his revolver, when the infuriated eagle was upon him. She made one tremendous but unsuccessful swoop at him with talons and beak, and simultaneously he pulled the trigger of his revolver. The weapon, however, missed fire. The eagle hovered outside for a moment before renewing the attack, but a shot from the revolver—the report of which was reverberated among the rocks—effectually scared it to a distance of about 100 yards, where it continued to circle in the air, yelping like a dog. It was by-and-by joined by the male bird, but neither of the eagles again showed fight. The cragsman, having deposited one eaglet in his fishing-basket, took the other under his left arm, and, having given the signal to his companions, swung himself out to the "pond," and was safely hauled up—his perilous adventure successfully accomplished. Both of the eagles are still alive and appear to be thriving well in captivity. They are fed three times a day on flesh and fish, and on this diet are coming into very beautiful plumage. Since the eyrie was robbed, it may be mentioned that the old eagles have on more than one occasion been seen hovering over the town of Lerwick. This is the first time for twenty years that eagles have been captured alive in Shetland.

Paris Running Down at the Heel.

Lucy Hooper's Paris Letter.

Time was when France was the great purveyor of all beautiful and luxurious articles for the entire world. She supplied the United States and half Europe as well with dress goods, porcelains, jewelry, bronzes, and the myriad dainty trifles known as articles de Paris. What is the case to-day? Germany is superseding her in the matter of woolen goods, and also strange to say, in that of ready-made dresses. English porcelains have crowded the French clear out of the market. America is manufacturing her own jewelry, and is fast learning to manufacture her own silks. In the European silk market Switzerland has become a formidable rival. As to the articles de Paris, they are to be purchased far better and cheaper in Vienna than in this once unrivaled mart. English hosiery and underwear are far superior to the French, and are less expensive. The same may be said of tailor-made suits for ladies, cloth jackets, quilted satin underskirts and other articles of feminine apparel. In fact, except in the way of very handsome dresses, bonnets, gloves, shoes and under linen, a lady can do her shopping cheaper, and to her greatest satisfaction in London than in Paris.

Parisian prices have, in fact, been rising steadily ever since my arrival here ten years ago. In 1874 you could have a dress made well and stylishly for $10. Ready-made dresses could be bought at the Louvre or the Bon Marche for from $12 to $15 each. A tasteful and stylish bonnet could be procured for from $3 to $10. Everything of the kind now costs half as much again at the very least. Rents, carriage hire, food and wages have risen in a similar proportion. Paris is now a far more expensive city to live in than is London so far as the actual prices of articles are concerned. The flat or *appartement* system in Paris alone keeps down household expenses within any reasonable limit. London home-life, as is that of America, is rendered burdensome and costly by the necessity of having an entire house for lodging each family and by the contingent necessity of having an army of servants to keep that house in order. Gloves, the cab system and flowers are now the only cheap things to be had in Paris.

Anecdote of Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Alice D. Shipman's "Reminiscences of Illinois Pioneers," published in the September number of the *Phrenological Journal*, states of Colonel W. M. Davidson, that though he supported Douglas in the contest of 1860, nevertheless "Lincoln, after his inauguration, wrote to Colonel Davidson offering him any office that he might think fit to name, proposing, himself, the secretary of the treasury." The origin of Lincoln's intimacy with Joshua F. Speed is thus related: "Mr. Speed began his business life as a merchant in Springfield, Ill., where he was settled when Mr. Lincoln came there to open a law office. One day as he was sitting in his store in an interval of leisure, Mr. Lincoln, whose ingrained awkwardness was then aggravated by his youth, came up to the corner, and accosted him with visible embarrassment. 'I want to know, Speed,' he said, 'the cost of a bedstead and bed,' adding a rough description which indicated the cheapest kind of both. 'What you want,' answered Mr. Speed, 'will cost you about $17.' At this Lincoln's jaw dropped, and a painful expression of sadness and perplexity spread over his countenance.' Mr. Speed noticing the look, and rightly interpreting it to signify that the price exceeded Lincoln's means, quickly added: 'Mr. Lincoln, I have a proposition to make to you. My partner has just got married, and his bed in my room up stairs is vacant. If you are willing to occupy it, and share my room with me, you are more than welcome.' The painful expression instantly vanished from Lincoln's face, and, with a few simple words of thanks, he accepted the offer and disappeared. In a short time he reappeared with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags on his arm, and, directed by his new friend, shambled up stairs to the designated room. A minute had scarcely passed before he shambled down again, and, as he reached the shop room, cried out, his face beaming with jocund content: 'Well Speed, I've moved.' Henceforward until death Lincoln and Speed were bosom friends."

Tardy Recognition.

A statue has at last been erected to Daguerre, who, although not the first to take sun pictures, was the first to make them by a commercially successful process. The pictures that bore his name have never been excelled for beauty of tone and finish and durability, but there were many reasons besides that of cost why they were supplanted by the after-discovered process of photography. The Daguerreotype led the way to the invention of a great number of processes of taking sun pictures, and within forty years the business has been developed to enormous proportions. The latest phase of it, that of printing the pictures on presses in permanent inks, has been so far improved that the prints are entirely satisfactory as such, and if they could be reduced in cost to that of the sun-printed photograph, the latter would surely have to go to join the Daguerreotype, the Talbotype and other early inventions now almost forgotten.

A New Orleans neighborhood is alarmed by a ghostly drama performed every evening at 11:30. At that hour a headless horseman dashes up to a deserted house, enters, and conversation is dimly heard. Then the horseman dashes away, and immediately there appears at an upper story window, surrounded by a weird light, the figure of a beautiful girl, with a dagger in her breast, who gazes longingly after the headless horseman.

A building in Bridgeport, Conn., belonging to the Naugatuck Ice Company, was on fire last week. After the flames had been extinguished a barrel of blasting powder was found in the building. The staves were burned through to the lead lining. While the fire was burning some of the employes of the company were fighting the flames directly over the spot where the powder barrel was ablaze.

The Lake of Gennesaret.

Bible Educator.

The lake is pear shaped, the broad end being toward the north; its length from north to south is twelve miles and a quarter, and its greatest breadth, from Mejdel to Kherza, six miles and three-quarters. The level of its surface has never been accurately ascertained, and the estimates of various travelers differ greatly; perhaps 626 feet below the level of the Mediterranean is as close an approximation to the truth as we can make at present. The lake was at one time supposed to be of great depth, but Lieut. Molyneaux, R. N., who examined it by means of a boat in 1847, found its greatest depth to be 156 feet, and this result has been confirmed by more recent observations. At the time of our Savior there appear to have been numerous boats on the Sea of Galilee, and Josephus describes a naval engagement which took place on its waters between the Jews and the soldiers of Vespasian; now a sail is rarely seen on its surface, and in 1866, when the writer visited the lake, there was only one boat, belonging to some fishermen at Tiberias. The water of the lake is bright, clear and limpid. It is well stocked with fish, and at certain seasons of the year large shoals may be seen near the shore darkening the water, as they may have done when the disciples let down their nets into the sea and "inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." The scenery of the lake presents no striking features, but it has, nevertheless, a natural beauty of its own, particularly in the spring months, when all is green, and the surrounding hills glow under the rich tints of sunset and sunrise.

The Trouble a Raven Made.

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

An extremely peculiar case was settled in Justice Liver's court yesterday. It appears that some time ago a tame raven belonging to a man named Conrad Mehler, who resides on Harmon street, flew off with a gold ring belonging to a Mrs. Bode, a neighbor of Mehler's. The woman, who was washing clothes in her back yard, had taken the ring off her finger and laid it on a bench occupied by her wash-tub. The rapacious bird was perched in the neighborhood, and the glistening appearance of the ring attracting his attention, he swooped down, grasped it in his mouth and flew away. The ring was never seen again. The woman, highly exasperated at the loss of her ring and at the thievish propensities of the bird, proceeded to hold its owner responsible, and commenced suit before the justice of the peace named for the recovery of the value of the ring and the costs of the action. The stolidity of the Teutonic owner of the bird was shaken badly when the constable served the process upon him, and in surprised accent he asked that official: "Vy dond you got dot pird taken to shail?" He soon discovered, however, that his black-plumaged pet had got him into trouble, and yesterday, after his equanimity had been restored, he paid the peculiarly-robbed woman the price of her ring, besides settling the costs of the action.

An Editor's Snake Story.

Fort Wayne Gazette.

Yesterday morning B. B. Banks, formerly editor of the Antwerp *Standard*, called at this office. Mr. Banks did not appear to be excited as he remarked, "I have a snake." The business manager and the clerk, however, regarded Mr. Banks curiously. They are familiar with the eccentricities of editors. So Mr. Banks was soothingly told to go and take a seltzer, a shampoo and a bath in ice water, and he would feel better. However, Mr. Banks persisted in his snake story, and was referred to the temperance editor.

Mr. Banks had a snake, and it was not in his boots, but in a glass jar. The reptile is a black water snake, caught in the reservoir at Antwerp, Ohio. The peculiarity about it is that it has two well developed heads, from each of which darts a forked tongue. The snake is undoubtedly the rarest curiosity of its kind ever seen, and Mr. Banks proposes to bring it here and sell it to Barnum next Saturday. The snake is not over eight inches long, and is very lively.

Slavery Responsible for Immorality.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—The convention of colored clergy of the Protestant Episcopal church to-day adopted resolutions setting forth that the body was deeply conscious of the moral disasters which came to the colored race through the existence of slavery, and how family life, paternal authority and marriage integrity had been broken down almost beyond repair by the system; that as such is the case, the convention, in order to put the colored race on a moral footing with their white brother, requests the bishops of the Episcopal church and the missionary board of this city to make extraordinary efforts toward the erection of churches throughout the south. The necessity of a large increase of the colored ministry is also urged, and it was recommended that in order to successfully carry on the work of Christianity among the black race, great centers of population should be first seized upon, and parish schools should be associated with such ventures.

The first notable event in the career of Mr. Shapira, the inventor of the "Moabite" sheepskin decalogue, was his great discovery of Samson's coffin. "A few years ago, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "he made his first appearance in London with his venerable relic of the period of the judges, which he endeavored to persuade the authorities of the Palestine exploration fund to purchase. The genuineness of the article was vouched by the name of "Sampson" legibly inscribed on the wood in archaic characters. Mr. Besant consulted Dr. Neubauer as to the probable date of the inscription, and it was only when the Oxford savant pointed out that the Philistines had unaccountably misspelt the name of the Hebrew that Mr. Shapira and the coffin simultaneously disappeared.

A Nebraska thief devotes his time entirely to the larceny of hogs, and with great success. He goes forth by night armed with a long stick, to which a sponge is fastened, and a bottle of chloroform. The porcupine victim is lulled to rest by the anaesthetic, and then borne silently away. The other night one of the slumbering hogs rolled off the thief's wagon. A kind hearted farmer who came along the road assisted the thief to load up again, amid profuse thanks. When the farmer reached home he discovered that the pig was from his own sty.

The gross misuse of the gospel by two Alaskan rogues may furnish another moral for missionaries. This graceless pair, being put in jail at Juneau with a third comrade, diverted their keeper's attention by bringing him a New Testament text to explain, shot him while he was examining it, and so effected their escape. Two of these inquiring theologians, being recaptured, were hanged by a mob.

Carrier-pigeons are sometimes attacked and destroyed by birds of prey. Lately, it was resolved to try how well ravens would perform the same functions of the pigeons. The test was made at Coblenz with young birds. The point of arrival was a small place on the Moselle, near Treves, distant from Coblenz about forty miles. The sable messengers did their duty admirably.

A young man called for a glass of sodawater in New Orleans. The clerk responded. The customer said the glass was dirty. The clerk denied it. The customer called the clerk a hog in French. A duel was arranged. After a combat with rapiers lasting eighty-seven minutes one of the young men was "winged," and the affair was "honorably" terminated.

About a year ago a manufacturing company in Willimantic, Conn., gave notice that after the expiration of twelve months no employe would be retained in the mills who could not read and write. Evening schools were established. The few who neglected to learn to read and write have received notice of their dismissal.

—An apple tree in Mercer county, Ky., is believed to be 90 years old, and has not failed to bear fruit every season for 60 years. Five feet from the ground it measures around the trunk 10 feet 9 inches, and is believed to be the largest apple tree in the world.

—The wife of one of the Ohio candidates keeps a scrap book of the newspaper clippings about her husband. If she takes all the papers she will probably be surprised to learn what an abandoned wretch she has been living with all these years.

Leading Physicians, Eminent Divines—everyone who tries it indorses *Samaritan Nervine*.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.

JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,

Informs his friends and the public generally that he has just opened his large, elegant and well-appointed RESTAURANT, on the east side of First street, between Morrison and Yamhill.

Meals can be obtained at all hours, day or night.

A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies. GIVE JOHN A CALL.

Or. and Trans	60¾	Lake Shore	103[illegible]
Or. Imp. stock	61¼	New York Central	115¾
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Western Union	80¾	O. R. & N. stock	136@136
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For the delicate and complicated diseases peculiar to women, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the sovereign remedy.

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Miller, J W
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McAllister, J G S
McKinlay, Henry
Nichols, W J
[illegible]
Weber, S W J
[illegible], John
Wilson, J Q
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Walker, J A

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Sheriff to A. Lenhart, L 15, B 66, Carter's, Sept. 20—$8 50.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health? An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

wheat, prompt shipment to U K per iron vessel, per quarter of 500 lbs. C. I. F.—Nominal.

MONEY MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—Sterling exchange on London bankers, sixty days, $4 81½; documentary, $4 80½.

Transfers—[illegible] premium.

Bank of England rate of interest—4½ per cent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Silver bullion, 1000 fine, per

DR. SWAYNE & SON Philadelphia, Pa.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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